JOHN BULL, NOVEMBER 3, 1934

TWOPENCE.
Vol. LVI.
1481.

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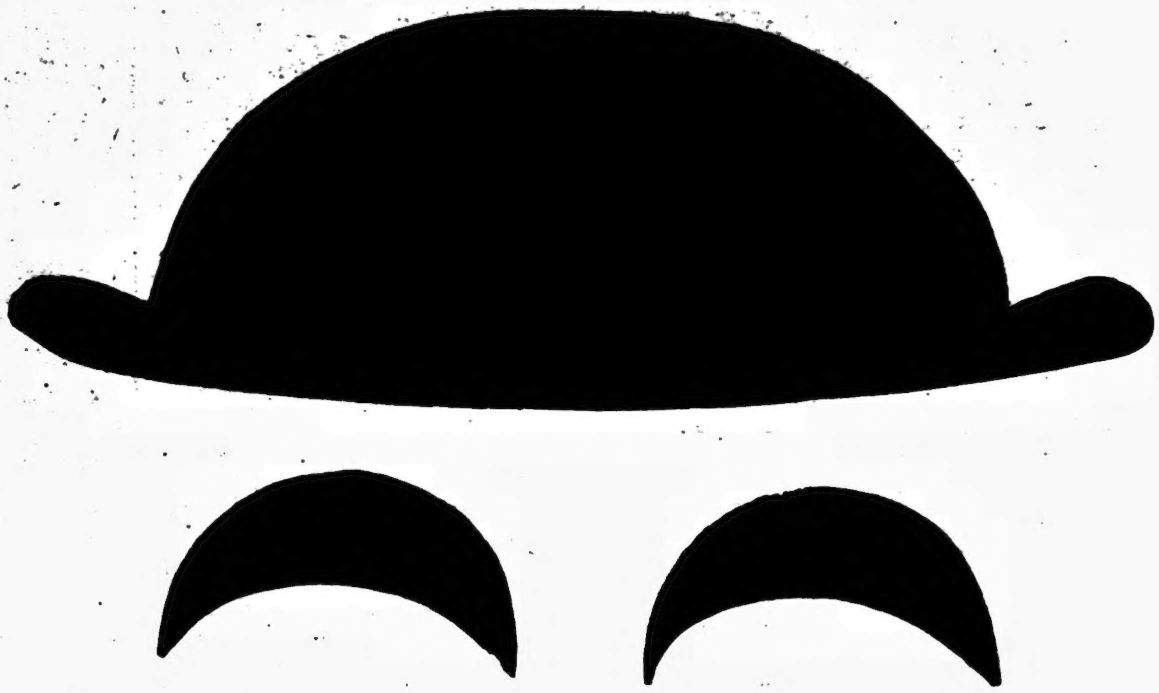

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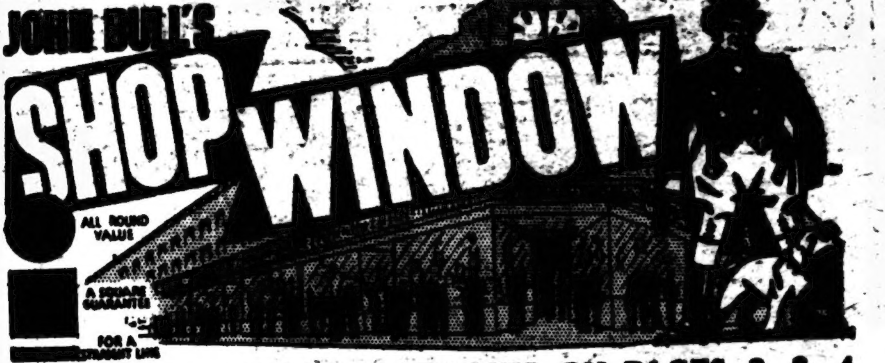

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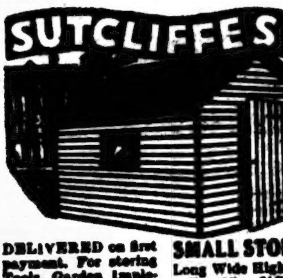

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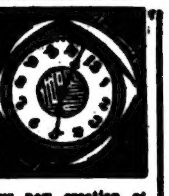

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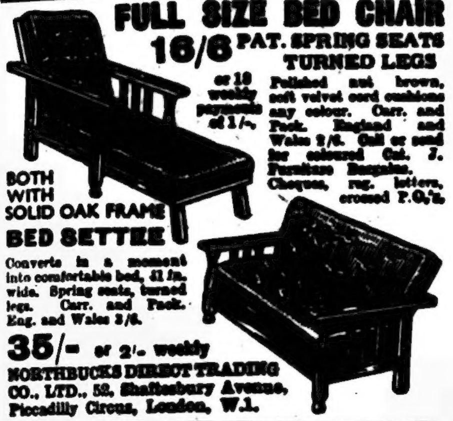

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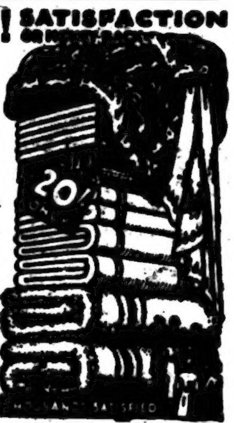

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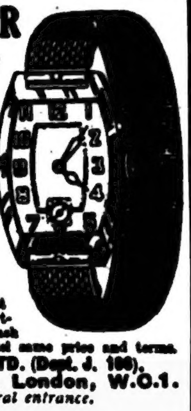

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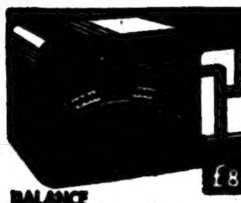

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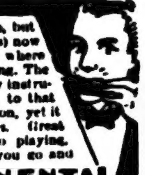

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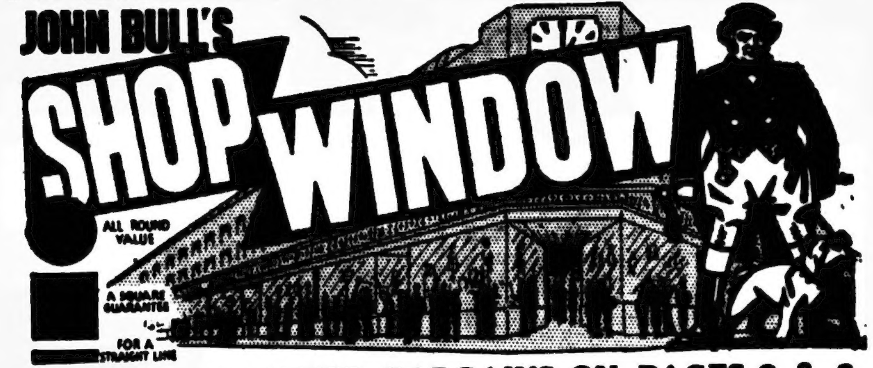
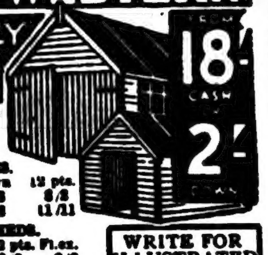


MORE GUARANTEED BARGAINS ON PAGES 2 & 3.



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LORRY DELIVERY

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	Cash	Down	12 pts.
10ft. x 7ft.	80/6	4/6	8/2
14ft. x 8ft.	120/6	5/6	11/11

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	Cash	Down	12 pts.	Ft.ex.
6ft. x 4ft.	20/6	3/6	2/6	8/6
8ft. x 5ft.	40/6	4/-	4/5	11/6
10ft. x 7ft.	60/6	5/-	6/2	22/6

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Let your boys play Riley Billiards and they won't want to go out at nights.
8/- down brings immediate delivery of a Riley "Home" Billiard Table, carriage paid, on 7 days' free trial. Balance monthly. Write to-day for Art List.

E. J. RILEY, LTD., Anson Works, Accrington: or Dept. 15, 147, Aldersgate Street, London, E.C.1. Rileys are the largest makers of full-size Billiard Tables in Great Britain.

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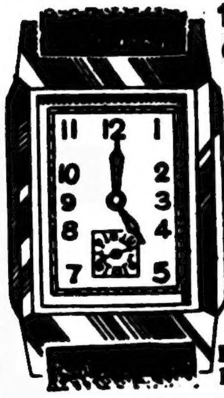

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40 BEAUTIFUL MODELS
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A SQUARE DEAL FOR THE CLUB AGENT. GUARANTEED BRITAIN'S HIGHEST CLUB CASH COMMISSION. The Universal Providers lead the way. Profits shared with all Agents. Run a Universal Providers Unrivalled Xmas Club. Ladies', Men's and Children's Clothing. Dresses, Suits, Underwear, Bedding, Boots, Linens, Furniture, everything 1/- per week. All goods sold on complete satisfaction guarantee. Club Agents—Don't work for nothing! You owe it to yourself to get a fair return for your work. Join our Great Co-operative Scheme for Club Agents and earn the highest cash commission in the United Kingdom.
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Genuine Aircraft Smash-proof lever Watch in Chrome case, warranted 5 years. Also, Highly plated propelling Pencil and Self-filling Fountain Pen with genuine 14ct. gold plated nib. These 3 articles are YOURS FREE OF CHARGE and sent immediately. This astounding offer is made to popularise our 100% Sheffield "Double Life" 3-hole type double edged razor blades at 1/- for 15. To receive your 3 FREE GIFTS just buy 3 packets at 3/- (post, etc., 6d.). We guarantee money back if these blades are not as good as any 4d. blade. Send P.O. 3/6 now to: AIRCRAFT PRODUCTS, LTD. (Dept. J.B.W. 18), 98, New Oxford Street, London, W.C.1.

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Long.	Wide	High	Cash Price.		Deposit.	M'thly
4ft.	4ft.	6ft.	£1 10 0	or	2/6	2/6
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GARDEN SHEDS from 30/-. GARAGES from 70/-.

J. THORN & SONS LTD., Box 46 BRAMPTON RD., BEXLEYHEATH, KENT.

The UNGUARDED FLAME

Deaf husband's tragic discovery

BUSY baking, she suddenly remembered there was something she wanted from the scullery, and at once went into this small room. A few moments later there came a terrifying scream. Her husband, who was deaf, did not hear her, but a second later he was horrified to see her running out into the street with her clothing a mass of flames.

He and a woman neighbour raced to assist her, but already her outer clothes were burned off. They did all they could and then hastily summoned a doctor, who at once ordered her removal to hospital. Desperate efforts were made to save her life, but later the same day she died.

"John Bull's" £110 Cheque

This in brief is the tragic fate that befell Mrs. Mary Watson, of 8, Waite's Terrace, Leeds Road, Otley. What was the cause of this terrible fatality which in the twinkling of an eye changed a peaceful home into a home of tragedy? Mrs. Watson had gone into the scullery to draw water from the tap. To do this she had to lean over a lighted gas-ring. In a flash the unguarded flame had caught her apron. What a tragic sequel to an *apparently* harmless everyday task!

To Mrs. Watson's husband, who is a registered reader of "John Bull," "John Bull" has hastened to send its message of deepest sympathy. "John Bull" has also sent to Mr. Watson, as Home Accident Benefit under its Free Family Insurance Gift, a cheque for £110 which includes the 10 per cent. bonus added to every benefit paid to registered readers of over three months' standing.

JOHN BULL, under its Great Free Family Insurance Gift, not only provides generous benefits for Accidents in the Home and Garden, on the Sports Field, Burglary, Damage to Wireless by Lightning, Children's Accidents, and other common perils of everyday life, it is the only paper in existence that safeguards the home against damage caused by mankind's worst enemy—**FIRE**, also Storm and Flood Damage and Sickness. And, again, JOHN BULL is the *only* paper to add a welcome 10 per cent. bonus to *every* benefit paid to readers registered for three months or more.

You cannot afford to ignore JOHN BULL's wonderful security gift. JOHN BULL's Great Free Family Insurance can be yours at once by simply signing the forms below. Do it *now*.

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JOHN BULL

Hand this Form to your Newsagent

To (Name of Newsagent) ....

Address ....

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Please deliver or reserve JOHN BULL for me weekly until further notice.

Signature..............................

Address..............................

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.... Date..............................

PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY.
J.B. 3/11/34

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Post this Form to

"John Bull" Registration Department,
128, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

I have sent an Order Form to my Newsagent for the regular weekly delivery of JOHN BULL. Please register me as a regular reader.

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Reader's Signature.

Age..............................

Address..............................

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Name and Address of Newsagent..............................

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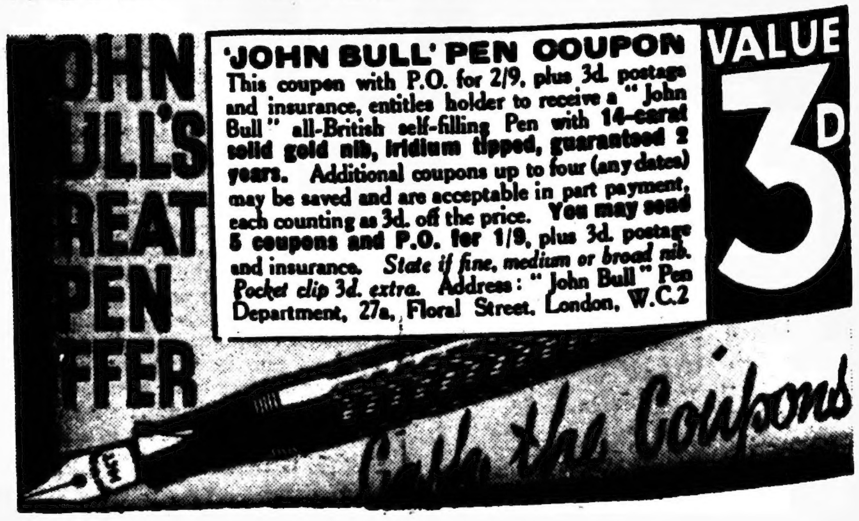
.... Date..............................

Use ½d. stamp. Don't seal envelope. A certificate setting out the full benefits and conditions and certifying registration will be sent if ½d. stamped addressed envelope is enclosed for return. PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY.
J.B. 3/11/34



'JOHN BULL' PEN COUPON

This coupon with P.O. for 2/9, plus 3d. postage and insurance, entitles holder to receive a "John Bull" all-British self-filling Pen with **14-carat solid gold nib, iridium tipped, guaranteed 2 years.** Additional coupons up to four (any dates) may be saved and are acceptable in part payment, each counting as 3d. off the price. **You may send 5 coupons and P.O. for 1/9,** plus 3d. postage and insurance. *State if fine, medium or broad nib. Pocket clip 3d. extra.* Address: "John Bull" Pen Department, 27a, Floral Street, London, W.C.2

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BIG MONEY FOR YOU.
Cochrane & Sons help you to make money. Ladies' Knickers, 5/6 doz. Sell at 9d. per pair. Overalls, 4/11 doz. Sell at 8½d each. Gent's Wool Socks, 4/6 doz. 1/- line for 8½d. pair. Hundreds of other bargains. Come and see us or write for Free Catalogue.—Cochrane's Wholesale Warehouse, 1, Thomas Street, Manchester.

FREE ILLUS. PRICE LIST to dealers and beginners for keen lines in Drapery, Hosiery, Haberdashery (wholesale only).—LEVY BROS., Dept. A., 39, Houndsditch, LONDON, E.C.3

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A GOLDEN OPPORTUNITY for Credit Traders, Shopkeepers and Beginners. Send for free Illus. Catlgs. of Household, Fashion and Fancy Goods. — Dept. J.B., THE HOUNDSDITCH WAREHOUSE CO., LTD., Houndsditch, E.C.3.

CHOICE Cotton and Art. Silk Remnants, Wholesale only. Samples sent.—R. Lonsdale & Son (M/c), 50, Whitworth Street, Manchester, 1.

ACCEPT THIS FREE SERVICE.
Retailers and manufacturers desirous of selling by post can have their advertisements for *John Bull's* "Shop Window" expertly prepared free of charge. Also advice given on all mail order problems. No obligation. An advertiser writes "Surely this is the most helpful service ever offered to the Small Trader!" Apply on business letterheading to: The Manager, Ideas and Sales Development Dept. (Room B), *John Bull*, 51/59, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

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A BALMORAL SAMPLE BOOK OF PRIVATE Xmas Cards and Calendars awaits all enterprising persons desiring to MAKE MONEY. Clever, unusual novelties in Floral Designs, Lucky Charm, PURSE CALENDAR and DIARY, Majolica, Etchings, Choice Notepapers, Bookmark, Blotter, LETTER RACK. Exquisite Pictures of OLD ENGLAND. Country Garden and Animal Studies. HIGHEST COMMISSION and PRIZES. SAMPLE BOOK FREE. — Write, STEWARTS, Dept. A., Commercial Mill, BLACKBURN.

BAD PRIVATE CHRISTMAS CARD SAMPLE BOOK MAKES NO PROFIT!
Britain's Largest MANUFACTURERS, offering HIGHEST COMMISSION and beautiful PRIZES, REQUIRE AGENTS. SAMPLE BOOK FREE, CARRIAGE PAID, contains COPYRIGHT GREETING CARDS AND NOVELTIES; CHARMING CALENDARS; IMIT. OIL PAINTING; Gilded Miniature, ENGAGEMENT WALL CALENDAR; HAND-MADE NOTEPAPERS; MAJOLICA PLAQUE; Delightful ANIMAL STUDIES IN METAL; ROBERT BURNS METAL PORTRAIT CALENDAR; etc. THOUSANDS OF UNSOLICITED TESTIMONIALS received.—BRITISH CHRISTMAS CARD CO., Dept. 635, BLACKBURN.

A BACKING of £50 PRIZE may be yours. 10/- in the £ Comm. on a £5 Book. Greatest Novelties in private Xmas Greeting Cards and Calendars. No experience. No outlay. Make £20.—Desk 6, The Sunshine Publishers, 8, Sycamore Street, London, E.C.1.

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EARN BIG MONEY
as Agents for all-the-year round firm specialising in Clothing, Footwear, Jewellery, Fancy and Household Goods. Liberal commission and bonuses paid and cash prizes. Send at once for particulars post free.—Ambler, Price and Co., Ltd. (Dept. J.B.), Amprico Hse., Acton Lane, N.W.10. See our large announcement on page 3.

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MOTOR DRIVERS.—THE BRITISH SCHOOL OF MOTORING. Largest National training and employment Organisation for Motor Drivers. Call (9-7) or write for details of training: 5, Coventry St., Piccadilly Circus, LONDON; or 263, Deansgate, MANCHESTER; or Sheepcote St., Broad St., BIRMINGHAM. 90,000 successful pupils.

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For free details of entry to all forces write B.T.I. (Dept. 602), 29, Oxford Street, Ldn., W.1.

G.P.O. Engineering Dept. (No experience required.) Commence £4 per week. Age 17-23. Excellent prospects. Free details of entrance Exam. B.I.E.T. (Dept. 827), 31, Oxford St., W.1.

BAKING. CONFECTIONERY. PIPING.— Postal training in modern methods. Plains, Fancies, Decorating, all branches covered.—Write for particulars, Secretary, BENNETT BAKERY SCHOOL, P.T., Halliwell Rd., BOLTON. The Largest and Leading Practical School. Est. 1913.

CUSTOMS & EXCISE. Attractive careers offered to keen young men aged 19-21. Commencing pay £3 6s. The entrance Exam. is not difficult. For full details apply to B.T.I. (Dept. 801), 29, Oxford Street, W.1.

TELEPHONY, RADIO and MOTOR ENGINEERING are expanding rapidly. There are lots of vacancies. Our postal courses will make you eligible. Advice on all careers Free.—DEPT. 149, THE BENNETT COLLEGE, LTD., SHEFFIELD.

CIVIL SERVICE VACANCIES. The 1934 Edition of Civil Service Handbook is now ready for public distribution. Those desiring details of openings, age limits, pay, Entrance Exams., etc., for all branches of the Service (either sex, ages 15 upwards) are advised to apply for this free Handbook immediately to B.T.I. (Dept. 171), 29, Oxford Street, W.1.

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MAIL ORDER TRADERS. — Advertisements inserted in 50 provincial newspapers or London Suburban, 7/10. Welsh 3/8. Large or small Mail Order Campaigns. Advice free. Write for Prospectus 60, Buttolph & Dickson, 333, High Holborn, London, W.C.1. (Chancery 8113.)

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Prepaid Rate: 10s. per line.
A line averages six words. Minimum Charge 30s.
Advertisements must be received not later than noon on Friday for the following Thursday's issue.
Address: The Advert. Manager, "John Bull," 57-59, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

PRINTING (lowest prices). Catalogues, Schedules, Magazines, Price Lists, Dup. Books. All kinds Stationery. Samples 2d. Meads (60) Sandy.

PRINTING.—Cards, Memos, B'heads, 100 1/9, 200 2/6. H'bills, 1,000 7/6. Scentcards, 500 10/-. Samps.—Tice's, 11, Oaklands Grove, Ldn., W.12.

DO YOUR OWN PRINTING and save money, or start a profitable printing business with the new Adana Automatic Machine shown on p. 3.

DO YOU SELL FOOTWEAR? Then why not display your goods in *John Bull's* "Shop Window" and sell nationally instead of just locally? Think! Millions read *John Bull*, millions of feet needing Boots and Shoes! Advertise a bargain line NOW and get busy! Send for rates and details of free service for advertisers.—The Manager, Ideas & Sales Development Dept. (Room A), *John Bull*, 57/59, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

CHEAPER THAN THE SALES. Extraordinary value in Evening Gowns made in the new Art. Taffeta Plaid is offered by an advertiser (Harriet's, of Queen Victoria St., Wakefield) in this week's "Shop Window," page 2. Turn to the advt. and read the full offer.

WET WEATHER COMING. Get the Utility Boot advertised by Messrs. Nuttalls on page 3.

MORE FREE WATCHES for Readers! Another advertiser in *John Bull's* "Shop Window" makes a startling gift offer—why not be one of the first to accept it? See advt. of Wm. Penn on p. 3

BUY YOUR NEW Overcoat from H. Thomas & Co., and save money. 19/6 is all you pay for the stylishly cut Suit illustrated in ad. on p. 2.

WILLS'S WHIFFS

ACTUAL SIZE

There can be
no better proof of their quality
than the wonderful popularity
which WILLS'S WHIFFS enjoy.
Of a fine Havana flavour, they
are cool and mild in smoking,
and the cost is very moderate.

Cartons of 3 . . .	6D
„ „ 6 . . .	1/-
Flat tins of 12 . . .	2/-

W.W. 12

BARGAIN SALES.

WALLPAPER DIRECT from 2½d. per roll. Send for patterns post free. WEST RIDING WALLPAPER CO., 52, TRINITY ST., LEEDS.

CARNIVAL GOODS. Balloons, Hats, Novelties, etc. Dance organisers, send for free bargain list. —"Uneedus," 70/72, Arundel St., Portsmouth.

CHINA. 120 articles. Jugs, Plates, Cups, Scrs., Mugs, &c., 10/-. 1,000 dinner sets FREE. 48 cups & Scrs., 4/-. Glass & H'dware Col. Catlg. & Guide, worth £'s FREE. BridgeSt Pottery, Dept 9, Burslem

"CARNIVAL" Hats, Novelties, Balloons, etc. Illustrated Catalogue J.B. free.—Becks British Carnival Novelties, Cross Street, London, N.1.

SCOTIA WOOLS, 1d. oz. Silky, 1½d., Crochet 1½d. oz. Tweeds, 1½d. Blk. Rug. 8d. Col'rd 9½d. Thrums 5½d. lb. 1d. p.c. brings 1/- Rug Book Spls. Free. Scotia Wools, 158, NewBridgeSt., Newcastle/T.

A1 NOVELTIES for Dances. Hats, Balloons, Novelty Musical Instruments, Masks.—List JB1542 free.—Dudley's, 451 Holloway Rd., N.7.

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BABY'S BEAUTIFUL LONG CLOTHES, 30/-.
75 home-made garments. Worth £5. Handsome Shawl, Robe, Day Gowns, Flannels, Terry Napkins, Vests, Barras, Warm Nighties, Wool Coats, etc., etc. Everything complete and ready to use. Purchasers state "That materials alone would cost them more." Expectant Mothers, send 2/-, for parcel on appro. (Bal. cash or terms).—Mrs. J. HOWARD, 66, DOVER RD., PORTSMOUTH.

WEAR BOLENIUM OVERALLS, the best that money can buy—extra strong dust and grease-proof material and strongest where the strain comes. Ask your outfitter. See p. 20.

EVERY Cyclist should secure the 24-p. PIFCO booklet. It's free. See p. 16. Mention *John Bull* when writing.

BEFORE buying your Winter overcoat turn to the Fifty Shilling Tailors' announcement on p. 31. Free patterns can be obtained on request.

WRITE for free Catlg. of Watches, Jewellery, etc., offered in the SAMUEL advt. on p. 36.

FREE.—HODGSON'S new illustrated bargain sale catalogue of carpets, rugs, blankets, bedding, etc. See p. 39.

DRESS well on 2/6 or 5/- a week. Write for free beautifully illustrated Winter catalogue, ladies' or gent's, to Dept. M.35, Smartwear, Regent Street, London, W.1. See p. 46.

FREEMANS

Still the Best Spare Time Agency!

Men in regular work invited to act as agents. Generous terms, every support, samples supplied, no outlay, experience unnecessary. Finest value in Drapery, Clothing, Boots, Household Goods, Jewellery, etc. 400 page Catalogue. Write for full details.

FREEMANS, Lavender Hill, London, S.W.

MEN! If your job is tough, HARD-AZ-IAN TROUSERS are made to take rough treatment. —Write for free booklet, giving full partics. and name of nearest stockist.—Address: HARD-AZ-IAN 38, Wood Street, London, E.C.2. See p. 37.

WIRELESS AND MUSICAL.

PIANO-ACCORDIONS. BANJOS, GUITARS, DRUM SETS, etc. Wonderful 1935 44-p. Catalogue free. — OLLY OAKLEY & RAYMOND, J.B., 5, LAURENCE POUNTNEY HILL, E.C.4.

ENCHANT your friends with a Saxophone, Guitar or Piano Accordeon. Write for Free Illus. lists, Hessy's, Manchester St., Liverpool.

GET THE WORLD'S Handiest Aerial—the Pix Invisible Aerial. It is illustrated and fully described in the advt. on page 2.

FREE RECORDS for *John Bull* readers. This genuine offer is made by Aircraft Products, Ltd., in their advertisement at head of page 3. The same firm offers to send you absolutely free a Minoretta Accordeon, as announced on page 2.

REAL PIANO ACCORDIONS 1/10 weekly. Professional models complete with strap and tutor. You are referred to the advertisement of the Accordion Trading Co. on page 3.

FILL in the coupon in the EKCO Radio advt. on p. 37 for free illustrated literature.

SEND for free list of Peto-Scott's 1935 Radio Models—battery and all-mains—as advertised on The mod. illus. can be secured for 5/- down.

FILL in the coupon on p. 29 for special Illus. Cat. of H.M.V. Radio Models offered on easy terms. Model illus. only 5/- a week.

MARKETING BY POST.

TEA, direct from blenders. Family Blend, 4 lb. 6/-, 10 lb. 14/6. Empire Blend, 4 lb. 6/3, 10 lb. 15/6. Write for price lists of all blends. Special Quotations for Packet Teas. Agents wanted.—F. POULTER, DANE PLACE, BOW, LONDON, E.3.

MEDICAL, CURATIVE.

HOW TO STOP SMOKING.—Genuine Remedy, proved by testimonials. — Write, The Stanley Institute (J.B.), 21, Warwick Lane, E.C.4.

DON'T wear a truss! Use Brooks' rupture appliance. New discovery. Wonderful! No lumpy pads, no springs, durable, cheap. Binds and draws parts together quickly. Sent on trial. Catalogue free.—Address, Brooks Appliance Co., Ltd. (482S), 80, Chancery Lane, London, W.C.2.

INDIGESTION.—Cascara Sagrada Liquid, the panacea for all digestive disorders. Only 1/- per bottle, postage 3d. extra.—B.H. Remedies, 4, Hope Street, Wandsworth, London, S.W.11

BRONCHITIS. — Vapo - Cresolene relieves breathing and soreness quicker than medicine. Write for Book No. 45L to ALLEN & HANBURYS, Ltd., LONDON, E.C.3.

BLUSHING, NERVOUSNESS. — Don't waste money on cheap quack remedies. Send for free book on the cure of Self-consciousness.—Mr. Rivers (J.B.12), 40, Lamb's Conduit St., W.C.1.

RUPTURE CONQUERED by Beasley's Marvellous Air Cushion. Recommended by all Doctors and supplied through Approved Societies.—Write, Dept. 208M, 12, Conduit Street, London, W.1. Send for free trial details.

STRENGTHEN your blood with more iron. Take IRON JELLOIDS three times a day and notice the wonderful improvement in energy and vitality. See p. 41.

IF you are run down, rejuvenate yourself by accepting the offer in the H.B.T. Chlorophyll and Yeast Tablet advt. on p. 43.

MOTHERS! Preserve your health and fitness by wearing a "Spencer" Maternity Belt.—Write, mentioning *John Bull*, Spencer Corsets, Ltd., 44, Britannia Rd., Banbury, Oxon, for free Booklet and further partics. See advt. on p. 32.

FREE.—Write for free booklet to PHILLIPS YEAST PRODUCTS LTD., Dept. J.B., 150, Regent Street, London, W.1. Secure greater vigour and vitality without drugs and dieting. See p. 35.

FREE.—Fennings' "Everybody's Doctor." Write, mentioning *John Bull*, to Alfred Fennings, Cowes, I.W. This offer appears on p. 41.

ASTHMA SUFFERERS can obtain a FREE SAMPLE of "RAZ-MAH." See p. 33.

WANTED TO PURCHASE.

BEST PRICES paid for Jewellery, Diamonds, Platinum, Old Gold and Silver, Antiques, Dental Plates (not Vulcanite). Valuable Property, etc. Nothing too large nor too small. Cash per return. —Bentley & Co., 65, New Bond St., London, W.1.

CASH Waiting for any kind old Gold, Silver, Jewellery, Diamonds, Dental Plates, etc. Highest cash per return. Est. 25 yrs. Bells, Headrow, Leeds.

MISCELLANEOUS.

READERS' attention is drawn to the RIZLA Jiffy Cigarette Rolling Compact offer on p. 6. Don't overlook this offer, because stocks are limited. Go to your tobacconist to-day and buy a Rizla Jiffy Compact.

WOMEN readers can obtain a free package of NEW VEET by sending 3d. in stamps to cover cost of postage, etc., to Dae Health Laboratories, Dept. 32V, Cunard Road, Acton, London, N.W.10. This offer appears on p. 20.

FILL in the coupon in the Fry's Cocoa advt. on p. 14 for copy of their special gift list.

SPECIAL free offer. Fill in the coupon on p. 33 or write to Dept. 593, Pond's Extract Co., Ltd., Perivale, Middlesex, for free samples of all shades of Pond's new powder. Attach 1d. stp.

FREE.—Complete trial Beauty Outfit of ICILMA preparations. Send 6d. in stamps to: Icilma (Dept. 23C), 39, King's Road, London, N.W.1. Turn to p. 37.

FREE.—A choice of any 3 of the following "Harlene" Gifts: (1) Hair Grower; (2) Cremex Shampoo; (3) Uzon Brilliantine; (4) Wave Setting Lotion; (5) Camomile Golden Hair Wash; and (6) Astol for Grey Hair. Send coupon in ad. on Back Cover with 4d. stamp for postage for free samples and manual of instructions.

NORTHAMPTON FIRM'S Amazing Offer of 500 Overcoats at 14/11 each—a bargain you cannot afford to miss. These Coats are well lined and smartly cut. *John Bull* has examined these coats and declare them wonderful value for money. Turn to page 3 and read the advertisement of the Maximum Co. and do not forget to mention *John Bull* when sending your order.

It's perfect ... I made it myself!
... and What a Cigarette

Your Last Chance

to obtain the Wonderful

RIZLA *Jiffy* CIGARETTE ROLLING COMPACT — at the reduced price of 4D

CONTAINING EVERYTHING NECESSARY TO MAKE PERFECT CIGARETTES *at the first attempt*

SAVING POUNDS IN A YEAR—and its COST IN A DAY

These splendid outfits have been sold at a loss by the Rizla Company to advertise their world-famous Cigarette Papers and Filter Tips. It has cost the Company literally THOUSANDS OF POUNDS to sell at this price—this loss cannot be continued indefinitely and manufacture has now ceased.

There are only a FEW LEFT, and you should get one NOW—even a few days' delay may be too late.

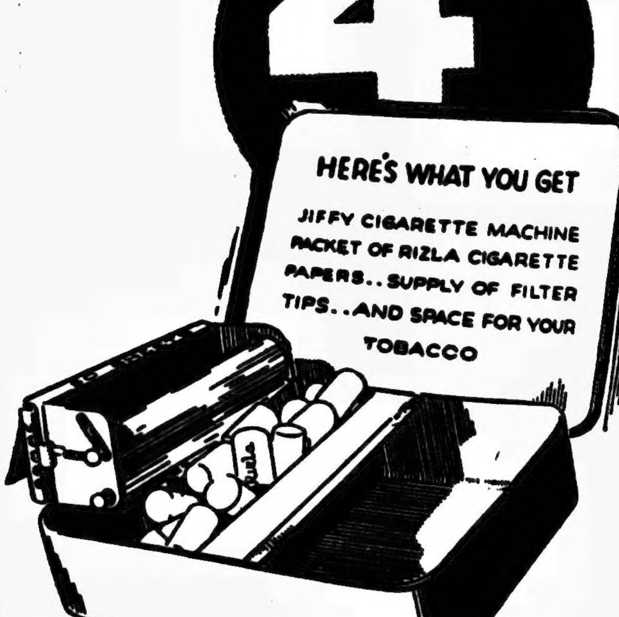
THINK OF THE SAVING—THE COMPLETE OUTFIT and an ounce of tobacco only costs about one shilling and makes

30 to 36 Cigarettes for the price of a packet of 20 Cigarettes.

YOU HAVE NOTHING TO LOSE

GET A COMPACT TO-DAY and experience a new smoke thrill—the sheer delight of Filter Tip Cigarettes rolled with tobacco as fresh as the dawn—and the pride of achievement in rolling cigarettes so perfect as to be indistinguishable from machine made.

ASK YOUR TOBACCONIST FOR A


HERE'S WHAT YOU GET
JIFFY CIGARETTE MACHINE
PACKET OF RIZLA CIGARETTE PAPERS.. SUPPLY OF FILTER TIPS.. AND SPACE FOR YOUR TOBACCO
Rizla

4D RIZLA *Jiffy* DE LUXE COMPACT 4D

and take our Tip—DO IT NOW!

TO TOBACCONISTS. Kindly note the reduction in price from 6d. to 4d. Make the alteration immediately and claim rebate from your supplier for any stock bought to re-sell at 6d.

SPECIAL NOTE. This is the last advertisement that will appear—our stock of compacts is low and cannot be replaced owing to big rise in cost of production.

RIZLA CIGARETTE PAPERS.

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FIFTY-FIFTY PACKET
50 NEW WAX-TIPPED PAPERS
AND
50 NEW FILTER TIPS
per 2D. packet

This tip protects you
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Kensington Advertising Service.

"John Bull," 3/11/34.

JOHN BULL

THURSDAY,

For week ending Saturday, November 3, 1934. Twopence. *Registered at the G.P.O. as a Newspaper. Postage: Inland and Canada, 1d.; all other parts of the world, 1½d.*

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Without Fear or Favour

A Girl Mother's CALVARY

MOLLY TAYLOR was a lovely Manchester girl—sunny natured, merry hearted, and her beauty was crowned with a glory of auburn curls. Life smiled before her at nineteen years of age, when she and her lover married in the heyday of their youth. They had been sweethearts from their school days.

With such glorious promise they looked forward to the new life which Molly Taylor was to bring into their circle, and they planned for her coming motherhood. Their child was to be born in St. Mary's Hospital, Manchester.

St. Mary's boasts of its record since 1790. It is a recognised teaching school for doctors and midwives, holding its licence for that from the General Medical Council.

In trusting confidence Molly Taylor went to the Hospital on May 11, 1934, for the care and skill she was entitled to expect from an institution with such a reputation, in the hour of her need.

But there was no room in St. Mary's for Molly Taylor!

We now know that the bookings of the Hospital are never balanced with the available accommodation in normal times . . . and this was spring-cleaning time, with one-fifth of the beds out of use.

IN spite of that, it was destined that Molly Taylor's little son should enter the world under the roof of St. Mary's, for he was born within twenty minutes of his mother reaching the hospital, whilst she was still in the Out-Patients' Department.

There seems to be some doubt about the time when the City ambulance was ordered which removed our young mother and her child from St. Mary's premises to the Municipal Crumpsall Hospital, but the important fact, which is not disputed, is that she was lifted to a stretcher and carried, still in her outdoor clothes, to the ambulance in the courtyard.

Within half an hour of that terrific experience of child delivery she was moved twice, and handled by two nurses and two ambulance men in that dangerous half-hour. There was neither rest, nourishment nor sleep for her at St. Mary's after her travail there.

Soon her little son was brought to her in the waiting ambulance, and they started on a four-mile journey across the sett-paved streets of Manchester, in search of rest and shelter at Crumpsall Hospital. They arrived in due course, unheralded and unexpected, within one hour of the birth of this first-born son.

Molly Taylor. No other woman must meet the fate of this tragic girl mother

Molly Taylor was moved from St. Mary's stretcher to Crumpsall stretcher, lifted from that to a wheeled trolley, moved into a ward, and finally lifted again into bed. Before she was left in peace she had been moved six times and been handled by six different people.

She was not seen by a doctor when she was carried into Crumpsall, but in an hour her condition called for a visit from him. Stimulants, tonics and other treatment kept up an appearance of normality from 9.15 p.m. until 2 a.m., when utter collapse set in.

The dread sign of drawn screens and continued presence of the doctor warned the other patients in the ward of the Hovering Spectre.

In her later delirium, with her brave spirit weakening as her strength ebbed away, the young mother unconsciously revealed the fears and unnerving emotions which had tortured her.

At 4.25 a.m. on May 12 the price Molly Taylor had paid for Motherhood was Death.

Public concern at the revelations which followed a private enquiry into this human tragedy found expression in a large meeting in the Manchester Free Trade Hall, and an irresistible demand backed by 9,000 signatures for a Public Enquiry by the Minister of Health. The City Council of Manchester responded to public opinion and unanimously asked the Minister of Health to hold the enquiry.

For six days, September 20, 21, 22, October 1, 2 and 3, the Mayor's Parlour in Manchester Town Hall was the scene of the remarkable situation where large numbers of mothers assembled every day and constituted themselves into a voluntary jury.

It was, no doubt, a disconcerting position for both Ministry Inspectors and legal representatives of the hospitals, but the fact of Molly Taylor's death had crystallised rumours and misgivings, widely circulating in congested areas of the city (where rumour spreads most rapidly) of the perils of our present system of hospital administration.

To dispel this suspicion and distrust was the great task above all others which lay before the Public Enquiry, but as expert after expert occupied the witness-chair, and gave evidence on oath, it became clear that the Manchester Labour Women's Advisory Council had touched the heart of it all by declaring the *need of a new attitude of mind on Maternity Services*.

EMINENT lawyers brought medical specialists, professors of obstetrics and gynæcology, and out of all their experience and knowledge they testified with one accord their agreement with the report of the first and private enquiry, " that we find no reason to believe that in this instance a journey lasting only fifteen minutes in a first-class ambulance was in any way responsible for the death of the patient."

The experts, both medical and legal, not only failed to dispel a single fear in the minds of that unofficial jury of working mothers who followed the proceedings day by day—they confirmed and multiplied them.

Indeed, the muted tongue of Molly Taylor, from the silence of her grave, spoke more powerfully than them all, and proclaimed afresh the fearful risk of Motherhood.

MEMBERS of the Manchester Labour Women's Advisory Council went to the public enquiry without desire to censure any individual, for they believed that allocation of such blame was of secondary importance. They discovered that patients, students and staff were all entangled in a mischievous web of antiquated rules of administration.

They did not question the quality of medical theory which is taught, although if this includes acceptance of the view that a newly delivered mother may be moved, without injury to herself, within an hour of the birth of her child, it is important to ask if this would apply to a wealthy woman also.

And now we are on the eve of the publication of the report of the enquiry.

Medical experts may complacently assert that such or such a circumstance was not responsible for the death of this young mother.

Well, let them.

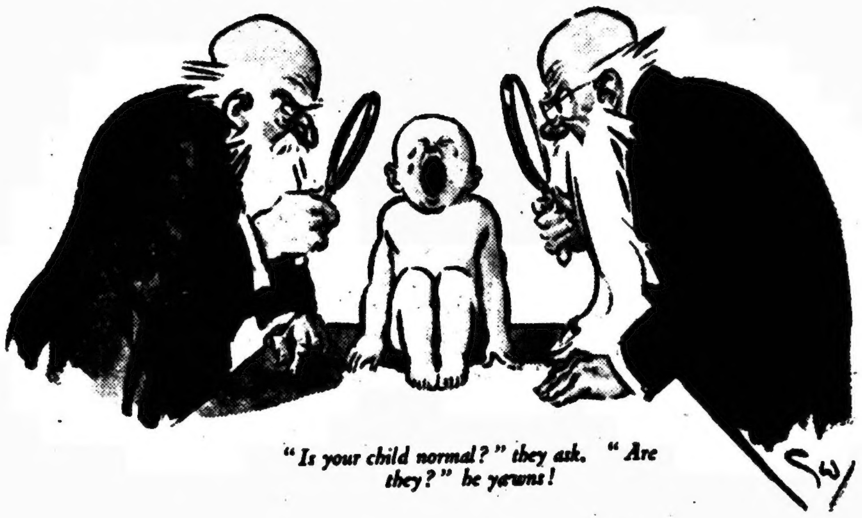
But we think that never again must any mother travel along the road to the Calvary of Motherhood as did poor Molly Taylor on that fateful May 11.

STRAIGHT FROM THE SHOULDER . . .

B.B.C. Talk Every Parent Should Ignore

No Flogging of Women!

Most Cruel Hoax We Know



"Is your child normal?" they ask. "Are they?" he yawns!

"IS your child normal?"

When this question was thundered out on the wireless the other night, tens of thousands of parents must have wondered what new form of impudence the B.B.C. was about to practise.

That the public was astonished and bewildered by what followed is apparent from the shoals of letters of protest which have reached us from all parts.

Babies now

Listeners heard what was, in effect, a propaganda speech on behalf of the most dangerous social phenomenon of the times—the autocracy which is filling asylums and similar institutions with children who are discovered by mysterious methods to be mentally deficient.

The B.B.C. speaker informed the world that, whereas mental deficiency could not formerly be established in a child until it was eight, it was now possible to diagnose feeble-mindedness in babies *less than twelve months old*!

Balderdash

Can the child of six months pick up a lump of sugar, and, if so, does he grasp it with his finger and thumb or simply grab it with the whole hand?

Can he pick up four little cubes at once?

Can he carry a cup of water without spilling it, and tie the laces of his shoes?

Can he recognise and name a knife, a key, or a penny?

On the ability of their babies to do these things parents were instructed by the B.B.C. speaker to decide whether their little ones are mentally sound.

Hand them over

This kind of nonsense, when uttered with the authority of the B.B.C., becomes positively dangerous.

Parents who found that their infants could not respond to these and more fantastic tests were advised, for instance, to take the babies to clinics and place them in the care of mental welfare workers.

What was not revealed was that these so-called welfare workers—the queerest people who have ever been grafted on to the public service—are, in reality, the recruiting sergeants for the lunacy institutions.

They count success by the number of children they can pack into asylums and kindred places.

Examine them!

The B.B.C. has already had to be called to account for lending itself to those zealous enthusiasts who believe that when a healthy child gets into the slightest mischief it should at once be stowed away in a reformatory.

But this new policy of boosting the doctrine of insane babies is much worse and wholly intolerable.

It would, indeed, be interesting to obtain a true verdict upon the people at the B.B.C. who arrange for and permit ludicrous stuff of this kind to be broadcast.

Mock modesty

We are sorry to see that Mrs. Baldwin has been "opening her mouth and putting her foot in it."

"There is one way in which the Socialist Party beats us," she says. "We of the Conservative Party are naturally modest and diffident. We are gentlemen and gentlewomen, and we do not flaunt our wares."

We have always thought that gentlefolk were too "modest and diffident" to boast of their gentility. Still, we're glad that Mrs. Baldwin isn't diffident in her gallant fight against maternal mortality, which has often won our praises.

Drivel

Nor is there much diffidence about a gentleman named Sir George Vernon. A Worcester landowner, he is so incensed at having to pay tithe that he has told the local parson:

"You are not going to get anything out of my monument, because I'm not going to be buried in the churchyard. No snivelling parson is going to read any service over me."

Well, we dislike tithe and we dislike some parsons, but we have even less respect for the muddled thinking and bad taste of "gentlemen" like Sir George.

No flogging!

Even Sir George could hardly accuse the Rev. Edgar Ball of "snivelling." This Derby parson is so forceful that he would give the "cat" to women criminals as well as men.

But we don't think much of his argument. Flogging has been proved *not* to be a cure for crime, for time and again the flogged criminal "comes back for more."

And the lashing of women, like the one-time lashing of child workers in the Lancashire mills, will never again be tolerated in this country.

Petty

As for the type of clergyman we really dislike, let us tell you about the pastor of Graig Calvinistic Methodist Chapel, near Bangor.

He's very angry because the rural council has sent him a letter in English, seeking his help for a fund for the families bereaved by the Gresford mine disaster.

And because it wasn't in Welsh, he says it is a disgrace to civilisation and adds that he takes no notice of English-written letters.

Plain English

We may remind him that charity speaks all languages—except that of fanaticism and intolerance.

And every decent Welshman, we wager, will regret that such a parson lives in Wales.

Cruellest of hoaxes

The sort of person who shouldn't be allowed to live anywhere but in a lunatic asylum is the hoaxer who advertised for workers for a "large new factory" at Wimbledon that doesn't exist.

A hundred unemployed men and women turned up at the address given, then had to abandon their new hope and walk away. We know the police have enough to do in tackling definite frauds, but we do wish they'd spare a little time in looking for this infamous rascal.

In blinkers

Maybe you have read, also, of the Dewsbury man who was unsuccessfully summoned for desertion. He told the magistrates:

"When we go to the talkies and a woman comes on the screen my wife makes me hold my head down until she goes off. And she objects to my looking at photographs of women in the papers."

That's funny; but it isn't very funny when the Government plays the part of that jealous wife, and insists that we shall see only what it chooses we shall see.

Here's hoping

Yet the Sedition Bill aims at making us see only one point of view, so we're delighted to hear that Labour and Liberal peers are conspiring to kill the Bill. Hundreds of amendments will be put down; the House of Lords will have to sit up night after night.

And if they succeed owing to the lack of rules in the Lords, which often has only a few minutes' work to do in a day, we shall laugh more heartily than at that henpecked husband of Dewsbury.

The Fragrant Minute.

HANDICAPS

ONE'S handicapped by lack of wealth, another by imperfect health. His education was so slight, he's crippled in ambition's flight. His relatives have been a drag, his burdens make his spirits sag. And thus the human story goes—each spirit its own hardship knows. For handicaps we all must face in the running of life's race.

But we can change by point of view into something good and new. These wretched handicaps we dread; let's make them challenges instead. A challenge is a robust thing; it makes us laugh, it makes us sing, it makes us fling our shoulders back. It stiffens up the will, grown slack. It looks us squarely in the eyes, and life becomes high enterprise. A handicap fears to begin; a challenge knows that it will win!

Wilhelmina Stitch.

"John Bull" copyright.

Wilhelmina Stitch will always be very pleased to hear from JOHN BULL readers. Address letters to her c/o The Editor, JOHN BULL.

Expert opinion

Less amusing is the tale of five doctors who examined a man awarded 24s. a week at Grimsby for an injury at work.

Three found he was unfit for work, since he felt no pain when burnt with cigarettes or stabbed to a depth of three-quarters of an inch with needles. Two others said he was malingering.

Surely that poor chap must have echoed the cry, "Preserve us from the experts"?

Taking no chances

We fear that nothing can preserve us from the tricks of officialdom.

A Gillingham trader has received nine notices by the same post—all advising her that her tobacco licence has expired!

We're glad to know that the inland revenue people are awake, but see no reason why they should spend their time in devising new games of paper-chasing at the public's expense.

Poison at large

On the other hand, some of our hospitals are far too slack in their methods. Witness the SOS that had to be broadcast for a dangerous poison lost by a boy patient at the Metropolitan Hospital, London.

The poison was atropine ointment and, being contained in a metal tube, might be mistaken for toothpaste. Atropine in small doses is a useful drug, in large doses it may stop the heart.

So why, in the name of sanity, wasn't the tube labelled poison?

Good news

At the moment of writing, the engagement of Joseph Schenck and Merle Oberon, the film celebrities, is "off."

We are very glad to hear it, after a breathless week in which the "on" and the "off" ran a neck-to-neck race.

Very glad indeed, because if a whole lot of other celebrities get bitten with this yes-no engagement bug there'll be very little space in the newspapers for anything else.

So if once again you say "Yes," Merle, say it in private!

Death before disgrace

When Able Seaman Ryan, of H.M.S. *Osprey*, had "Death before Dishonour" tattooed on his arm, he wasn't to know how prophetic it would be.

For ten minutes after stealing a car, it overturned and killed him.

Just a strange coincidence of a strange world. But what a train of thought it starts!

Watchful

Another strange little incident shows how watchful our judges are of a prisoner's rights.

A man on trial at Liverpool Assizes, before coming into court on the third day, overhead two jurymen discussing whether he should plead guilty "as he had already wasted the time of the court for three days." Mr. Justice Lawrence was informed and the trial stopped.

Cases like this show British justice at its finest.

The old story

An astonishing discovery has been made by a Lincolnshire worthy, Alderman T. Smithson. He has brightened a Metheringham agricultural show by declaring:

"There is nobody out of work now who wants work, but there are some people who won't work if they have an opportunity."

We sometimes regret that we are a law-abiding race—particularly when we hear of people like Alderman Smithson.

Panel dentists

Our attention has been drawn, on behalf of Dr. D. Greig and Mr. J. W. White, to the case of a "house extraction" mentioned in our recent article "Panel Dentist Horrors."

In view of further facts which have come to our knowledge, we unreservedly disclaim any imputation as to any lack of humanity and professional skill on the part of these two gentlemen, and tender our sincrere apologies to them.

We're glad

Forgive us for rejoicing at seeing two more of our enemies "go down." They are Albert Hagon, a barrister, and William Jones. They have been sentenced to three years' penal servitude each by the Recorder of London for heartless "employment with investment" frauds.

We exposed them in March, after which Scotland Yard began the skilful and widespread enquiries which eventually brought them to the dock.

by the Rt. Hon. HERBERT MORRISON

LIBEL *on the* Ratepayer

Manchester ratepayers at the municipal polling booth

● An outspoken article, which is specially interesting at the moment when the country is electing its municipal representatives, by Mr. Morrison, who, as Leader of the L.C.C., rules London

IN my view the bulk of British ratepayers are much maligned individuals. A section of the Press and the public having heard so much about the "ratepayers' burden" have got into the habit of assuming that all rates are a sin and that the ratepayer begrudges every penny he pays into the municipal treasury. I do not believe it.

For this view assumes that the ratepayer is a miserly, skinflint kind of chap, whereas he is a human being, capable, it is true, of the grumblings which he and other people enjoy, but, nevertheless, also capable of enthusiasm for good causes, pride in noble deeds, and joy in great achievements.

I therefore flatly challenge the assumption which is prevalent in many quarters that all rate expenditure is to be deplored and that municipal expenditure in itself is a crime. And by the time I have finished this article I hope to have convinced you as well. Let us look at it in a little more detail.

For one thing, a well-conducted municipality, through its Maternity and Child Welfare Committee, in a pleasant and helpful way affords the best of advice and help to the expectant mother. She can attend the maternity and child welfare clinic, where there is a happy, social atmosphere and the doctors and nurses aim at being human and not officious.

If she is poor, nourishment can be supplied cheaply or even free. And when the child is born the mother is visited by a friendly health visitor, who solves many of her problems and shows her how the crying child, the baby in pain, can become a happy, laughing infant.

In hundreds of municipal areas infantile mortality has thus been reduced. The lives of thousands of mothers and infants have been saved and other thousands have been rescued from a life of sickness and misery.

To suggest that the ratepayer begrudges the modest sums we spend on this great service is to suggest not only that the ratepayer is a skinflint, but that he is a human monster in disguise. I don't believe it.

Take another case. An industrial town is infested with slums. The people who occupy them do not live—they exist. The air is impure, and the place, being old and rotten, smells. Domestic harmony and decency are impossible.

Every child born into that house starts with a handicap. The mother is doing her household work under impossible conditions, which get on her nerves; the husband is fed-up. The death-rate is much higher than in the better parts of the town. The municipality comes along, it builds clean and healthy alternative accommodation. It clears the slums and rebuilds further dwellings, or makes great public improvements.

The rate-paying citizen who knew the slum now sees the worthy municipal structures and the cleanliness—I am asked to believe that he curses the effort and begrudges every penny of the cost. In short, I am asked to believe that he is even worse than was Scrooge. Well, I don't believe it.

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And who does not take pride in the improvement of our schools, in our brighter children, physically and mentally better than they were at the end of the last century?

Who can go to a school prize-giving or other function and see brightness and happiness and the improved physical condition of our children without feeling pride that this generation, though perhaps not yet doing enough, is nevertheless playing the game by the youngsters infinitely better than was the case in the last century?

And yet I am asked to believe that the ratepayer capable of witnessing all this improvement, capable of comparing the actual photographs published by the London County Council of a school class of the bad old times with the same class to-day, is tearing his hair out with rage because public money, including some of his, should be "squandered" on such things. I have too much respect for the ratepayer to believe it.

Consider what the average ratepayer gets for his money. Take a house rated at £35, remembering that a very large proportion of the houses of ordinary working people are at a lower level than this. The average rate for the County of London in the year 1933-34 was 10s. 0½d. On a house with a rateable value of £35 this would involve a total payment for the year to the L.C.C., the Borough Council and the Metropolitan Police of £17 11s. 7d., or 6s. 9d. per week.

What does the citizen get for that payment?

He gets education, fire and police protection, public improvements, local and main drainage, highways, street cleansing and street lighting, refuse collection and disposal, municipal hospital, medical and public health services, parks and open spaces, town-planning and libraries, protection against fraud by tradesmen and against fire and other dangers at the theatre and the kinema, in addition to the knowledge that the destitute, the mentally afflicted and the sick are receiving succour from the local authorities.

******

I want the citizen to ask himself: Supposing I had to pay for those services one by one in the ordinary way from private traders, should I get the lot for 6s. 9d. a week, even if I add to the amount the lesser sum I pay to the State in respect of some of the services through taxation?

The fair-minded citizen is bound to come to the conclusion that were it not for municipal organisation he would have to pay much more for the amenities of life, including health.

If a municipality spends money wastefully and extravagantly it is wrong, but not a great deal of our municipal expenditure can be so classed. So that I think it is true to say that for all the money the average citizen spends he gets the best value for the money he spends in rates; he gets better value than for the money he spends in taxation, for the greater part of that is spent on charges on the National Debt, for which we have no material assets, and on armed forces.

Sometimes municipal authorities who pride themselves on the skinflint variety of economy are nevertheless wasteful and, curious as it may sound, their financial control is often slack.

One of the things such authorities sometimes do—although they *must* borrow for big expenditure—is to borrow for items of expenditure which could reasonably be charged to revenue, merely in order to reduce the rate for the time being, even though it increases the total cost.

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As a case in point, let us examine the expenditure of £5,000. If it is paid out of revenue the cost is £5,000 only. If it is borrowed for forty years the total cost, including interest at 3½ per cent., will be about £9,200; if for sixty years, £11,700; if for eighty years, about £14,500—instead of £5,000.

There is too much borrowing by many local authorities And I am glad to say that the London County Council has a standing order which provides that expenditure of less than £5,000 shall be met out of revenue and that each year not less than the product of a penny rate (about £250,000) shall be used for covering expenditure for capital purposes out of revenue.

Moreover, there is the whole question of reforming the system of municipal rating. There is much to be said for the partial rating of empty properties, for the rating of land values and in suitable cases an increase or readjustment of Government grants, with a view to easing the burden of the general body of ratepayers.

These ideas, however, do not appeal to most of the people who are loudest in their denunciation of that municipal expenditure which gives the community such a great return in social advantages, amenity and domestic happiness.

So I think that the assumption that municipal expenditure in itself is bad, and that the ratepayer is mean, is both wrong and libellous.

GREAT AIR RACE SHOW-UP—

THE story of Scott and Black, British pilots in a British machine, who won the England-to-Melbourne Air Race in so spectacular a fashion, is still reverberating round the world.

Nothing can detract from that victory of supreme technical skill allied to heroic endurance. And no one will stint their praise of the British aircraft firm whose wonderful designers gave these pilots the machine with which they did it—the De Havilland Comet, a unique machine produced in a record time for the British aircraft industry.

The national jubilation which has followed that victory is understandable, but, nevertheless, it has gone far enough. It is time to remind ourselves that there is a spectre at the feast.

A fairly hefty spectre, too. It is the huge American-built air liner, the Douglas D.C.2, which, with its Dutch crew and a load of passengers and mail, flew the course, hanging relentlessly on the heels of the fastest long-distance aeroplane that this country has ever built. It is as if a luxury motor-coach lapped neck-and-neck with a Brooklands racer, and ran it to a close finish.

Contrast

At Melbourne Scott and Black stepped out of their Comet, haggard and nerve-worn, asleep on their feet, so deaf from engine roar that they could not hear the cheers of the vast crowd.

Only a few hours behind on that 12,000 miles journey was the Dutch machine. It had stopped at every station along the route, every checking point, while the Comet had merely made long hops between each of the five control points. Like a flying train, it had run to a commercial schedule with clockwork regularity.

On board the British machine were the two pilots jammed in tiny cockpits scarcely able to move or hear each other speak, eating in hurried mouthfuls at the landing points, and then hurtling on again, driving their bodies and machine to the utmost, to hold their short lead.

On board the Dutch machine its load of seven—pilots and passengers—could get up and walk about, converse with ease with each other, read, write and play bridge, have meals cooked and served to them, sleep in comfort.

What a contrast, and what a portent!

The Melbourne Air Race has been called a milestone in flying progress. And so it is, but not in the sense merely that a certain aeroplane has smashed all existing speed records for the journey.

Poverty

Progress, in a phrase, can be said to have been achieved when the ordinary man can do what only heroes have done before. The motor-car industry has progressed simply because any City clerk can drive a car over distances and at speeds which only begarlanded supermen of the race track could achieve a generation ago.

The Melbourne Air Race has shown that ordinary people, as well as a few heroes, can fly to Australia in three days. But it has taken a foreign machine to show us that point. To show-up, also, Britain's threadbare poverty in civil aviation resources in startling, almost frightening vividness. . . .

Consider simply the basic facts behind the British and the Dutch machines.

A year ago there was not in existence in this country a single aeroplane which would have stood an earthly chance in the Melbourne Race and there was presumably only one firm in our entire aircraft industry which had the enterprise to design one.

Even so, they needed all their courage to go on with the project. Before the De Havilland Company commenced with building the Comets it had to demand a minimum number of orders.

Policy limited the scope of the design to a strict catering for the needs of the race only. It had to be a two-seater with the requisite range and speed, almost primarily a pure racing craft unable to claim any future general utility beyond air taxi work and the ability to carry a small quantity of mails.

The company had to build the machines "from the ground up," as it were, with no fount of practical experience in this country to draw upon. It had to go to other countries for ideas, commonplace there, like the variable pitch propeller and retractable landing gear which, embodied in the Comets, have made them unique machines in this country.

Each of the three Comets cost the buyers £5,000 each, and it is estimated that to build the three cost the company over £60,000.

The D.H. Comets practically went up in the air from the drawing board. There was no record of experience with them over any substantial period. The pilots who were to take them on the race had only a few hours at the controls, and some of them openly announced before the start that there were many things that they would have to "learn as we go."

The two most outstanding new features of the Comets, the variable propellers and retractable landing carriage, were relatively unknown quantities. On some of the machines, the American-made propellers were found too heavy and at the last moment new propellers were ordered from France. None of the Comets had British-made variable propellers.

A word or two here can be inserted concerning this last device. The variable pitch propeller can be likened to the gears of a car. The pitch of the blades can be adjusted to give the maximum pull on taking off and subsequently readjusted in flight to give the utmost economical pull from the engine according to the height at which the aeroplane travels.

Nearly all experts are agreed that this propeller is the greatest contribution to aviation development for many years.

Revolutionary!

All the Dutch and American machines in the race were fitted with them as a matter of course, because in those countries airline machines and war planes have had them as standard for two or three years. It is the variable pitch propeller which has enabled them to secure their speed and pay-load supremacy. And in most other countries, too—except Britain.

But what is standard in other countries is still being experimented on here. Not a single Royal Air Force machine or airline machine in this country is fitted with the variable pitch propeller.

The same can be said of the retractable undercarriage. This is a device which assists stream-lining and puts many miles an hour on an airplane's speed. It is standard on American long-distance air-liners.

Yet in this country, which produced the world's first supreme example of streamlining in the Schneider Cup seaplanes, the retractable undercarriage of the Comets was a strange and revolutionary feature.

To have won the cup race against such odds is a wonderful performance on the part of the Comet's builders and the pilots. But there is gall in the cup. That victory must not blind our aviation authorities to the moral implicit in it.

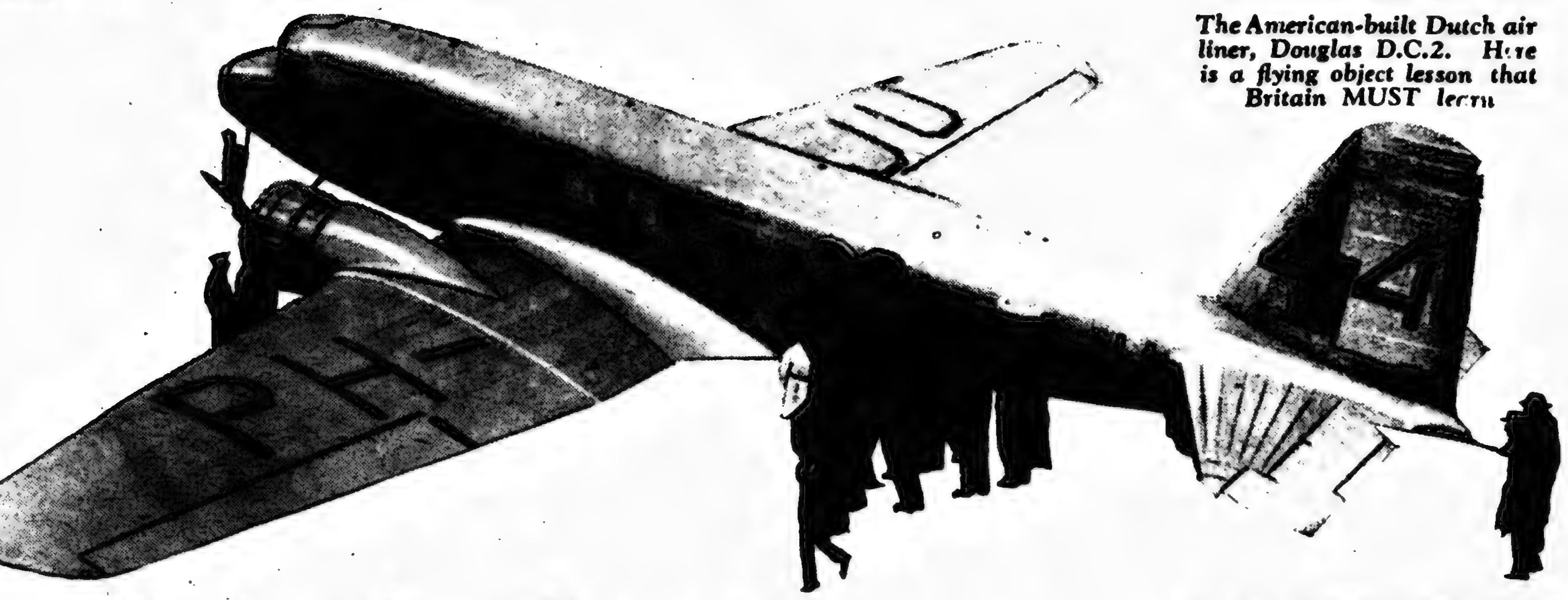
Contrast this hazardous racing shell with the Dutch runner-up, which held on the Comet's tail half across the world.

The Douglas D.C.2 is at least two years ahead of the finest aircraft we have. Its prototype was flying and earning money on American air routes when the Comet was merely a dream in the mind of its designer.

It is a "passenger 'bus" built for the humdrum needs of commerce, yet it is so fast that there is only one type of fighter in our entire Royal Air Force which can match it in speed; and even then the margin is slight and the fighter has a range of only 500 miles. If the Douglas were given only a lead of a few minutes the stripped fighting machine could not overtake it.

Over three-quarters of the course, stopping at all the scheduled K.L.M. landing grounds and the race control points, the Douglas maintained a steady

Inside the Dutch air liner. There is plenty of room . . . you can go to sleep . . . take a shower . . . drink at the bar and—hear yourself speak!



The American-built Dutch air liner, Douglas D.C.2. Here is a flying object lesson that Britain MUST learn

—Britain Last, although First!

average flying speed of over 190 miles an hour. Up to Batavia, the K.L.M. terminus, the flight was treated as an ordinary commercial run. After Batavia the Douglas was opened out. On some stretches between Singapore and Melbourne its speed was kept around 240 miles an hour, which easily surpassed the best efforts of the D.H. Comet being grimly driven ahead of them.

What was it like inside this Douglas machine while it was hurtling through the air on this long neck-and-neck race?

At Melbourne, Scott and Black hauled themselves painfully out of their machine, too cramped almost to walk, two men at the limits of physical endurance. "It was a lousy trip," said Scott, "and that's praising it."

At Melbourne the two Dutch pilots stepped out of their machine, spick and span, rested, bathed and shaved.

"We are not the least bit tired," said one of them, "because we were able to sleep on our 'plane. If we got cramp while piloting, we just handed over and went for a walk down the plane. Also we could always go to the pantry for something to eat and drink. During the day sometimes we whiled away time playing bridge with the passengers."

The twenty-four-feet long cabin of the Douglas has bed chairs for twelve passengers.

Sky-sleep

By some miracle of design the utmost streamlining has been achieved without giving any sense of cramped space within the cabin. There is plenty of room along the centre and a tall man can walk upright. There are toilets and showers, and in the pantry is a bar and electric cookers.

The chairs contain a mechanism similar to that in an American barber's chair. By the side of each are levers. If a passenger wants to rest or sleep he pulls the lever and the chair gently changes into a soft couch, reclining only slightly from the horizontal. In pockets by each chair are rugs which the passenger tucks around himself. Some of the chairs will also swing round facing each other, and tables can be unfolded between.

In such luxurious conditions, then, the air-race passengers lived through the most arduous trial that men and aeroplanes have ever been called upon to face.

But the most signal triumph of the Douglas designers is, according to the specification, the absence of noise—that bugbear of the airline builder. In most passenger aeroplanes noise is usually twice as great as it is in a railway carriage. In the Douglas the noise level is stated to be less than in a railway carriage.

To the passenger in the cabin of the Douglas the sound of the big Wright Cyclone engines and the propeller comes only as a hum to which the ear gets so accustomed that, after a short time, it is scarcely noticed.

Shaken

Forward in the cockpit are side-by-side seats for the pilots. Behind them sit the radio operator and the mechanic.

Every possible safety and speed device is embodied in this wonderful machine; variable pitch propellers and retractable landing gear, of course, but in addition are others like wing flaps to reduce landing speeds, automatic stabilisers and air brakes. Each machine is also fitted with an automatic pilot and wireless apparatus for signalling, directional work and the latest radio beam apparatus for finding and making landings on aerodromes in fog.

The Melbourne Air Race shook British designers into their biggest spurt since the war. The actual performance of the Dutch competitor has shaken up all in control of British civil aviation even more. It has provided a lesson in world aviation progress, but also a lesson and a dire warning to *British* aviation progress. We are being hopelessly outstripped.

Nobody with a knowledge of the politics of aviation believes that the Dutch company entered the Douglas machine merely so that their two pilots might have a chance at winning a £10,000 prize.

For several years the Dutch have been knocking at the doors of Australia, begging to be allowed to extend their weekly Amsterdam-Batavia run and to give Australia the mail and passenger service it has not got. They had already managed to secure a share of the British traffic on the India run.

Patriotically, Australia has always declined, and has waited patiently for the slow fruition of an Empire air scheme. At long last that scheme has materialised—the mail contract has been signed and the London-Australia air service opens next December. But the performance of the Dutch machine already makes that service ridiculous before it has begun.

According to the arrangements announced the journey will take about fourteen days, with a possible reduction later on to twelve days, and the passengers must make three or four changes of plane and also submit to a long train journey from Brindisi, in the South of Italy, to Paris. The train journey is necessary because Imperial Airways machines are not allowed to fly the French portion of the journey, unless they would agree to pool receipts with the French Government.

The Dutch are now ready to guarantee a service of seven days maximum in these Douglas machines, even if they are not permitted to fly over Australia and must take passengers at Batavia from Australian aeroplanes. There is nothing, incidentally, to prevent them providing Douglas machines to Australian airlines for the purpose.

The Dutch entry was organised throughout to demonstrate in the completest manner possible what the airline can do. And what that is, is to sweep the board with the bulk of Empire air traffic. The Douglas was flown to England from Amsterdam with a full load of passengers and then calmly taken off its ordinary commercial "beat" to engage, without any special preparation, in the biggest venture in aviation, competing with stripped racers built for the contest.

It has succeeded in a sensational manner in driving its lesson home. By its side, the 100-mile-an-hour British machines which will serve the greater part of the Empire routes in December seem lumbering slow coaches. Those machines, too, cost £40,000 each. The Douglas machines can be sold by Fokker, who acquired the European rights, for less than £30,000.

Folly

The British Government with its purblind folly of treating civil aviation like a Cinderella, of running civil aviation at the plodding pace of the Civil Service, are largely responsible for this country's almost hopeless present disadvantage in air commerce

We have the designers, who have shown what they can do, but they have had no chance to proceed further. And now the great flight has shown up in true colours the parlous position of our Empire commercial air resources.

For the men in Whitehall there is something now to ponder upon. For the man in the street there is at least one abiding and consoling reflection from the great race—that the vast distances of the air are no longer fit only for heroes to fly in, but also for ordinary men upon their ordinary occasions.

New GOLD RUSH Traps

CANADA is fast becoming a new Eldorado, according to the share-pushers and financial agents who are now pouring a continuous stream of circulars into the letter-boxes of people in Britain.

The main theme of all these communications is gold-mining. In every instance the potential investor is offered "easy money" if he follows the advice of the Canadian share-pushing fraternity and puts good money into one or another of a string of gold mines.

Messrs. A. White, Ltd., of C.P.R. Building, Toronto, Ontario, is one concern that is now flooding Britain with circulars.

Its letters start in the following cheery style:

"Dear Friend,

"One of Canada's greatest industries, and certainly its most rapidly expanding one is gold-mining, which at the present price of gold is producing in excess of one hundred million dollars a year.

"Hitherto, America has reaped, and continues to reap, the benefit of these steadily growing gold fields."

Then follows the suggestion that Britain should take part in increasing the development of the gold mines of Canada.

Later, Mr. A. White, the President of Messrs. A. White, Ltd., mentions casually that he knows of a gold-mining company whose shares can be bought at a price which will secure "unusually large profits," and he kindly offers to send further particulars.

Another company, Doran Securities, Ltd., of Toronto, is also offering to "help" British investors, and is pushing the shares of Diana Gold Mines, Ltd., which are offered at 6s. 6d. a share.

This firm adds as a threat, or warning, that "our next offering will be made at ten shillings!"

It is evident that Toronto, Ontario, has become the headquarters of a group of financial racketeers, whose activities were recently mentioned by the Premier of Ontario.

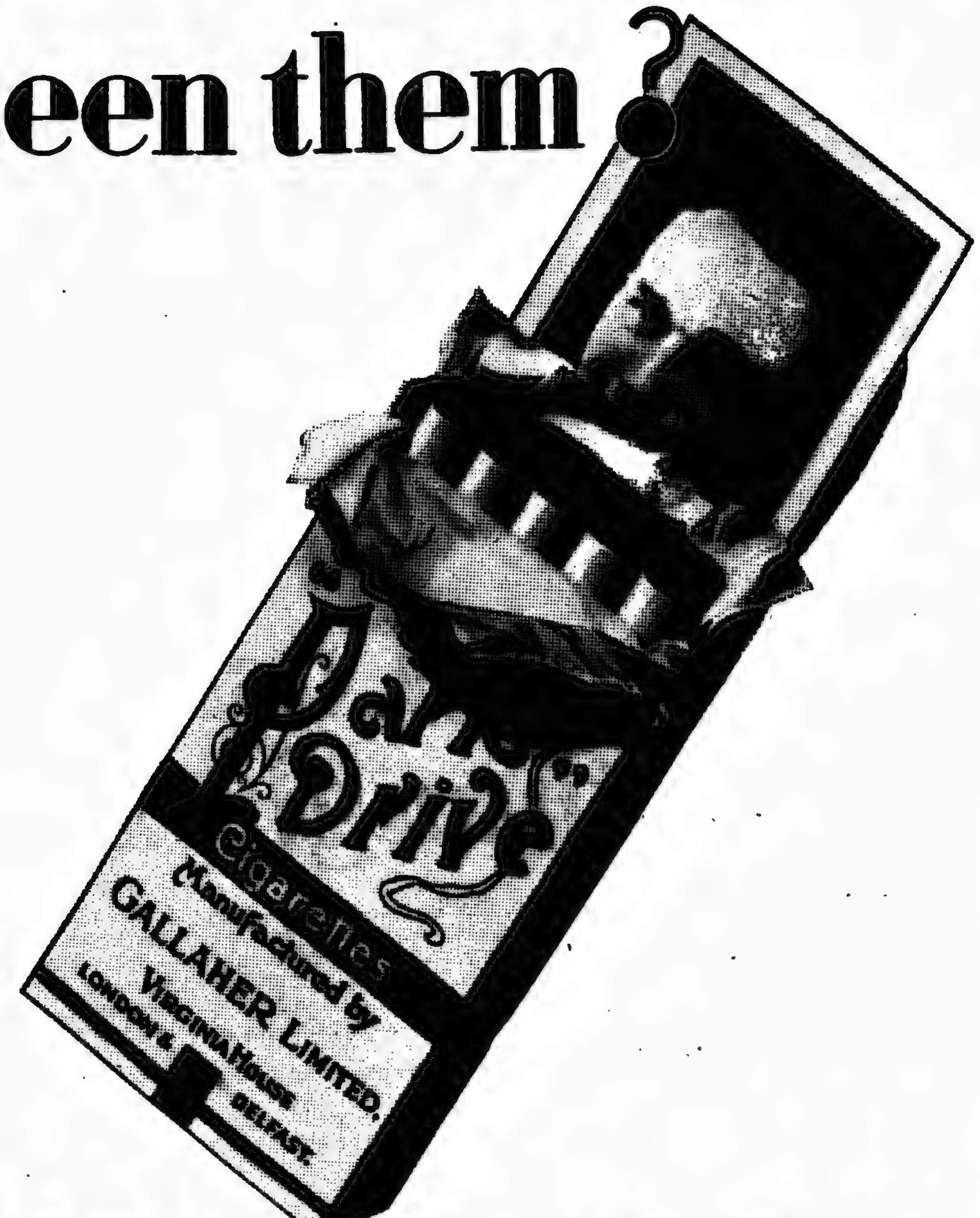
The selling of securities from door to door was prohibited in that province in June, 1933, but the share-pushers continued by telephone and letter.

"Millions of dollars have been racketeered from investors," said the Premier of Toronto in his speech of warning.

It now seems that the high-powered share salesmen to whom he was alluding are concentrating their attention on our own investing public.

The circulars reaching Britain are masterpieces of persuasion, but we urge investors to withstand their lure.

Have you seen them?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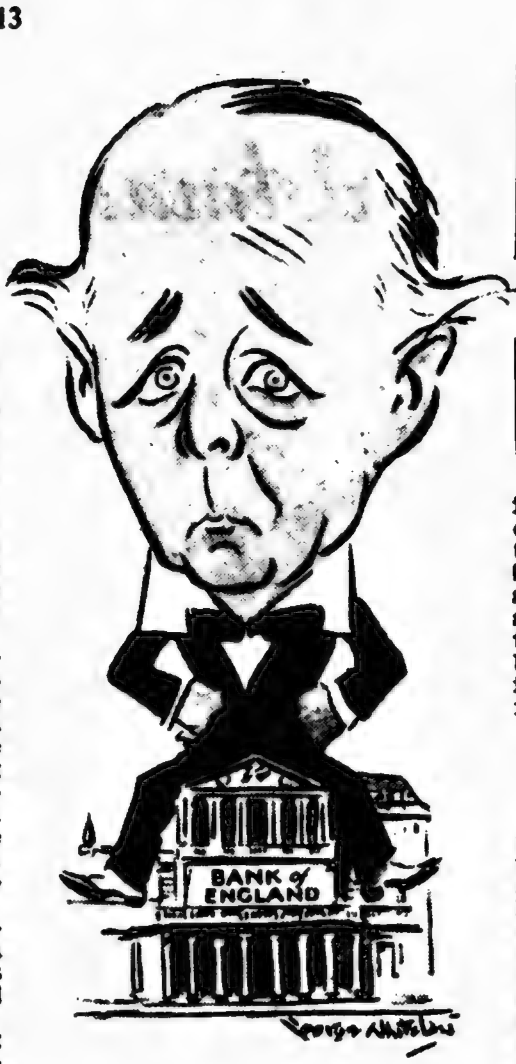
10 *for* **4d**
15 *for* **6d**

PARK DRIVE

PLAIN OR CORK TIP (MILD)

You've Misfired This Time!

Hannen Swaffer's Open Letter to MR. WALTER RUNCIMAN



MY DEAR RUNCIMAN,—It is very interesting to read that, when you addressed a "mass meeting" in Lincoln the other night, you defended the bankers and warned Lincoln of the terrible effects that would follow any national control of the banking system. They used to say that about the telephones.

Now, unless I am very much mistaken, it was you who, in the last Election, were chiefly responsible for the scare statement that the wicked Labour Party, in making grants to the poorest, had imperilled every shilling the workers had put into the Post Office Savings Bank!

You are too late, to-day, when you point to bankers as the people who should continue to possess the monopoly of money. It is not their credit which keeps England safe. It is the credit of the people of England, the great mass of honest, well-meaning citizens who meet their obligations, who pay their debts, who, intelligently and calmly, are facing the problems of to-day and not scared by the problems of to-morrow.

Have you read what Lloyd George, who for years was your leader, has said and written about the bankers? He calls them "penguins."

* * *

Dr. Addison, the new M.P. for Swindon, has declared that when, during the war, L. G. was Prime Minister, and he wanted millions of money with which to bring the war to a successful issue, he was told by the Governor of the Bank of England that he could not have any more money!

You must know what Lloyd George did. He summoned the Board of the Bank of England to meet him, at three o'clock that day, at 10, Downing Street, summoned by telephone all the Cabinet Ministers he could find, and then, in their presence, said to the Governor of the Bank: "If I cannot have the money by six o'clock, there will be a new Board of the Bank of England."

Disraeli, you know, had said that to the Governor of the Bank, years before, when the Bank refused to find the money for the purchase of the Suez Canal shares.

You must have seen George Arliss in the film "Disraeli." It makes quite a good scene, that bit. Disraeli told the Governor what Lloyd George told the Governor: "Find the money, or get out."

Then, after the war, you must know—for you are quite well informed about these matters—being President of the Board of Trade—Dr. Addison, when Minister of Health, was told by the representative of one of the five big banks that he could not have seven millions to lend the London County Council so that it could build houses, because that would interfere with a flotation for which the banks had made themselves responsible that week!

Dr. Addison, one of the Cabinet members summoned by Lloyd George when the Bank of England's Board was spanked, remembered what happened then.

"If I cannot have the money by six o'clock," he said, "I will report this conversation to the House of Commons."

Like Lloyd George, he got the money.

The time has gone by when bankers' opinions are regarded as sacred, when control by bankers is considered something to boast about. Not more than six years ago the bankers of America were regarded as all-wise, as the possessors of all the moneyed wisdom. If a banker said anything, the New York reporters bowed down and recorded it in shorthand and printed it. "Money talks" was the idea.

Why, when I was in New York, only a few weeks ago, many of these bankers were bankrupt Several of them were in jail!

The American people, six years ago, paid to banking wisdom the homage that you are still paying. You, as the President of the Board of Trade, must know, as well as millions of the ordinary people of the Empire do, that, for the benefit of all, money must be controlled by the British Government.

Bankers, as such, are no more important in the great scheme of things than are the ordinary unknown citizens of the land. More and more, business people are objecting to the way in which Big Money controls them. They have a more immediate quarrel with banks than have the smaller people, who do not deal with banks.

If I were to point to one of the most significant things that have happened in Britain since the war, I should single out the fact that, while "People were getting poorer," everybody said, while they had less money in the banks, there has sprung up, at almost every important street corner, a new branch of one of the five big banks. There are more banks than ever. While everybody else is complaining, the branch banks grow in number.

It is funny. No, it is tragic!

* * *

Money control, and how to obtain it, is the next great problem that confronts this land. The truth is that Reginald McKenna, a far-seeing, intelligent, honest man, is now the big power in banking. A few years ago he was Chancellor of the Exchequer, with control of the nation's purse. All you would have to do is to say, "Mr. McKenna, these banks are now under your control, not as a director of private interests, but as Chancellor of the Exchequer. Run them, not for the bankers, but for the nation."

And he would run them, and he would run them very efficiently. If he could not do it as Chancellor of the Exchequer—well, he could not do it as Boss of the Big Five.

As Chancellor of the Exchequer, he would have a much prouder job. He would not make quite as much money, but that would not concern him.

Like Lord Ashfield, who now controls London's traffic for a public utility corporation, he would justifiably bask in the sunshine of public approval and do infinite things for the great mass of the British people.

And, if it came to it, you would help him.

CANDID COMMUNICATIONS

Sir AUSTEN CHAMBERLAIN,
London, S.W.

Dear Sir Austen,—Once again you are striking hard at the slum evil. This time you inveigh against the landlords who complain that they are not getting proper compensation for the demolition of their rotten property.

I have often pleaded for compensation—but for those shopkeepers who have had their business closed and been left to starve, and for those poor people who have invested their savings in a little house and then been robbed of all.

Let there be adequate payment for such. But there must be not a farthing for the rascals who have grown rich at the expense of the slum-dweller.

John Bull.

Rev. R. S. HUNTLEY,
St. George's Church. Waddon

Reverend Sir,—On a miniature race track in your church bazaar, white mice scampered in pursuit of a moving bit of cheese, and people were invited to back their fancies at a penny a time.

Complaints were made to the R.S.P.C.A. and the police looked in.

I wish they had brought a mouse-catcher with them.

John Bull.

ECCLESIASTICAL COMMISSIONERS: You are to spend £1,000,000 on your slums. What! at last?—JOHN BULL.

Mr. SWINBURN G. WILSON,
Newcastle

Dear Sir,—"I think it is a miserable prosecution," you said when defending an elderly woman charged with obtaining poor law relief by making a false statement. And so it was.

She failed to report that she had won a newspaper prize of £10, which she had spent on medicine and clothes, so her relief was stopped and she went without food.

Fortunately, the magistrates discharged her—the only happy part about a miserable bit of Bumbledom.

John Bull.

Sir RICHARD TERRY,
London, S.W.11

Dear Sir Richard,—Maybe it is wrong to teach young girl singers "to go on a platform and make 'goo-goo' eyes at the audience in the old Victorian attitudes."

But (bless your innocent heart!) the young girls of to-day, like their grandmothers, don't need much teaching or urging to win the eyes as well as the ears of audiences. It was, and is, born in 'em! John Bull.

Miss EVELYN BROWNE,
Beach Road, Caister

Dear Evelyn, — I nearly wrote "Grace," for you are so much like Grace Darling.

To go out on wild nights and take part in relaying Morse messages from the lifeboat crew is what that great heroine would have admired in a little girl of eleven.

Soon, I hear, you are to sit for the official Morse examination. The least I can do is to wish you success.

John Bull.

The RURAL COUNCIL,
Croft, Yorkshire

Gentlemen,—Four old people in a one-roomed cottage, and because they have lived, slept, and had food in the same room for nine years and yet managed to keep the doctor at bay you are going to do nothing about it. And they can't get other accommodation.

Well, the North Riding County Council has drawn your attention to the scandal, and I hope it exerts all its powers to make you do your plain duty.

John Bull.

Mr. JAMES SPOONER,
Baddow Road, Chelmsford

Dear Sir,—You ate three-quarters of a stone of meat, potatoes and bread at a sitting in an effort to win a wager—and then lost.

Well, I know many families that could eat the same quantity at a meal—if they could get the chance.

John Bull.

Mr. GEORGE STEPHENSON,
Hornsea, Yorkshire

Dear Sir,—"They kept sending me lawyers' letters and I didn't take any notice of them," you said.

So you found yourself in the Bankruptcy Court, with assets sufficient to pay your debts ten times over, but involved in a lot of unnecessary fuss.

Moral—it's wise to avoid lawyers but not to ignore them.

John Bull.

ALFRED JAMES TOLLERTON,
Lincoln

Cad,—"Shabby and wicked" was Mr. Justice Charles's description of the terrible libel on a girl which you wrote in a letter to her employers.

Still better was the sentence of six months in jail which he passed on you. And best of all is the fact that the girl had previously broken off her engagement with you.

John Bull.

Sir MURDOCH MACDONALD, M.P.,
Victoria Street, London, S.W.

Dear Sir Murdoch,—As the mouthpiece of an "influential deputation," you are asking the Minister of Transport to ban coach and 'bus excursions in the Highlands on Sundays.

These excursions are taken by the non-wealthy. Are your precious "influentials" also seeking to bar private car owners from enjoying the scenery on Sundays?

John Bull.

PROSPER ANDRIEUX,
Liverpool Lorry Owner

Fool,—You must be the craziest half-wit who has ever been allowed the use of heavy vehicles on our roads.

For before you got a well-merited nine months' imprisonment for three different motoring offences, you had been convicted fifty-five times and disqualified from driving five times!

I marvel why you are allowed to drive at all.

John Bull.

LADY CARSON: Women shouldn't be M.P.s, but find better things to do, you say. Nonsense! We need more women in House to make Government save the lives of mothers.—JOHN BULL.

Mr. WILLIAM LAIRD,
Bannockburn

Dear Laird,—Though you have an artificial leg, you gallantly tried to stop a heavy lorry that was running backwards towards a group of playing children.

The block of wood you used diverted its course, but you were badly injured by two wheels passing over your sound leg.

That you have a speedy recovery is the sincere wish of John Bull

FREE *Christmas Gifts*

CHOCOLATE!
Gift No. 297. Containing 2d. Assorted Nut Bar, 2d. Chocolate Cream Tablet, 2d. Nutty Milk Log, 2d. Fruit Cream Bar, 2d. Milk Chocolate Block, 2 oz. Plain Chocolate Block, 2d. Chocolate Crunchie, 2 oz. Cokernut Block, 2 oz. Nut Crackle Block, 2d. Turkish Delight. **16 coupons**

DOLLS!
Gift No. 365. Dutch Doll, soft stuffed, black body, legs assorted colours: Tango Sky-Blue, Pink, Gold and Green. In velveteen, fur-trimmed. Height 12½". **24 coupons**

CRACKERS!
Gift No. 358. A dozen Jack Frost's Fair Lady Crackers. **15 Coupons**

BAGS!
Gift No. 338. Leather pochette, handle at back, fitted mirror. Black, brown, green, fawn and red. **35 coupons**

STOCKINGS!
Gift No. 43. Art silk non-ladder stockings in Leaf-Brown, Duskee, Pinecone, Dark Gun-metal, Dago, Shadow-mist. **15 coupons**

FACE POWDER!
Gift No. 350. Eastern Foam Powder in boxes. Three shades: Rachel pale, Rachel dark, Naturelle pale. **Box for 8 coupons**

START COLLECTING COUPONS **NOW!**

Come along now! Count up the time till Christmas—still time to get a few of these magnificent gifts! And what gifts they are! For so few coupons—read and see!

Remember, Fry's accept coupons from both their Breakfast Cocoa (the cocoa for strength) and from that delicious food-drink, Fry's Malted Milk Cocoa with Eggs. This offer will still be open after Christmas, so that you can get gifts for birthdays too!

Get the new complete list of Gifts. Use the coupon below.

FRY'S BREAKFAST COCOA

COUPON. *To J. S. Fry & Sons Ltd., Dept. 8c, Somerdale, Bristol. Please send me Gift List containing free start-off coupon. Post in unsealed envelope using ½d. stamp.* J.B.(c)

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5½D PER ¼ LB. Net weight

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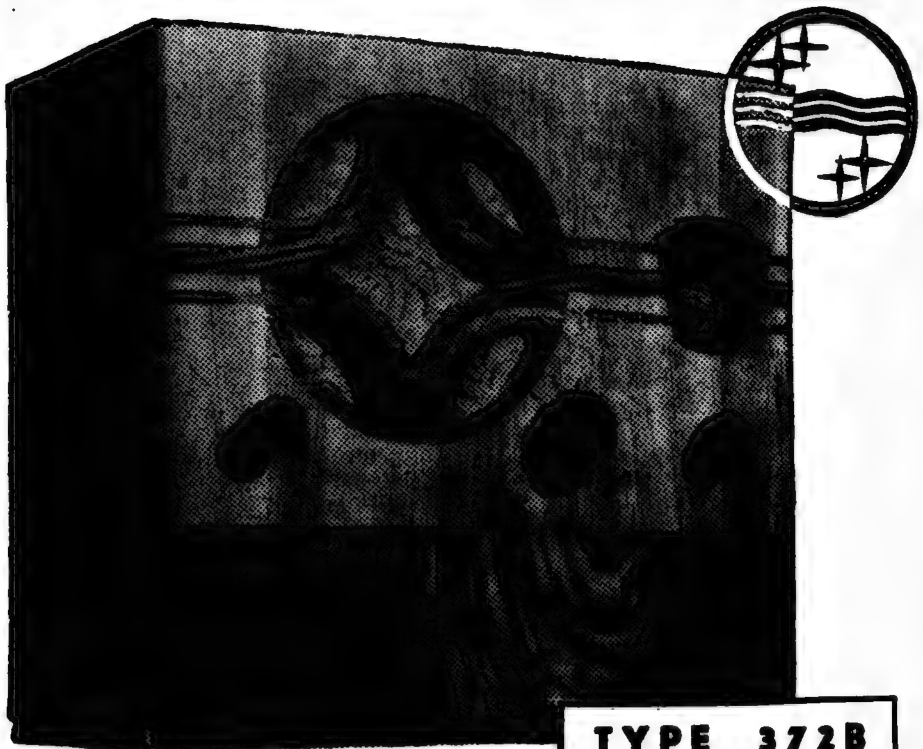

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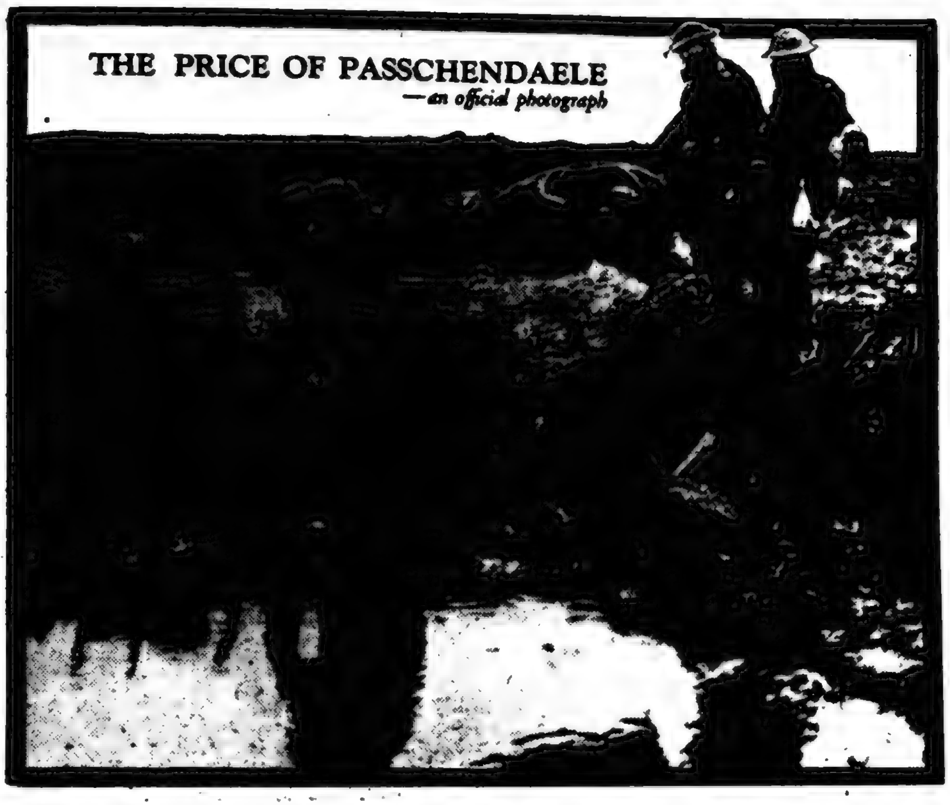

THE PRICE OF PASSCHENDAELE
—an official photograph

by A. G. GARDINER

LIKE most people, I am—to use a phrase which Mr. Justice Langton has just forbidden in his court—"fed up" with books about the war.

I am especially surfeited with the special pleadings of the principals in that vast horror—soldiers and sailors, politicians and diplomats, all concerned to show that it was not they, but someone else who blundered.

But I have read one section of Mr. Lloyd George's new volume of "War Memoirs" with a breathless interest. It is that dealing with the dread name of Passchendaele.

Passchendaele! In all the nightmare nomenclature of the War there is no name that chills the blood and haunts the memory like that.

It is not merely that it was a blunder—a colossal blunder. All wars are a record of blunders, now on this side, now on that. War itself is one vast blunder. But even blunders may have some redeeming features. Balaclava was a blunder, but at least it had a romantic and heroic quality that stirs the blood and evokes a certain glory of pride.

●

But in that prolonged and hellish grapple in the mud of Flanders there is no single ray of light to pierce the darkness. Nothing but a vast sea of misery and horror, in which thousands and tens of thousands and hundreds of thousands of brave men were swallowed up in that infinite bath of mud, and at the end nothing but blank, stark failure as the reward of all the stupendous sacrifice.

It is easy to see now that it was doomed to failure. The motive was sound enough. It was a motive which had a naval objective even more than a military objective. The submarine campaign of the enemy had begun to spread alarm as to the security of this country from famine and even as to the issue of the war.

No one who lived as I did in close touch with the secret facts of the daily "sinkings" will ever forget the shadow of the great fear which darkened those summer days of 1917.

And the immediate object of the Passchendaele offensive was to straighten out the British line to the coast and so drive the Germans from their submarine bases in the Belgian ports.

But the task, perhaps impossible in any circumstances, was made hopeless by the very preparations for its accomplishment. It was not to be a surprise attack. No offensive was ever so furiously advertised.

For months, almost for years, the British command had pounded the German lines with an almost ceaseless preparatory bombardment. It was believed that a devastating rain of shell would make such a breach in the German lines that resistance would be vain.

●

But that bombardment was digging a grave not for the Germans, but for the British. It ploughed up the intricate drainage system of the area. It reduced the whole countryside over which the British were to advance to a heaving ruin, as though it had been shattered by an earthquake.

Ludendorff drew back to await the avalanche, leaving his front line thinly held by machine guns distributed in concrete "pill boxes" constructed at great depth.

Then came the advance. And then also came the rain. Mr. Lloyd George quotes figures to prove that the rain that September was not exceptional. I asked a friend of mine who lived through that hell from the first day to the last what his impression was. "It seemed to me then," he said, "that there had been no such deluge since the Flood."

But whether normal or abnormal, the rain, coupled with the destruction of the drainage system by the bombardment, turned Passchendaele into one vast swamp. And in that swamp the offensive perished.

Dante's vision of Hell itself pales before the horrors of that lake of mud and blood. The gun carriages sank down to the axles. The tanks were bogged and littered the dreadful landscape, helpless targets for the enemy's artillery. The infantry disappeared into the inferno in battalions.

And the horror went on, not for days, but for weeks and for months. It went on when the hope of achieving the objective had vanished beyond any possibility of recovery. It went on until sheer exhaustion ended it, and the terrific tragedy of Passchendaele passed into history.

Why did it happen? Who was responsible? What is the lesson to be drawn from it? Mr. Lloyd George has, of course, no doubt as to who were the authors of this mighty catastrophe.

"It is the story," he says, "of the million who would rather die than own themselves cowards—even to themselves—and also of the two or three individuals who would rather the million perish than that they as leaders should own—even to themselves—that they were blunderers."

This is harsh language. If it is true, it is not too harsh. I hold no brief for the "brass hats." They all blundered. But everybody blundered, and on every side when you read of the blunders we made you marvel that the Germans did not win and when you read of the blunders the Germans made you marvel more that they did not lose sooner.

But I knew both Haig and Robertson, and I know that to say of them that they "would rather the million perish than that they as leaders should own that they were blunderers," is to say something which is as untrue as it is cruel.

This is not to deny that the case which Mr. Lloyd George brings against them is devastating, and, as it stands, convincing. It is only to deny that they were monsters who deliberately sacrificed life from motives of vanity.

That they were the prime authors of the tragedy is, on the present facts, not disputable. That the methods of the offensive were wrong admits of no doubt. They ought to have foreseen that the bombardment was creating conditions which when the rains came would smother the offensive in a sea of mud, and make the movement of tanks, heavy guns and all the material on which an advance depended impossible. And when the attack had obviously failed, it should have been broken off.

●

All this is undeniable. But we must remember that the case Mr. Lloyd George makes is ruthlessly *ex parte*, and that the case for the dead soldiers has yet to be stated.

It will not alter the judgment, but it will modify it. It will show, for example, that this belated attack was consequential upon the Nivelle blunder just before which had brought the French army to a state of mutiny and even threatened the military collapse of France.

But the lesson of Passchendaele goes deeper than these recriminations between rival blunderers. It is the lesson that all war is a murderous gamble with counters which are incalculable for a stake which is death and destruction alike to victor and to vanquished.

Much as I hate the name, I would have that one word "Passchendaele" blazoned in big letters from every schoolroom wall and in every public place as a reminder that if we do not abolish the devilries of war, civilisation will perish in a sea of mud and blood of which Passchendaele is the most dreadful example in history.

NOT FROM THE B.B.C.

Unsober Tea-Totalers

IF you're always sucking cider through a straw
You will outrage ev'ry dietetic law;
If you favour beer or wine,
Or drink whisky when you dine,
You will earn the disrespect of Bernard Shaw!

But he won't regard you as one whit the less
A hopeless case if to him you confess
That you think tea rather nice—
For a most pernicious vice
Is the taking of this drug, says G. B. S.!

The wise man who for many hours has toiled,
And thinks his epiglottis should be oiled,
Will go thirsty ere he will
Alcohol or tannin swill,
Or anything but water—prop'rly boiled!

What precisely does Mr. Bernard Shaw think we should drink—apart, of course, from drinking in his wisdom?

We know his views about alcohol and nicotine and the depraved habit of eating meat, and now we learn that he regards a cup of tea with the same loathing that he would a cutlet.

Our ever-certain Shaw, having been invited to sing the praises of tea by the committee of the exhibition to commemorate the centenary of the Empire tea trade, responded in that "unexpected" manner that we have come to expect from him. "I never drink it," he replied. "It is a most dangerous drug. It is peopling the world with dipsomaniacs."

I suppose we should be grateful for the warning. But few of us are (or want to be) as free from pleasant "vices" as G. B. S., who, judging by "Pygmalion," even when he wants to use a swear word engages an actress to swear for him.

So when feeling really riotous, following over-indulgence in malted milk, he presumably plays the reckless devil at second-hand by riding home in a smoking compartment!

Mr. Shaw, however, is only one of many cranks who seem anxious to keep normal people in a state of permanent thirstiness by warning them against the horrors that reside in a cup or glass of practically every known beverage.

We are informed that even water should not be drunk unless it has been thoroughly boiled, so as to kill the germs which are alleged to inhabit it. But I, for one, am too fastidious to wish to swallow dead germs. I'd rather turn my inside into an aquarium than a morgue.

Meanwhile, I imagine that most of us will continue to drink our favourite "poison," alcoholic or non-alcoholic, pretty much as usual. But people who treat cranks more seriously than I have ever been able to do may well suffer acute distress when they see some hitherto respected relative becoming more and more enslaved to the vice of tea-drinking.

What can we do for Auntie Maude? It's really rather sad,
There seems no limit to her raging thirst!
We hate to think our relative is going to the bad,
And yet we cannot help but fear the worst!
For, sitting in her parlour, she drinks cups and cups of tea,
Until we're sure she'll have a bad attack.
It seems to keep her cheerful, but we're positive that she
Will soon become a dipsomaniac!

We've done our very best to wean dear auntie from the drug,
By plying her with sherry and champagne,
But if we hide the teapot she will make it in a jug,
So all our well-meant efforts are in vain!
If we could get her in a Home it might, perhaps, repair
Her health; it simply makes my marrow freeze
To think we yet may find her fighting snakes that are not there—
And then we'll know the poor dear's got d-teas!

The PIFCO Pair agree..
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. . . because it is "Miles Brighter." Already the new PIFCO de Luxe Cycle Headlamp is on the road, giving "safe conduct" to the thousands of cyclists who ride confidently behind its brilliant 90 ft. beam.

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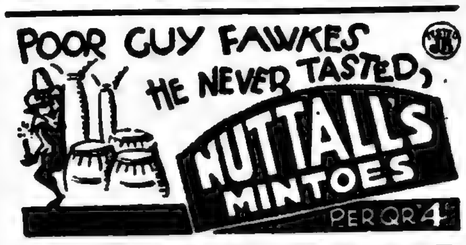
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NUTTALL'S MINTOES
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"SHE had five bald patches," writes Miss Longley's mother from Conisborough, near Rotherham. "She has now a splendid head of hair. I was troubled with dandruff and my hair was turning grey, but my head is now clear of dandruff, and my hair is its natural colour again."

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Thousands of men and women have re-grown fine new heads of hair by using Kotalko. It re-grows the hair because it frees the scalp from hair-stifling scurf and poisonous and malodorous grease, softening the hardening scalp, and restoring its healthful circulation, and reviving new and vigorous life and growth in the sleeping hair-roots.

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THE YOUNG LADY WHO HAD TOO MANY LATE NIGHTS

"It's simply a case of 'late last night, late the night before.'"

"And the treatment is 'early to bed and early to rise.'"

"No doubt. But how on earth is one to get it carried out by a self-willed young woman who thinks nothing of doctors?"

"By the traditional methods, of course. Tell her she's wasting her health. Speak slowly and seriously to her. Wear your longest face and fix her with your hypnotic eye."

"The wretched girl just laughs, and stays up later than ever. After coming back from her office (women oughtn't to work in offices) she bolts a hasty meal, changes and rushes out for the evening. Result: chronic fatigue and occasional illness."

"But doesn't she recognise the cause of the trouble?"

"No. She thinks that the remedy for being tired and bored and run-down is to find fresh amusements every night."

"Well, you can tell her from me that the remedy for being tired and bored and run-down is to get a decent rest every night until one feels better."

"But I doubt if she could rest properly if she tried."

"Oh, yes, she will if you get her to take a cup of Bourn-vita at bedtime. It not only helps people to sleep but it aids digestion afterwards. And in practice this means a quiet and restful night with an increase of energy next day—for the office or for dancing."

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It's rough on us Babies!

when hearty men with scrubby chins start sandpapering our 'make ups'. Pah! Why don't they use Stead Blades—they'd get a quick, smooth shave and a skin nearly as smooth as ours—nearly—and then perhaps we might fall for 'em—what say you girls?

Boots, Taylor's Drug Stores, W. H. Smith & Son's Bookstalls and most dealers sell them.

STEAD
RAZOR BLADES

In a handy wallet, 7 Blades for 6d.

A DIRT TRACK "ACE"— —of SWINDLERS

The mystery speedway "ace" was riding for a fall—but it wasn't his fall!

FAMOUS flying "ace," one of the great speedway riders in this country, the leader of a famous band, the son of a doctor, a greyhound racing track proprietor and a theatrical "star," are but a few of the poses of the successful rogue we here unmask.

Giving the name of "John H. Newton," and looking the picture of affluence, he arrived a few weeks ago at an hotel at Hastings, where he presented a card which described him as the champion speedway racer of the New Cross Speedway Stadium.

"Newton" told the proprietor that he had come to Hastings to enter into special training for one of the biggest dirt track races of his career. A suitable field had been hired in the locality upon which a temporary track was to be constructed for his private use, and his father—who acted as his trainer—and a staff of six or seven assistants would be at his disposal.

He did not propose to take any chances, as the "purse" for the winner of the proposed race, to be staged in London on a spectacular scale, was a large one—which was as it should be, since the event would be one of a most dangerous kind for any rider to undertake.

"Newton," who puffed heavily at a cigar during the interview, would make himself personally responsible for his staff and, as he was in Hastings that day on a purely personal visit, he thought he would kill two birds with one stone and get things fixed up ahead.

A little loan

He wanted his father and assistants to be near to him, and asked the hotel owner what "all in" price he could quote for really first class accommodation for his party for two, or perhaps three, weeks.

The summer season over, the hotel proprietor was naturally delighted at the prospect of what appeared to be an excellent booking, and he escorted the immaculately attired "Newton" around the hotel premises and showed him the best rooms.

In due course the alleged "speedway star from New Cross Stadium" selected the rooms he required and came to terms with the other as to the "all in" cost. Then he drove away in his smart racing car.

A little later he returned to the hotel. In the usual carefree haste in which he went through life he had discovered that he had come away that morning from his London home with only a few shillings and, although he had his cheque-book, the banks were all closed, otherwise the proprietor would, he felt sure, accommodate him.

It was very annoying, because he particularly wanted to get all kinds of preliminary arrangements fixed up that afternoon while in the neighbourhood, as for the next few days he would be very busily engaged fulfilling speedway engagements in different towns.

The hotel owner was, of course, delighted to cash a cheque for his distinguished visitor, particularly as he had favoured the hotel with such substantial bookings, and once again "Newton" departed.

On the day the "star" rider and his "staff" were due to arrive they did not appear. But there came to the hotel proprietor a letter from his bankers, in which "Newton's' cheque was returned dishonoured.

Enquiries that were made in London—at the address he had given, and at the New Cross Stadium, where he was supposed to be the champion of all the fine and accomplished dirt track riders who have raced there—revealed that "Newton" is not a star racer at all, but a persistent rogue who has been swindling the public in a variety of ways for a long time past.

Nor was the hotel proprietor the only dupe—quite a number of people, including garage proprietors and tradespeople, had parted with money to him after listening to one or another of his well-told tales

Clacton-on-Sea has also been favoured with his presence. There he called at several hotels and, telling the same story, managed to get away with various substantial sums of money.

A typical case is that of a widow who keeps a large boarding-house. Driving up in his car, which, by the way, he obtained from a London motor agency, and concerning which he has been constantly pressed for payment, he asked to be shown some rooms.

Woman tricked

He wanted accommodation for five people, he said, including his father, who was financing him in the flotation of a speedway company, which was to open a track locally. He led the woman to believe that the accommodation might be required for a prolonged period, and also booked garage accommodation for two large cars, including his own.

After the deal had been arranged, and the terms fixed, he went away, only to return two hours later to say that his father, with the remaining members of the company, were stranded four miles out of Clacton, the big car in which they were travelling having broken down in an isolated country lane. He had met them and returned to Clacton to get assistance, but discovered that he had left London that morning in a hurry, and without funds for such an emergency.

There was no time to waste, as he had to face one of the biggest races of his life at Walthamstow that night, and must get back to London as early as possible.

In this way he obtained from the woman all the available cash she had, and, during the two hours which passed between his calls upon her, he had obtained various sums from other victims whom he regaled with similar stories!

A long "trial"

He played a clever trick upon a garage proprietor in another town, where he posed as "Leslie Farndon," a speedway star, who was going to take a company of dirt track riders on tour to give thrilling performances in local public halls which he would have specially altered to conform with his plans.

The garage proprietor, believing his plausible story, allowed him to take one of his best cars on a "trial run." The trial, as may now be expected, is still going on as far as the garage-keeper is concerned, though the police have discovered that the car was disposed of for cash within two days of obtaining it.

In one case his conduct was about as cruel as could be imagined. At one of the hotels at which he stayed, where he "rested" for a few days ostensibly to prepare for some "gruelling contests" booked for him a few days' hence at the Crystal Palace, he met the daughter of the owner. He told her some of his thrilling experiences, of his crashes, of how he had defeated some of America's fastest riders, and of the much-coveted trophies he had at his London home.

He pretended to this girl that he possessed plenty of money, and, telling her that he would like to make her a little present, asked her to accompany him to a local jeweller's establishment.

Unwittingly, she did so. He knew that she would be well known to the jeweller, owing to her father's position in the town, and the despicable trick he had planned to bring off with her innocent assistance worked beautifully.

With great fastidiousness he helped the girl to select the ring she would like, and, although she started at small figures, he prompted her to have "something better." Money, he inferred, was of no account in such a matter, and, in the end, he walked out of the shop with his companion with a very valuable ring indeed.

The jeweller did not question the fact that a cheque would be sent later in settlement after the girl's father had seen the ring and agreed that the girl could accept it.

Then "Farndon" told the girl that he would like to have the settings altered. Although the stones were pretty, they would look better if the gold setting was exchanged for platinum. A friend he had in London could do this very quickly for him.

In this way he gained possession of the ring and promptly disappeared, leaving his large hotel account owing, with several unpaid bills in the district, and taking with him a cheque book belonging to one of the guests he had met at the hotel.

Saddest part

At Chichester, London, Manchester, Coventry, Worthing, Eastbourne, Margate, Bournemouth, Bath, Gloucester, Hull, Leeds, and a host of other places, this rogue has left a trail of dupes, many of whom are women who have been induced to hand him money on one lying pretext or another.

In one or another of his aliases he has even had the audacity to obtain credit by posing as a leading musician in Billy Cotton's famous band—a gross imposture which has caused Mr. Cotton much annoyance.

One of his victims is a lady whom he met whilst performing some of his imaginary "speedway" coups in Wales. He won this dupe's confidence very quickly, and, persuading her to believe that he was the head of a company which was opening speedway tracks and amusement halls in different parts of the country managed to secure from her the whole of her life savings.

On one occasion he walked into one of the biggest motor stores in the West End of London, and, although he hadn't a penny piece in his pocket, left with a car worth several hundreds of pounds

Of course, he has no right whatever to go about using the name of the New Cross Speedway Stadium, or of any of the officials there who, like Mr. Billy Cotton and numerous other famous people similarly exploited, have every right to be annoyed at his barefaced impudence.

The saddest part of all is that his chief victims are people who cannot afford to be duped—small boarding-house keepers who, listening to his gifted tongue, and believing that he will be the means of bringing parties of paying guests to their establishments, hand him everything they have.

The names he has impudently assumed during the past few months are:

H. Woodward;
A. J. Watson;
J. Farndon;
A. Mortimore;
H. Farnden;
J. F. Renshaw;
G. Newton; and
F. Culvert.

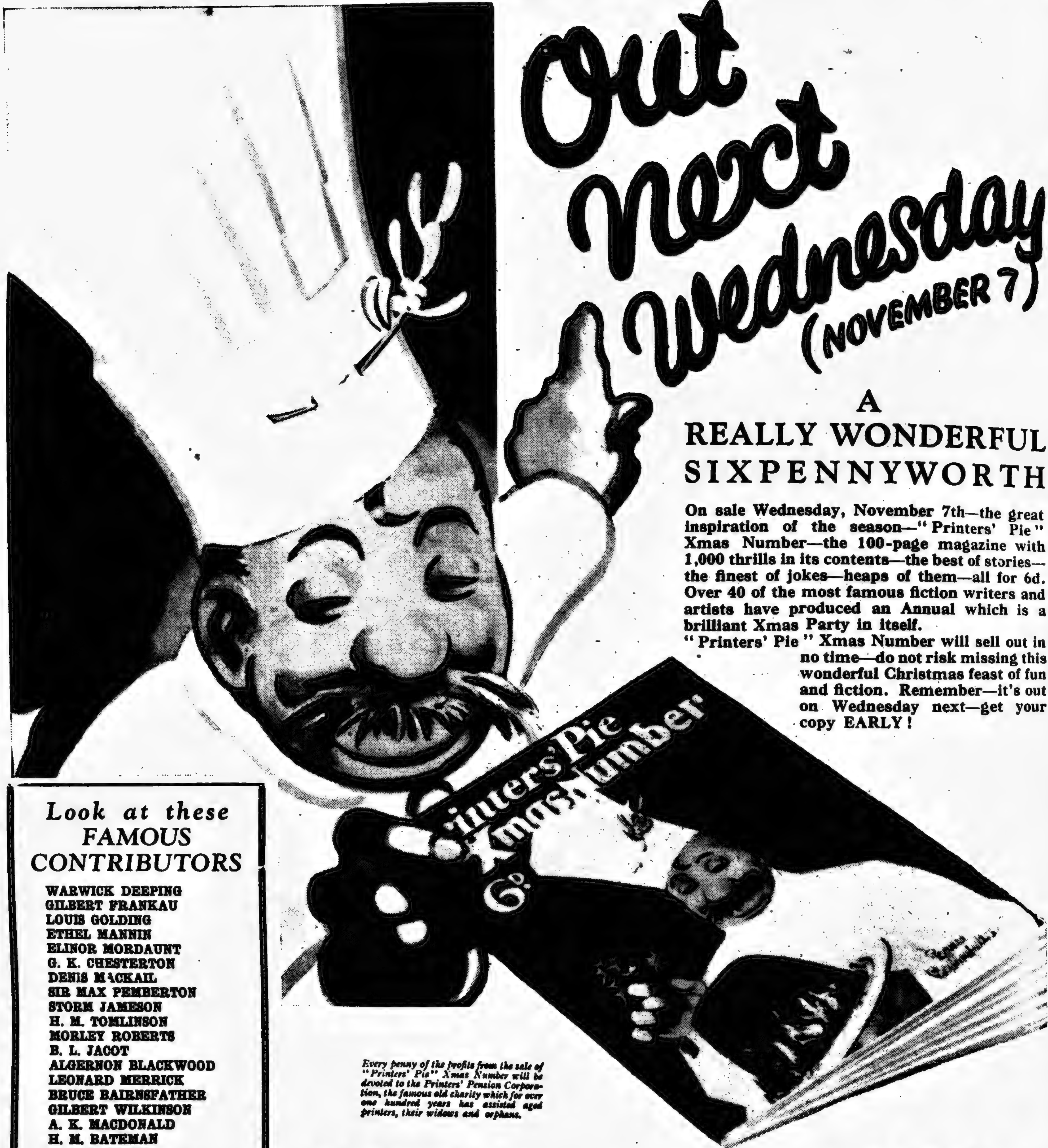
To give all his aliases, or retail all his exploits, is impossible. He is certainly one of the most dangerous and most wanted rogues at large.

We hope this exposure of his general methods will help the authorities in laying him by the heels.

THE SIX-HOUR TEST.

"I have used my JOHN BULL Pen for the last three years, for practically six hours each day This, in my opinion, is a performance which compares favourably with that of any other pen on the market regardless of price."

H. A., of Crewe, is right. In performance, workmanship and finish JOHN BULL pens have been proved to be the equal to those costing double and treble the price By cashing the coupons you can effect a big saving. See page 4.



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100 PAGES ALL PHOTOGRAVURE—6d.

FOUR YEARS *for a* Good Boy!

Monstrous CHILDREN'S ACT *Sentence*

So toughened has the public conscience become by daily revelations of the manner in which innocent children are punished in the courts, that many people have ceased to feel surprise at e actions of lay magistrates.

The limits of injustice must surely, owever, have been reached at Kings- n, Surrey, a few days ago when twelve- ear-old Harry —— had the misfortune face the members of the cal Bench.

The manner in which they ealt with the boy would have ade Dickens weep.

In presenting the facts of his se we are obliged to make othing more known about im than that his name is arry ——. The new Children nd Young Persons Act pro- ibits us from giving any urther information.

JOHN BULL has always taken e lead in exposing the folly justices who sentence chil- ren for no substantial reason years of detention.

It would naturally be re- arded as a serious breach the law to publish any informa- on which can lead to the identification children sentenced in juvenile ourts even although our purpose is nly to reveal scandalous administra- on and to get injustice remedied.

The magistrates—

It should be understood that JOHN ULL has never identified any children such cases except at the request or ith the express permission of their arents or guardians who have appealed us to fight for the freedom and happi- ess of their little ones who have been aken from them by the law.

But we must observe the law which orbids a sentenced child's name to be entioned, although the honouring of will not diminish by one whit our de- ermination to end the scandal of the ng imprisonment of young people by iving publicity to cases of the kind in e fullest manner possible.

The authorities cannot go so far, how- ver, as to demand that the names of e magistrates in the Kingston case hall be kept secret. They are:

Lieut.-Colonel T. C. Rowland Hill.
Mrs. W E. St. L. Finny.
Mr. H. A. White.

Twelve-year-old Harry ——, who was rought before them the other day, is e son of a man who had a most dis- nguished record of service for twenty- wo years with a famous regiment, of hich he became regimental sergeant- ajor.

The father died seven years ago from e effects of war wounds.

His widow was left well provided for y pension and property, but lately she st most of her capital in a business nterprise which she established in the ope of assuring Harry's future when e grew to manhood.

Nothing against him

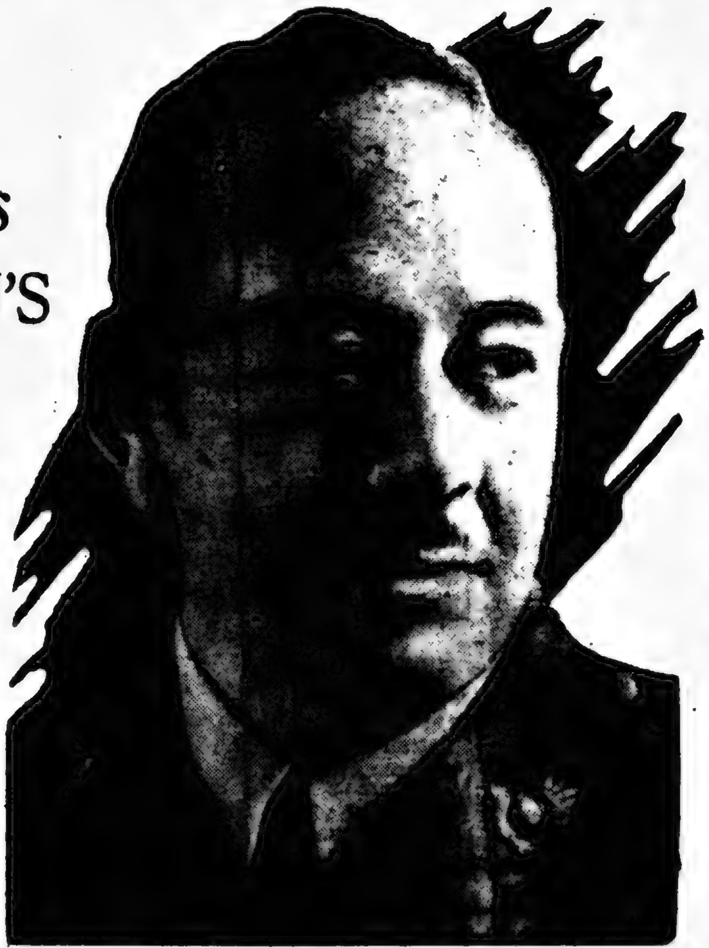
Grief, worry and ill-health led to ervous disorder, and some weeks ago arry's mother was admitted to a ental hospital.

What was to be done with Harry?

Relatives were ready and anxious to ive him a home either until such time s his mother was restored to health or ntil he was old enough to win his way the world by himself.

But that kind of thing cannot be done these days. The new Children and Young Persons Act places upon the police the duty of bringing a child in Harry's circumstances before the court, although the child, as in this case, has never committed any wrongful act and has not the slightest criminal tendencies.

When Harry appeared before Lieut.-Colonel Rowland Hill and the other Kingston magistrates, not a single word was or could be spoken against him except that his education had been retarded by irregular school attendance during his mother's illness.



Lt.-Col. T. C. Rowland Hill. "You will thank us . . ." he told the sobbing boy

Everyone in court, indeed, was impressed by the boy's demeanour. His brightness and intelligence were apparent from the clear, prompt and courteous manner in which he answered questions and made necessary statements.

It was admitted that he was exceedingly well-nourished and was strong and healthy, and the neatness and quality of his dress was evidence that he had been well cared for. There was ample testimony that the boy was honest and truthful and that he had never been in trouble of any kind.

"A problem"

All these facts were well known to the police and the local education officers who attended the court specially to plead on Harry's behalf so that he might be dealt with in the most humane manner possible.

They were sadly disappointed by the result of their intervention.

The Clerk to the Education Committee, for instance, informed the magistrates that he and Harry's headmaster were satisfied that any backwardness in the boy's education could be readily made good, and, if the court placed him in the care of a near relative, arrangements would be made for him to remain at his ordinary school until the age of fifteen.

Then the school attendance officer went into the witness-box and praised Harry's brightness and smartness. He said he was satisfied that the best that could be done for the child was to place him formally under the care of the probation officer and into the custody of a member of his family.

Two of Harry's married sisters—women with comfortable homes and husbands in full employment—next came forward and told the magistrates that either of them would willingly take the boy into her family and be responsible for his education until he was sixteen years of age.

Never can any bench of justices have had a more simple case to deal with.

Lieut.-Colonel Rowland Hill and his colleagues, however, did not regard it in that light.

"It is a problem to know what to do with this boy," mused the colonel.

If he has never had more difficult problems to solve, the magisterial experience of Colonel Rowland Hill must have been singularly easy.

Inspiration!

The colonel seemed to have a flash of strange inspiration.

"Would you like to join the Army when you grow up?" he asked Harry.

"Yes, sir," replied the child—the only answer that could be expected from a twelve-year-old boy.

Without more ado and completely ignoring the appeals and the provision made for Harry, these magistrates then ordered him to be detained in an institution for four years!

The military mind was at work with a vengeance.

"You will have to become strong and clever so that you can get a good position in the Army and not be merely a private soldier," said the colonel to Harry, who by that time was sobbing with dismay at the appalling sentence passed upon him.

It is a new and bewildering phase of British justice that an innocent child should be sent to virtual imprisonment for four years so that he may graduate in the higher ranks of the Army and that a juvenile court should become a military recruiting centre.

A higher court—

A policeman took Harry by the arm to remove him from his sisters, both of whom were so overcome by shock that they had to be assisted out of court in a condition of collapse.

Colonel Rowland Hill had a further remark to make to the crying child. It was that when he grew up he would be grateful to the Kingston magistrates for having given him "this chance."

Somehow, we think, the colonel will discover that he is in error if he imagines that Harry will be allowed to grow up in captivity. It is inconceivable, now that the facts have been made known, that the Home Secretary or the House of Commons will not order that he be released and restored to his family.

***CHRISTMAS THRILL FOR CHILDREN**—something very special that will thrill them now and for years to come. Make sure your child gets it—see centre pages and act at once*

NOBODY'S FAULT . . .

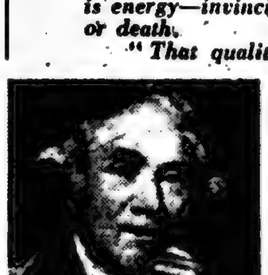
THE HUMAN MACHINE

THE father of modern surgery, John Hunter, once replied to someone who asked him what method he had adopted to ensure success in his work: "My unvarying rule is to consider before I begin whether the thing is practicable. If it is not practicable, I do not attempt it.

"If it is practicable, I can accomplish it, if I give sufficient pains to it. Once having begun, I never stop till the thing is done. To this rule I owe all my success."

And another great man once said the same thing in different words. "The longer I live, the more I am certain that the great difference between men, between the feeble and the powerful, the great and the insignificant, is energy—invincible determination—a purpose once fixed, and then victory or death.

"That quality will do anything that can be done in this world—and no talents, no circumstances, no opportunities, will make a two-legged creature a man without it."



John Hunter

In other words our power to achieve depends on our ability to use to the full our energy—both physical and mental. It depends on our own ability.

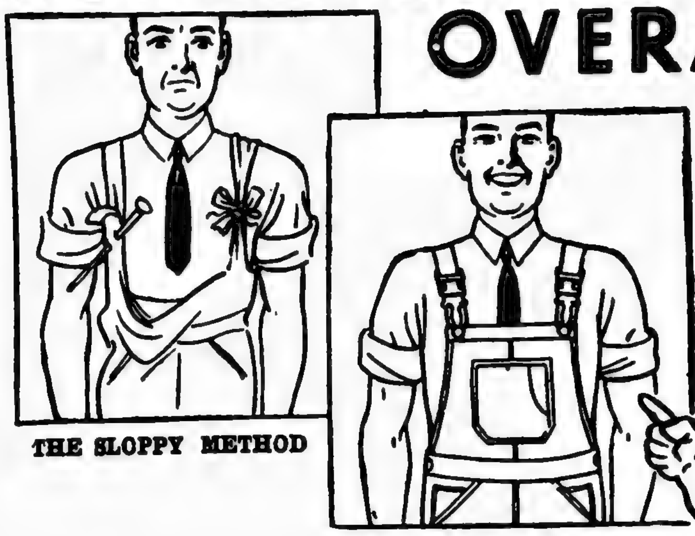
It's no use expecting someone else to do it for us. They can't. Only we ourselves can use our own energy. Only we ourselves can develop purpose and determination and the will to win.

It's so simple, really. It just means aiming every word and every act straight to the point for productive results. It just means the scientific management of our forces, no overloading, no strain, no waste.

It means, above all, no hurry, no flurry, no worry—just steady, purposeful persistence.

You are the engineer of your own mental machine. If it doesn't run smoothly and efficiently, it's nobody's fault but yours.

HOW DO YOU KEEP YOUR OVERALLS UP !


THE SLOPPY METHOD

THE BOLENIUM METHOD

WEAR Boleniums and you won't need to hoist your slacks with nails and string! The Bolenium non-slip buckle does the job properly and permanently, is easily adjusted and always stays put. Boleniums always have something new AND BETTER.

Extra strong dust and grease proof material—strongest where the strain comes, and double-sewn with 16 Boot Thread. Toughest of the tough, and cheapest by far in the long run. Wear Boleniums, the best overalls money can buy—British made by the overall pioneers.

"SATISFIED! YOU'VE SAID IT" SAYS BOLENIUM BILL

BOLENIUM
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OVERALLS OF EVERY KIND
Worn by the man who knows!

ASK YOUR OUTFITTER
or write for name of nearest stockist
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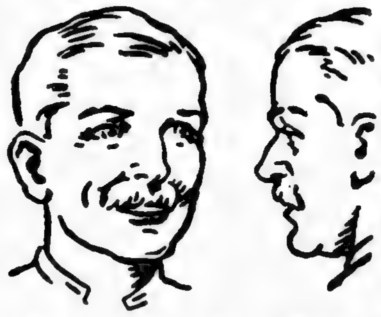
LONDON, E.13

SPRAINS, BRUISES

"—Put some Sloans on the painful spot—let it sink in and hey presto!—the pains gone!"



To drive out the pain and disperse congestion there is nothing more effective than Sloans. One application penetrates instantly, sends a supply of new blood tingling through the painful tissues, clears away congestion and gives amazing comfort and relief. Out-door workers and all who are exposed to wet and cold should keep a bottle handy to relieve aches and pains and ward off the danger of RHEUMATISM, LUMBAGO, SCIATICA, NEURITIS, BACKACHE.

Whenever you have muscular or nerve pain apply Sloans. **Attack the pain where the pain is—do not drug the whole system.** Sloans Brand Liniment penetrates, warms and soothes the nerves and tissues and clears away the congestion which causes the pain.

At all Chemists and Stores, 1/9 per bottle
MADE IN ENGLAND.

SLOANS BRAND LINIMENT **KILLS PAIN**

---

don't shave with ordinary soap"

"I did once, if you can call the scrape you get with household soap a shave. You simply can't shave properly with ordinary soap any more than you can clean your boots with a tar brush. Neither is made for the job. But I thought I was saving money till the wife got me a Lever's Easy Shaving Stick at her grocer's. Only sixpence—and it lasts a hundred shaves. Real shaves, too—close as you'll ever get; and no wonder, seeing what a champion lather Easy gives. Well, I haven't missed a day's shaving since I started with Lever's Easy. And don't forget a smart appearance matters a lot with the boss. Just try it—I'll bet it'll be Easy for you after that." See that Lever's Easy is on the grocery list.

LEVER'S EASY SHAVING STICK

LEVER'S
EASY
SHAVING STICK

100 SHAVES FOR 6D

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GONE FOREVER !

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UNWANTED HAIR

Razors only make the hair grow faster and thicker. Now in three minutes you can say good-bye to superfluous hair troubles for ever. No fuss or bother, no unpleasant smell. Simply apply this dainty toilet cream from the tube: then wash off with water. The skin is left soft, smooth and white, without a trace of hair. This amazing discovery is called New Veet. You just wipe away all unwanted hair as easily as washing your face, with New Veet.

FREE: By special arrangement with the manufacturers, every woman reader of this paper can now obtain a package of NEW VEET ABSOLUTELY FREE. Send 3d. in stamps to cover cost of postage, packing and other expenses. Address: Dae Health Laboratories Ltd. (Dept. 32 V), Cunard Road, Acton, London, N.W.10.

Work that is cruel to your hands

Out-of-door jobs—how rough and unsightly they make the hands. And yet this is quite unnecessary. A nightly rub with Snowfire Tablet is sure protection. Use it regularly and keep your hands delightfully smooth and free from chaps.

USE **Snowfire** TABLET 3D

[illegible] SNOWFIRE IN TIS[illegible]

DEADLY EYE QUACK in Disguise

Mr. Justice du Parcq. He sentenced Preston and issued a solemn warning

Weekly Informations from Sir Wyndham Childs

THERE is no worse menace stalking the country than the quack eyesight tricksters, describing themselves as "specialists," whose methods are as dangerous as they are despicable.

A new campaign of quackery opened recently with a lightning tour of villages near Tewkesbury and neighbouring towns, and an investigation we have just concluded enables me to make some interesting revelations.

Behind this campaign is a concern which bears the non-committal title of the Triangle Trading Company, and which boasts headquarters at 27, Birkbeck Avenue, W.3.

The experience of one of my readers living at Beckford, Gloucestershire, may be cited as a typical example of this firm's methods.

Two of its representatives drove up to the cottage in a touring car, and one knocked and explained that he had an appointment "with an old lady who suffered with bad eyesight," but had forgotten the address.

Then, as he was about to leave, he added: "But you, too, madam, suffer from your eyes."

That was the beginning! The travelling quacks then proceeded to test the woman's eyes, telling her that this service was quite free. And before she had time to realise what was happening they had made out an order for eye-glasses and a receipt for £3.

Efforts to browbeat her into paying this sum down failed, but she was persuaded to pay five shillings on account.

This poor woman was so bewildered by the high-powered salesmanship of the "specialist" from London that she asked him to wait and see her husband, but he declined, and made a hurried departure as the husband turned in at the garden gate.

Representatives of the Triangle Trading Company have been actively operating in Cheltenham, Gloucester, Bristol, Newton Abbot and many other parts of the country, so a general warning is urgently desirable.

Investigations by members of my staff show that not content with this present touting campaign to secure clients, the company has launched out in a new direction.

A reader who replied to an advertisement in a London newspaper received the following information in a letter from the Triangle Trading Company, signed S. R. Dunseath.

"Owing to expansion," he was told, "it has been decided to form a limited company to be known as the 'Triangle Productions, Ltd.,' to handle the manufacturing end of the business.

"To begin with, there is a vacancy on the board of the Production Company for a managing director, who would be required to invest £750 in preference shares."

It was also intimated that there were vacancies in the new concern for section managers, who were expected to pay a premium of £50 and own their own car.

Two rooms

There is no need for me to dwell upon the pitfalls of such employment-with-investment propositions, but so far I can find no record of the proposed limited liability company having been formed.

When we probe into the affairs of the existing Triangle Trading Company, however, some illuminating facts emerge. This concern was registered as a business name under the proprietorship of J. Preston in March this year.

Those who go to its headquarters in Birkbeck Avenue, Acton, expecting to find imposing business premises, will be disappointed.

There is not even a name-plate on the door to tell the world that this private house in a quiet suburban road is the home of an optical company with nation-wide aspirations.

The truth is that it simply has two rooms there which are sometimes used as offices, and that the Triangle Trading Company serves as a cloak to cover the renewed activities of a notorious eyesight quack.

How effective a cloak it is will be appreciated when I say that there is absolutely no indication, either in the registration of the concern or on its stationery, to indicate the real nature of its business.

The letter-heading, which bears the slogan "Speciality Sales Service," describes the company as "Factors and Universal Agents," which means nothing in particular, but looks sufficiently impressive.

Preston has not always been so careful to mask his activities in this way. A few months ago he was trading quite openly as J. Preston, Optical Service, 27, Birkbeck Avenue, Acton.

He then visited Lambourn and Newbury, Berkshire, among other areas, and his methods succeeded in bringing him a rich harvest.

Calling at houses and cottages, he spoke so convincingly of his skill as an optician that many people were bluffed into buying eye-glasses from him.

One of his tricks on arriving at a town or village is to approach the postmaster or the constable, saying that he has eyeglasses to deliver to an old lady whose address he has mislaid.

Clever salesman

Wishing to be helpful, the person he approaches then naturally mentions a number of old ladies in the district and their addresses, thus innocently providing Preston with a field for exploitation. When the quack makes his calls he is such a clever salesman he quickly induces a number of dupes to hand him a deposit or complete payment for glasses which he promises to supply.

Another of his tricks is to tell his intended dupe that well-known people in the town have bought glasses from him.

An old lady living in a cottage is often impressed by such talk, and thinks that if Preston's glasses are good enough for the "gentry," they are good enough for her.

In a recent case this clever salesman obtained £1 deposit on two pairs of glasses which were sent by post and proved useless to his client.

In another instance a woman paid ten shillings deposit on a pair of glasses priced at £2 10s., signing a contract to pay the balance in one month.

Preston had promised that the glasses would be delivered by himself or his assistant, and would be adjusted in the true professional manner.

He apparently forgot this promise, and sent the glasses C.O.D. The client rightly refused delivery and payment. Now she is being bullied into a settlement. The old lady in this case is frightened at Preston's methods.

Dangerous . .

Two years ago Preston was sentenced to six months' imprisonment for obtaining money by false pretences—the false pretences consisting of posing as an optician.

Mr. Justice du Parcq, when sentencing Preston, said:

"I hope what has taken place here and elsewhere has satisfied you that if you attempt to carry on any such business in future you will be prosecuted, and you will have no excuse."

This solemn warning from the Bench has had not the slightest effect on Preston, as I have shown.

He still carries on the detestable work of hoodwinking old people suffering from bad eyesight into the belief that he is a qualified optician.

His activities mark him down as a dangerous charlatan, and I urge the authorities to take immediate action to limit the sphere of his activities.

FATHERS! MOTHERS! UNCLES! AUNTS! Don't miss "John Bull's" wonderful Christmas Surprise for the children—see centre pages

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HOMELY WISDOM by Canon R. J. CAMPBELL, D.D.

Failure

MANY years ago I happened to be for a short time a guest in a house where there were other visitors. One of these was a talkative but somewhat tactless lady with a quiet husband who was also present and of whom she seemed very fond.

Some of her own relatives were there, cheery, prosperous-looking persons, full of good-natured jests and mutual banter and chaff.

The conversation turned on hobbies and the opportunities we respectively enjoyed for indulging our tastes in this way.

* * *

Suddenly the lady said in a loud voice that everybody could hear: "My hobby would have been a finer house and garden with plenty of time to attend to both; but unfortunately, having an unsuccessful husband, I have to put up with a much less desirable home than I was used to when I was a girl."

I saw the good man wince, though he managed to laugh with the rest; and I caught sight of his face afterwards when he thought no one was looking. It was a sad face; that barbed sentence had gone very deeply into his heart, I felt sure.

What possessed the woman to give such a cruel stab to the man she loved best in the world I don't know. Love him she did; anyone could see that; and he loved her. She was just chattering, and she had not imagination enough to know what to say and what not to say in company.

But, whether she had spoken or not—and it is unlikely that this was the first time she had referred to the subject in such blunt terms—the husband would have been acutely conscious of the fact that in a material sense he was indeed a failure in life. It troubled him. Everything he touched had turned out badly—perhaps because he misjudged his prospects, perhaps because of events that no one could have foreseen or controlled.

Anyhow, there it was. As a young fellow he had begun well, with high hopes for the future, and with plenty of natural advantages on his side. Now, in late middle life, he was forced to admit to himself that it was too late to recover lost ground, that he had not made good and never would make good as his wife and her family had desired and expected, and that in consequence he was looked down upon by all of them in a kindly but still unpleasant way.

But I thought then and think now that he was the best of the lot. A gentle, lovable, patient, uncomplaining spirit, he could be trusted to go to the extreme limit in serving anyone who needed him. They all knew it and took it for granted.

Let any one of them be sick or in trouble and he was the friend they most wanted to see. He would stand by them till he dropped.

* * *

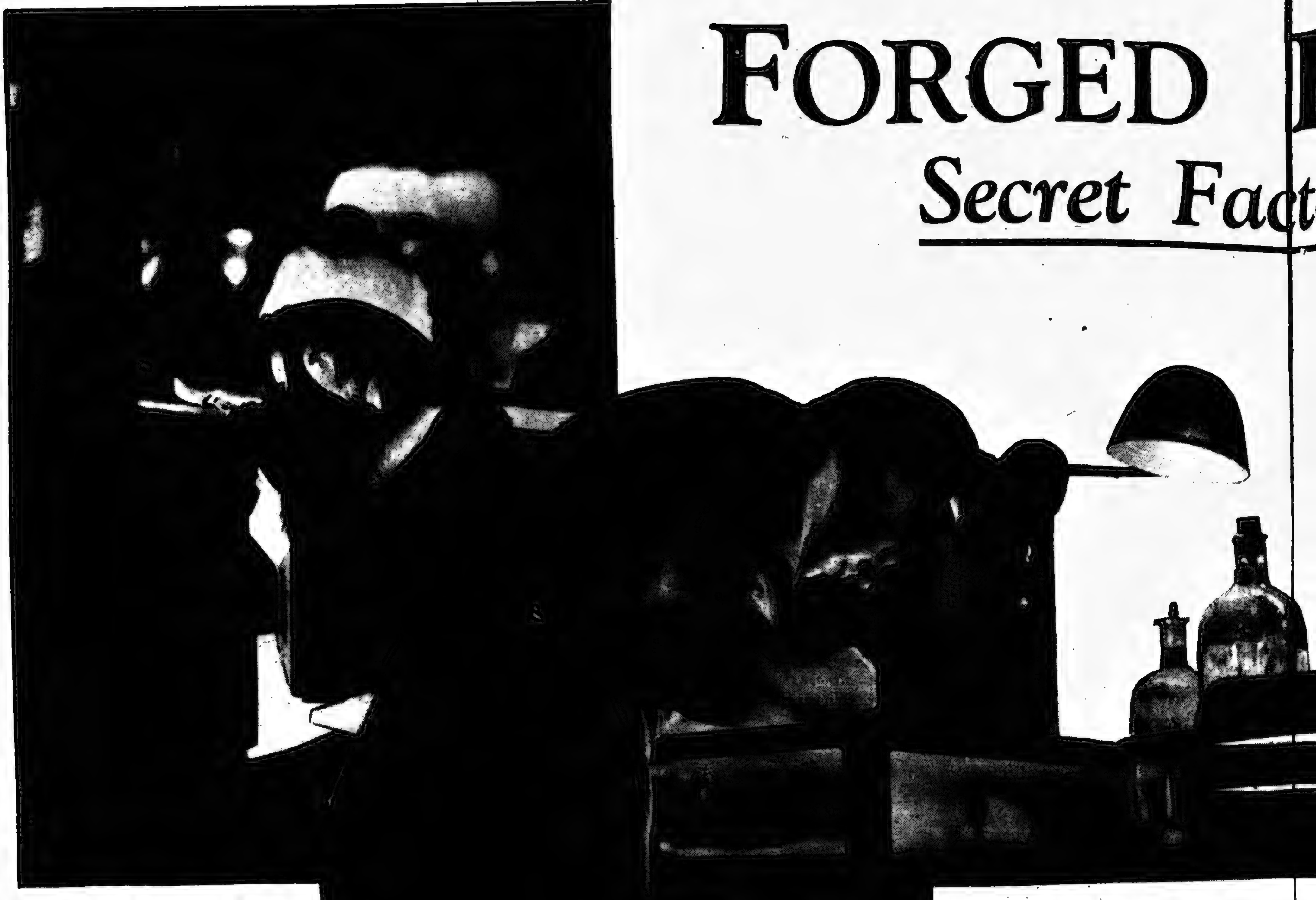
Then was that man a failure? I say he was not. In the only way that greatly mattered he was a success. Neither he nor anyone else ought to have measured his worth by material instead of spiritual gains.

As John Ruskin said, we only succeed in life as our hearts grow warmer, our ideals higher, our purposes purer, and we enter into living peace.

The greatest advance the world has ever made begun outwardly as a tragic failure. It was the good news of Jesus Christ. It seemed to have ended on a cross, but it is the mightiest uplifting force in the world to-day.

FORGED

Secret Fact



The plant and equipment of the bank note gang must be modern to the last degree. Here is a photographic impression of a forgery factory of the twentieth century, as different from the "den" of popular imagination as is an air-liner from a toy balloon

THERE has, JOHN BULL can reveal, been a sensational development in the widespread plot to forge and circulate among the public Bank of England notes.

For some time a flood of these spurious notes has been in circulation in this country. At first they were all believed to originate from the Continent, for the police authorities there, in close co-operation with Scotland Yard, unearthed at least four factories in which forged notes were being made.

Now, a special squad of Scotland Yard detectives, acting under the direction of Superintendent Arthur Askew, have made a much more startling discovery.

Their investigations leave no possible doubt that secret factories for the manufacture of these faked notes are actually being operated in this country.

This surprising development, we can disclose, was discussed at a recent conference of police authorities, and, as a result, an extensive campaign has been decided upon to round up the forgers.

"Forger's paradise"

Already one or two arrests have been made in different parts of the country, but the offenders in these cases are obviously mere pawns in the pay of the gang which is pitting its brains against the Bank of England and the London and provincial police.

The ringleaders have yet to be caught, but the Yard is now well "after its men."

We can tell, for the first time, the amazing facts which led up to the arrest recently of a dexterous forger named Samuel Leonard Gaul, known to his associates in the underworld as "Sam the Penman."

For nearly two years Gaul has been under observation, but he had always managed to evade arrest. Yet it is now established beyond doubt that he has manufactured hundreds of Bank of England notes of varying denominations, most of which completely defied the closest scrutiny of some of the Bank of England experts.

But Gaul was just an incidental figure in one of the biggest forgery plots ever hatched. At an establishment in New King Street, London, S.E., he operated an amazing "plant." His friends used to call the place the "Forger's Paradise." It certainly was.

"Sam the Penman" always worked at night. He never entered his "den" until midnight. It was always kept in semi-darkness. Only one light hung from the ceiling and that was heavily shaded. All the windows were blacked out. A cupboard at one end, near a long table, served as a miniature laboratory.

His implements included all kinds of coloured inks, photographic plates, copper discs of all shapes and sizes, rollers, rubber frames, slides, reams of specially prepared paper, and nibs and brushes of every conceivable grade and manufacture.

Iron printing presses, complete photographic outfits, queer contraptions fitted with hidden electric bulbs and batteries, and a score or more of different moulds all had their place in the curious surroundings in which "Sam the Penman" worked.

Some of the metallic plates in his den bore the impression of the head of King George. Others were embossed with the figure of Britannia—wanted, of course, for the bogus watermarks which Gaul, with an uncanny cleverness, printed on the spurious notes, nine out of ten of which passed detection.

Red-handed

This clever forger, admittedly in the pay of others, worked night after night, until five or six in the morning.

Often, with the secret process which no one has yet discovered, he could turn out as many as two hundred one-pound and ten-shilling notes between midnight and dawn.

Not long ago many forged notes were circulated in Folkestone. Another batch went north to Manchester. Others to South London, Brighton, Liverpool, and Warwick.

They were the handiwork of Gaul and other agents working at other addresses in association with him and his "bosses," and had been handed over to other members of the gang, who put them into circulation.

Many of the forged notes which were passed off in the places mentioned were, once they had been found to be forgeries, traced by the police to Gaul.

A well-timed raid was then made upon his premises and he was caught red-handed.

The police discovered, apart from the implements already mentioned, photographs of portions of forged Bank of England notes, notes in every possible stage of manufacture, notes which were complete with the exception of the figure of Britannia or the imprint of the watermark.

But Gaul would not say a word. Although Detective-Inspector Spash of Scotland Yard, who arrested him under Mr. Askew's instructions, knew that he was only a minor character in a great conspiracy, he refused to answer any questions about the rogues behind the scenes for whom he was working.

Still adamant in his silence, he passed through the gates of Maidstone Jail a fortnight ago.

We can reveal that he was a member of a highly organised gang of criminals who have branches and agents in many of our leading towns and cities.

The "plant" which was discovered at his South London establishment was small to that which has been

(Continued on page 27)

P. D. st.

BANK NOTES

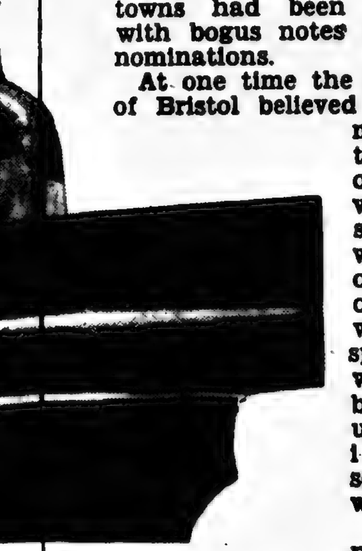
ctories in England

installed in some of the "forgery shops" which exist in different parts of the country.

Quite recently the Bristol police found that their locality was flooded with spurious one pound notes. Even the local banks accepted them without demur from tradespeople and others who in turn had accepted them in all good faith from distributors.

A police "drive" was made throughout the whole of the West Country, for it was discovered later that numerous other adjacent towns had been likewise flooded with bogus notes of different denominations.

At one time the Chief Constable of Bristol believed that he would make an important arrest. His officers were convinced that a secret "factory" was being carried on in the vicinity of Bristol in which all the spurious currency was being made, but they were unable to trace it, although several premises were visited.



They were not far wrong. Within two months of the previous distribution another batch of notes, similarly produced, was let loose on the city.

Unsolved

The police know that the notes were manufactured by the same gang responsible for the previous coup, because there was a slight discrepancy about a certain feature of the notes which manifested itself under microscopical examination.

The Bristol police are still maintaining a vigilant eye on their district in the hope that the secret "factory," which is known to have been operating somewhere in the surrounding district, may yet be discovered.

Several consignments of forged notes have during the past twelve months been circulated in Manchester, and Scotland Yard detectives have visited the city to confer with the police there on the unsolved problem as to how the notes are distributed and where, and how they are manufactured.

Most of the notes were passed into circulation at shops and hotels, and on the racecourse and greyhound racing tracks.

The Chief Constable of Manchester ordered a full enquiry, and scores of persons were interrogated and known forgers shadowed. In the end, though the police had no doubt there was a secret forgery "factory" operating in their midst, they made no further headway.

Since then there have been other distributions of forged notes in the city.

The public will be amazed to know the extent to which the great forgery plot has now developed. The list of towns in which police investigations have been made during recent months, following the distribution of forgeries, include Liverpool, Ramsgate, Brighton, Gloucester, Birmingham, Wigan, Cardiff, Folkestone, Arundel, Leicester, Warwick, Welwyn, Lincoln, Glasgow, Chingford and Cheltenham.

Mystery man

All parts of the London area, too, have engaged the attention of Scotland Yard detectives, notably Greenwich, Hoxton, Islington, Tooting, Deptford, Wimbledon, Camberwell and Paddington.

Nearly 900 forged notes were found to have been put into circulation in one district alone during a period of two or three weeks.

The police have latterly been investigating the operations of an alien who arrived in England some months ago, and who affects a Canadian accent.

This man travels continually between this country and the Continent, and is believed to be actively associated with a powerful gang of forgers, some of whose chief agents were recently arrested by French police officers acting in close cooperation with Scotland Yard.

This mysterious "Canadian" has figured in many of the enquiries made by Scotland Yard detectives, and, although he works very quietly, and operates through agents both here and abroad, is one of the master-minds behind the present plot.

Quite recently, when investigations were being made in the South of London into a succession of distributions of notes, he was kept under careful observation, but he has so far managed to elude arrest.

For months, too, efforts have been made to unearth a forgery "factory" in a London suburb in connection with which a rogue who figured in a huge forgery case some years ago is known to be the leading light. For fifteen months the authorities have been making enquiries about him and several of his associates, including a number of women, but he has up till now remained too clever for them.

The police were on a hot scent when early this year a man was arrested by "Yard" sleuths on a charge of being in possession of forged notes.

Finest forgeries

He was closely questioned, and it was soon discovered that he was only one of the agents of the gang responsible for the manufacture and distribution of the spurious money. He knew where the gang's secret "factory" was, but its location remained a secret locked in his heart when he went, like "Sam the Penman," to prison without disclosing the identity of his "bosses."

About the time this man was sentenced hundreds of forged notes were let loose upon the public in the Wimbledon district, and a large number had been successfully passed before the Bank of England experts detected them. They all bore the numbers and index letters of genuine notes, and, except that they were a little darker in colour, were pronounced to be the finest forgeries ever known.

It was during this enquiry that the Bank of England warned all banks of the increasing number of forgeries in existence. But more than fifty per cent. of the "Wimbledon batch" got safely through all channels until the experts of the Bank of England finally detected them, and had the index letters and numbers blacklisted.

A big job

There is a special department at the Bank of England which does nothing but watch out for and investigate forgeries. Under the guidance of experts, twenty clerks sit hour after hour scrutinising specimens of the forger's art.

At Scotland Yard, too, there is a similarly well-equipped department in which a special staff is employed to index the numbers and all noticeable discrepancies of the hundreds of forged notes which are filed away there.

It is a big job. For the forgers do not stop at one index letter. In the past few months bogus banknotes have appeared in large numbers with "F," "S," "M," "J," "W," "C," "X," "A," "O," "R," "D" and "T," preceding their numbers.

While there has been this widespread extension of the forgery pest in this country, it is known that the biggest batches of forged notes have been manufactured abroad and smuggled into this country through the registered ordinary letter posts and the medium of agents

There is, for instance, a factory in Florence which specialises in manufacturing the copper plates, complete with the figure of Britannia, which play such a big part in the work of producing the spurious notes.

Amazing discoveries were made recently during investigations carried out by the International Police in Paris, Marseilles, Aix-en-Provence, Berlin, Stockholm, Nice and Vienna. Something like £30,000 worth of bogus notes was seized, and several men of foreign nationality have been arrested and are at present in the hands of the French authorities.

Sealed lips

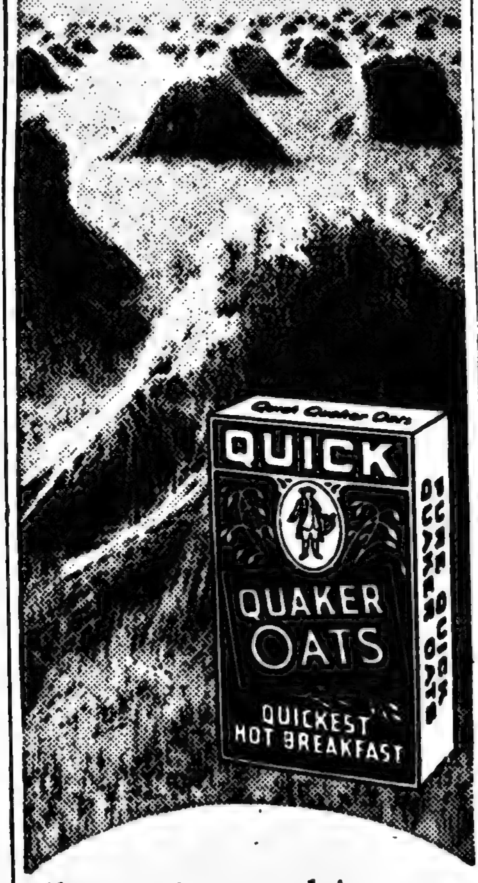
These men were, it has now been discovered, in close touch with a number of Englishmen who have been acting as agents in this country in effecting distribution of the forgeries. As the result of this discovery, arrests are likely to be made in England at any moment.

One of the most astonishing features of most of the bogus notes that have been seized is that they are, in many instances, printed on paper which has been copied to represent, almost beyond detection, that which is officially used for the manufacture of genuine currency. Its source of supply is, however, a mystery.

So far, the ringleaders of the forgery gangs in this country have eluded capture, while their hirelings have fallen—and fallen with sealed lips.

But their days are numbered now. Scotland Yard is fast on their heels, and we are likely to hear of sensational developments shortly in the Great Forged Notes Plot conspiracy.

Superintendent Arthur Askew, Number One of the "Big Five," who is in charge of the Scotland Yard enquiries into the forgery plot



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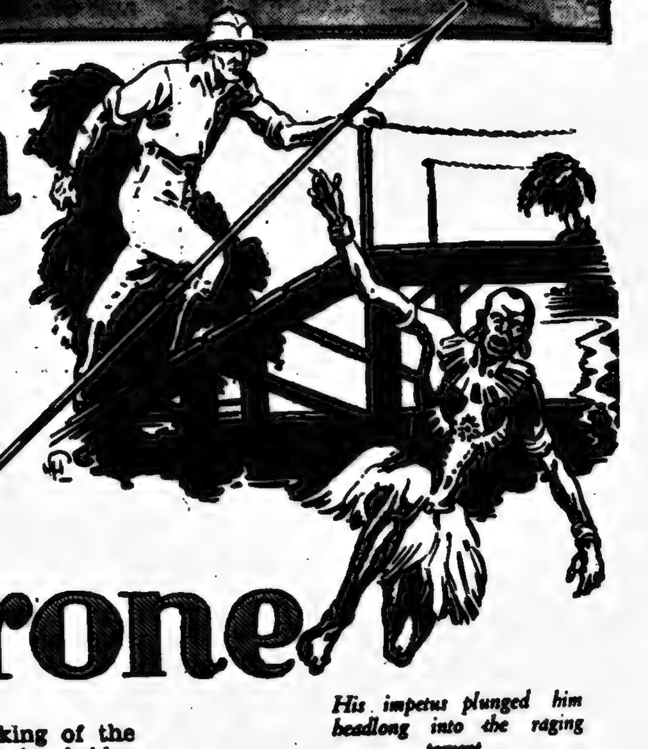
Here are some of the subjects of the native king in whose destiny our reader played so vital a part

JOHN BULL READERS' STORIES—102

I win a King his Throne



His impetus plunged him headlong into the raging torrent

TRUTH is so often more queer than fiction. In the African jungle film, parts of which have just been staged so cleverly on the River Thames, Leslie Banks as "Sanders of the River" makes Paul Robeson an African king.

The book from which the film was taken is good honest fiction from the brain of the late Edgar Wallace, a colourful fantasy of his vivid imagination, but . . . it has set the loom of my memory spinning.

Only six years ago a similar event to that now filmed in make-believe happened in real life to me, and actually in Darkest Africa. I was a *real* "Sanders," and I made a *real* king.

The strange events that led up to the great moment were as mysterious as a lover of romance could wish, for the atmosphere quivered with the spells of Africa, and, although curiously enough no human blood was spilled, a life was sacrificed before the pagan gods of a primitive race were appeased.

I was mining tin at the time, in the tinfields of Northern Nigeria, and was in camp with a small crowd of negro Mohammedans, as tough a bunch as ever I've seen, and I've met a lot.

Our camp was on the slope of a hill with its back, as it were, to the force of the seasonal tornadoes. At the bottom ran a picturesque rocky stream, the sort of landscape that goes with picnics and hiking—in the dry season—but in the rains that little stream became an uncontrollable monster.

ACROSS the stream was the country of the Burumawas, a tribe of some ten thousand naked pagans, clever hunters and horsemen, and handy with the spear. Their main village was on top of the distant hill, hidden among outcrops of granite and surrounded by natural defences of cacti, inside which the mango, gum and cotton-wood trees gave shade to the scatterings of mud huts.

Back in camp I lived in a small grass-roofed hut, completely cut off from civilisation except for the fortnightly mail brought in forty miles by my native runner.

Being left alone in the bush to work out my own salvation didn't worry me. I was used to it and had plenty of work to occupy my mind. The rains would break within five months and before then the elevators had to be ready in position.

That meant scraping up a dry season road for nine miles to join the nearest bush track so that the lorries could get through with the miles of huge telescopic pipes, and the parts for the elevators and the iron sluice boxes.

It also meant throwing a dam across the river, a rough masonry affair with adequate sluice gates to prevent silting when the river rose in flood, and the digging of a four-mile canal to carry the water from the dam to the head of the elevator lines.

There was also the opening up of the paddocks to do for the sinking of the elevators and a rough suspension bridge to be thrown across the river, for the elevators were to start work on the other side and no one could cross by wading or swimming when the floods came down.

There was enough material already brought into camp for the bridge and that was the first job I tackled, and, according to my calculations, when it was finished the decking would clear the highest known flood level.

Later that bridge played a very important part and was directly connected with the making of a king.

The adventure had begun in London Wall, and I often thought, during the weeks that followed, of that richly furnished boardroom where I had heard the chairman read the last report to the shareholders.

"The labour problem presents no difficulty," he had read. "The surrounding country is very densely populated by peaceful natives and your manager in Nigeria is able to recruit at his leisure."

The "peaceful natives" were the ten thousand naked horsemen with their clever spears, and they were resisting all my efforts to recruit them.

There were, however, enough Mohammedans to form a nucleus, and after the bridge I got on with the dam and the survey for the canal, but I knew that in the end I should not be able to do without the pagans for the scraping up of the road and the installation of the lines and elevators.

I HAD to solve the mystery of their refusal to accept the good pay I was offering, otherwise I should not be able to make use of the floods on which my job depended.

Then suddenly things began to happen and I realised I was up against some form of tribal magic. The first event was small in itself, but the effect was far-reaching. *My survey pegs, which marked the lines the canal was following, were mysteriously disappearing.*

That night in camp, when I was sipping a well-earnt whisky and soda, a sound of drumming reached me through the darkness, a sound that always overrides the shrilling of crickets and the croaking of bull-frogs.

For a few seconds the crickets ceased their chatter as sometimes happens in the bush, making the silence something tangible. Then I heard a far-off murmur, as the drumming died away. It was the wailing of women. The song of death.

I decided the time had come to investigate at first hand. I would have to risk being an unwelcome visitor up in the village, to chance a spear in the back or else to fail without trying.

THE rains were due to break any day now, but there was still time to finish the preparations for the wet season before it was well on, as long as I could get adequate labour.

I sent for Musa, my faithful headman, and together we crossed the river by the bridge in the brilliant white light of a full moon. The sound of drumming guided our footsteps up the rocky slopes through cactus groves and gum trees.

Presently we came to a clearing encircled by huts, in the centre of which leapt the flames of a large bonfire. Musa and I crouched in the shadows watching breathlessly. On one side of the clearing was a group of elders, white-haired and shrivelled like aged monkeys.

Often they dipped into calabashes, drinking deeply of the native beer. Opposite them and sprawled on the ground

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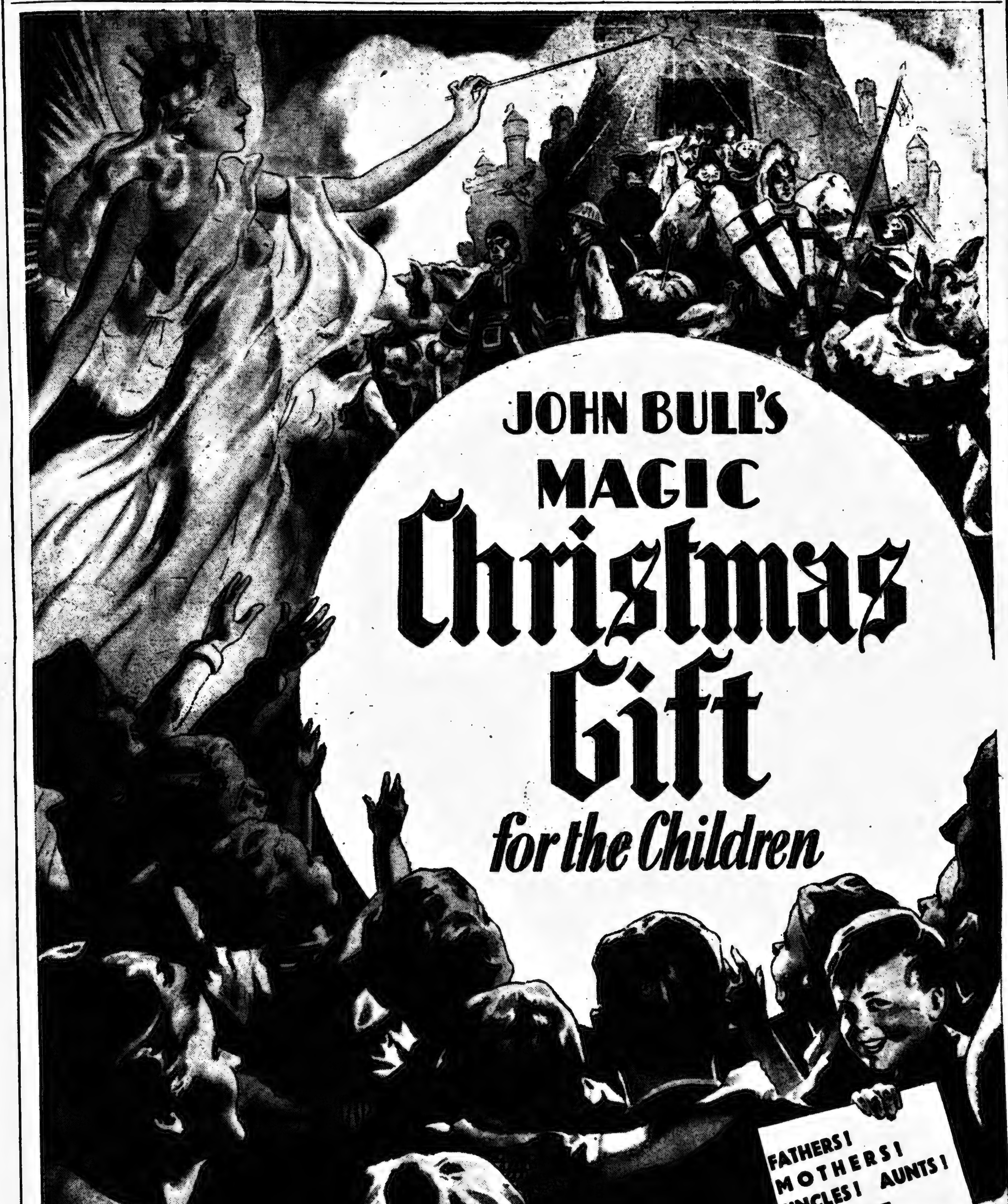
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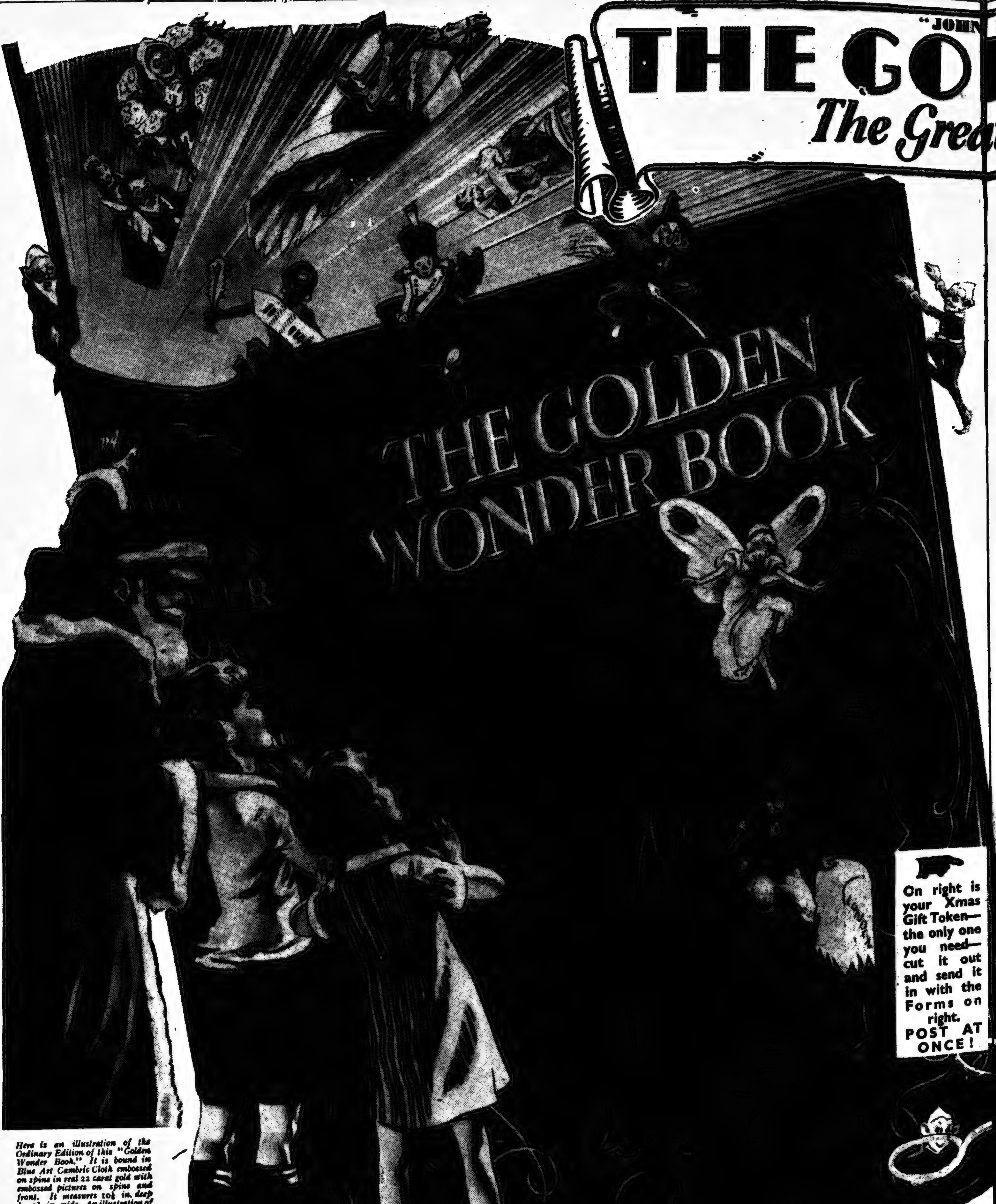

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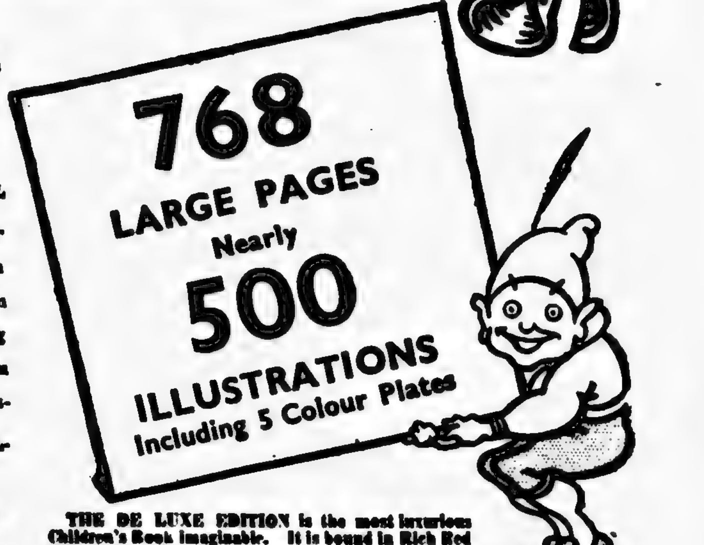

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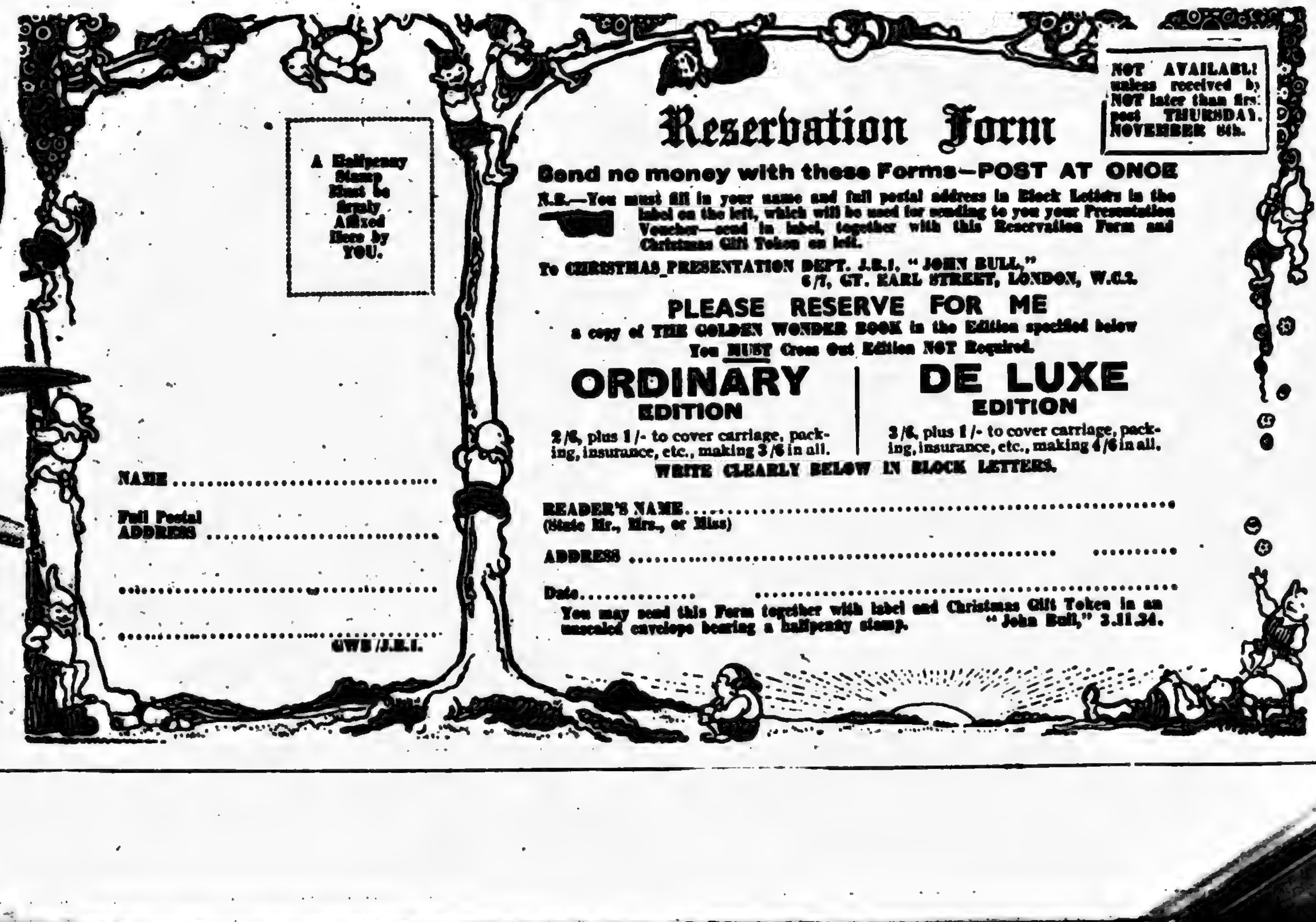

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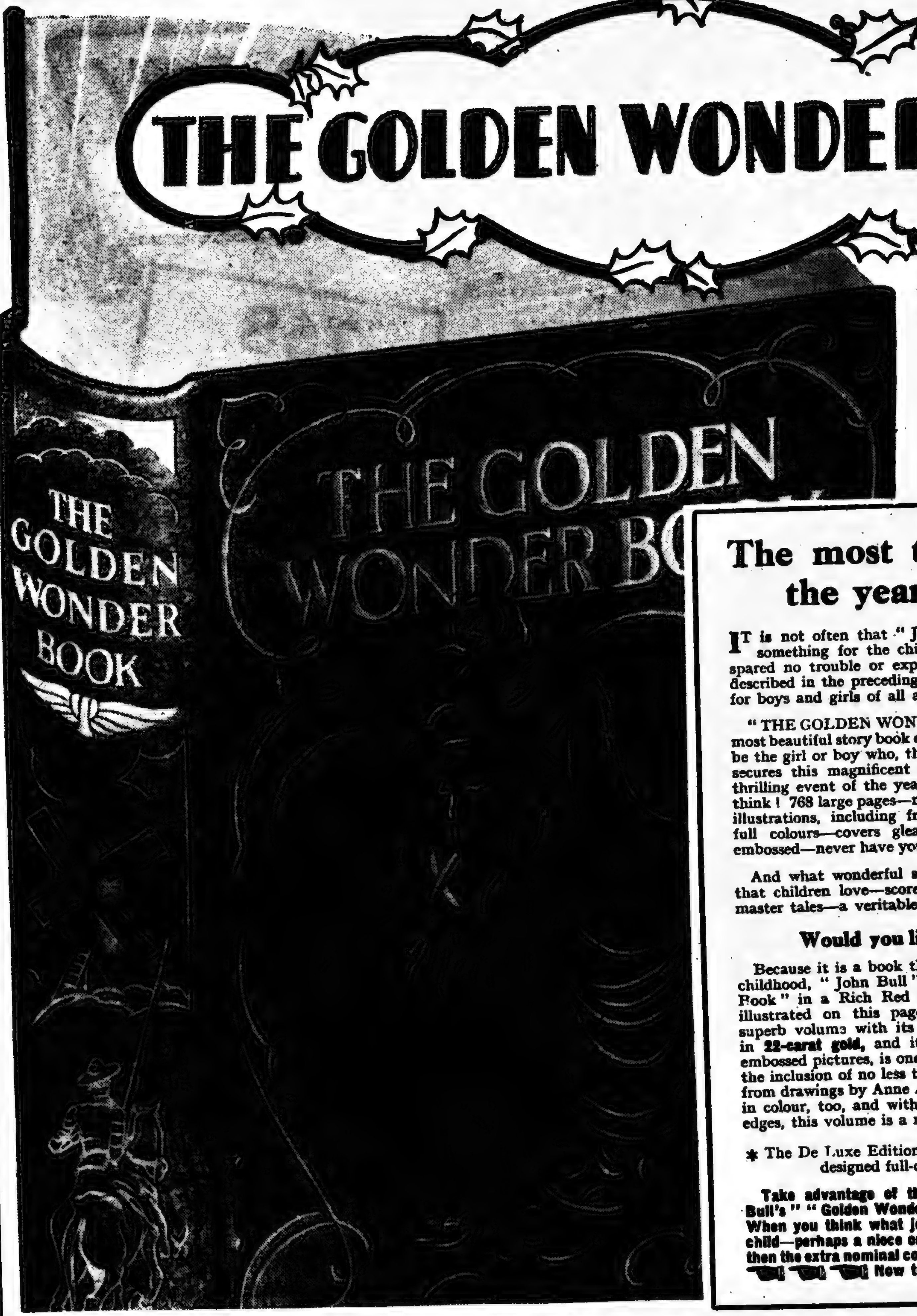

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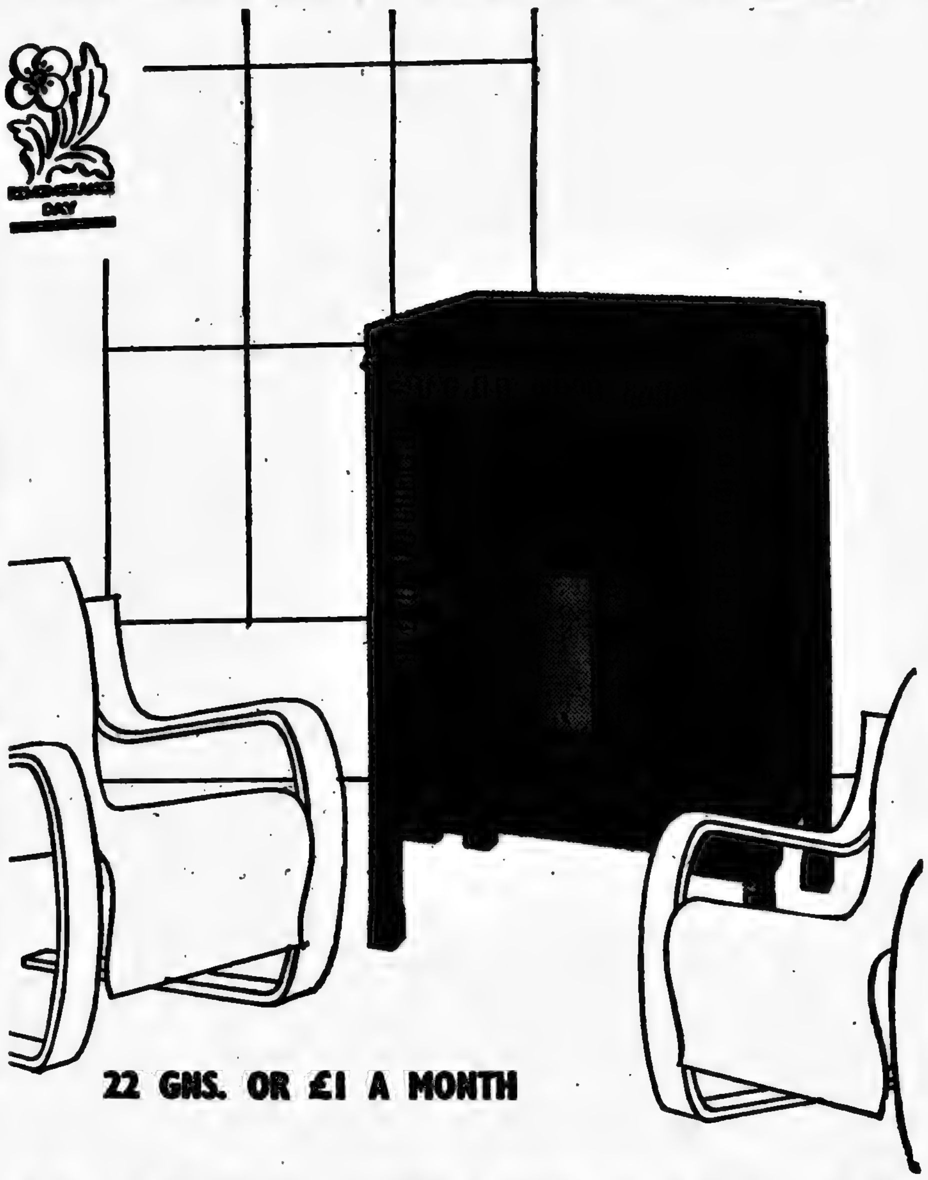

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Continuing

I Win a King his Throne

were the warriors of the tribe, fine specimens of young manhood, their spears across their knees and their hunting knives stuck through armlets, gleaming in the flickering light.

On the third side were the musicians, squatting low on their haunches, swaying in rhythm to the beating of their drums and the monotones of their reed pipes, and all eyes were fixed on the centre where, around the fire, a ring of almost naked maidens swayed and crooned in a slow, maddening dance that made my blood leap.

Suddenly the music stopped and the maidens disappeared. A figure leapt to its feet, a figure I knew, that of Apelchon, the king's eldest son, to whom the gift of magic was attributed and whom I suspected as being at the bottom of my labour troubles.

And sitting on the ground behind him I saw the second son, Mienkulo, who had on several occasions shown friendliness towards me. Apelchon was addressing the crowd, but I did not understand the Burum language. I touched Musa and we crept away when Apelchon had finished.

"SPEAK!" I said to Musa, what hast thou heard to-night?"

"*Zaki!*" Apelchon is our enemy. The king is dead and he would be king. He has told his people that the king's death is a sign that their god *Chi* is angry against them and us and that we and our work must be driven from the country.

"We have trespassed into their sanctuaries, cut down the trees wherein dwell the spirits of their fathers, and we are turning the river from its course so that the annual sacrifice to the flood god will not be taken by the waters.

"He says the god *Chi* has caused the survey pegs to disappear as a sign that the river must not be led away from the sacred rock and as a further sign your bridge will be destroyed by the first flood of the rains which break tomorrow.

"Master, Apelchon is to be king and we are doomed. If Mienkulo were king in his stead, then we would have labour, for he is our friend and does not believe in his brother's magic talk."

The next day, to my great joy and relief, Pat Holmes, the District Officer, rode into camp, and I explained matters to him. He saw the gravity of the situation immediately.

"Well, old boy," he said, "the Government certainly doesn't want a quarrelsome blighter like Apelchon as king, but we can't force Mienkulo on them if they want Apelchon. Got to show him up as a fraud, somehow. Now, he's won the first round, as it were.

"If the flood *doesn't* destroy your bridge, he'll have to eat his own words, you see. That makes you quits, but you'll still have to convince these people their old god *Chi* is definitely with you. You know what they are. They must have a sign."

A distant roll of thunder greeted his words, and in a few minutes rain began to fall, the first of the season. Then the tornado got going in real earnest.

"We shall soon know the worst now," I said. "The river will be in flood by four o'clock."

At four o'clock, when the worst was over, Holmes and I made our way down to the bridge. The storm waters of the hills upstream were coming down and we could hear the noise of crashing boulders a few miles away, and on the other side of the river I saw scores of black forms making their way down through the ravines towards the bridge.

So the stage was set, and Apelchon was bringing his people to witness to the glory of their god *Chi* and to the destruction of the bridge. I looked at Holmes and laughed to hide my uneasiness.

Then the head of the flood waters came in sight round the bend upstream, a solid wall of white-flecked, muddy water, sweeping down towards the bridge.

The pagans had now reached the bridge on the other side and I saw Apelchon in the front, in full war paint, swaying and dancing, and pointing madly towards the oncoming flood.

The head of the waters passed under the bridge, leaving a space of about five feet under the decking. During the next few minutes the water level rose to within two feet.

Holmes and I looked at each other and as I took out my case to offer him a cigarette my hand shook slightly.

"We're taking a hell of a chance!" he shouted.

When I looked again there was only one foot between the decking and the water, and on the other side I could see Apelchon swaying the crowd with his magnetic influence.

AFTER another period of time that seemed endless I looked again, and, by God! the force was slackening. There was now a difference of about eighteen inches! The bridge was saved!

Then an inspiration came to me, and I shouted to Holmes above the noise of the flood.

"Holmes! Holmes! Will you cross the bridge with me?"

"Good God, you're mad!"

"Come on, come on!"

I mounted the decking and started to cross, followed by Holmes. Once I looked down and the sight of that swift, swirling water nearly made me lose my balance.

Half-way across it still seemed miles to the other side, and the bridge was swaying perilously so that I began to lose courage and wished I hadn't started it.

The sight of Apelchon, however, advancing towards the other end of the bridge decided me to complete the crossing as a witness to my faith.

The pagans had ceased their swaying and were staring in wonder. As I reached the far end Apelchon, the light of the fanatic in his eyes rushed at me down the smooth wet cement slope of the anchorage, and I stepped aside with a neat duck to avoid him as I jumped down from the decking

He clutched at me and missed. He lost his balance. He slipped on. Past the iron supports. And then his impetus plunged him headlong into the raging torrent.

A BLACK head appeared for a second downstream. Then sank from sight as the powerful current whirled him away to certain death Stillness The crowd were filled with amazement and awe.

They had been given their sign, and the flood god his sacrifice. Mienkulo approached and crouched at my feet to raise his spear in salute, and the tribe pressed forward eagerly.

"Well, old boy!" said Holmes, as he joined me on the bank. "There's your king! You've won his throne for him, and they're yours for keeps. Let's go and feed. I'm hungry."

Race with "Silver Ring"

Don Bradman

LIVERPOOL will serve up one of its popular mixed programmes next week, with the Grand Sefton Steeplechase and the Liverpool Cup the chief items on the card.

When the Grand Sefton comes along we commence to think of another Grand National, and I shall not be surprised if the event on hand reveals a 'chaser destined to make Turf history.

Eighteen of the thirty-two entries have accepted, including Delaneige, who gave Golden Miller such a good race at Aintree last March. The Melton Mowbray horse is a top-notcher and he is handicapped as such. Some of his rivals are in receipt of two and a half stones.

The 'chaser I have in mind as likely to make a name is Don Bradman, owned by Mr. S. Wilkinson and trained by G. Jackson. If Don Bradman proves half as successful in his sphere as his great namesake, he will do for me. I noticed his running once or twice last season and earmarked him for laurels. I tip him to win the "Sefton" from Delaneige.

Lord Derby may win the Cup with Canaletto.

Before the curtain rings down on the Flat we can have two more big splashes, for the "list men" are offering very tempting prices on the Derby Cup and the November Handicap at Manchester. At the moment of writing, I like Lucky Patch and Free Fare, but I hope to have some really useful information to impart next week.

At Hurst Park this week-end, Spring Morning, Slieve Donard, Viveen and Mitson may come up trumps.

"SILVER RING'S" CODE

The Code for this week is as follows. It covers the racing from Thursday, November 1, to Wednesday, November 7.

M R 98 T F O A P U X Z Q C 93 B 94

D W N 96 G S K V Y 97 L H J I 95 E

In place of the letters or figures advertised in the *Sporting Life* and *Daily Herald* read those above or below, as the case may be. Example:

OVKM94 would read SPADE.

Where a double letter occurs in the name of a horse the figure 2 is substituted. O98S2A94W would read SNOOKER.

"The Greatest of These—"

In Gratitude

IT is some time since we passed on messages of thanks to our subscribers from those they have helped, because we have needed every inch of our space to press forward some urgent, vital case of need. And we know that donations are sent not for thanks but because those large, kind hearts of our donors feel the urge to comfort those who call to them through the Fund in their distress.

This letter, therefore, from eleven-year-old Eric's mother must serve as spokesman for our many recent "earmarked" cases:—

"I want to thank you," she wrote, "for your kindness in helping us so much. It has come to us as a wonderful help. I also want to tell you that I thank the day I first wrote to you as that day I was distracted and did not know what to do or where to go.

"As you already know, my income weekly was only 9s., and I had a very sick man who needed a great deal of care both night and day. Then came the trouble and threat of an ejectment to leave the house. You may guess how I was fixed, and many a time I wondered if life was worth it.

"And I want to tell you with your help and advice everything seems quite the reverse. Thank you again and again for your goodness, and please thank all the very kind readers who have sent me donations through your wonderful paper."

Here, also, are a few lines from those helped out of our general fund:—

"I do not know how to thank you for your goodness to us," writes a Lancashire ex-Service man. "When we received your letter containing £2, we had nothing to eat in the house, and we had just received a letter from the housing director again to say that if we did not send two weeks' rent at once they were going to strip our home and eject us. I sent the 25s. at once, and got some food in the house with the rest, so you see it was a godsend in more ways than one."

* * *

After expressions of thanks, another man says: "My wife is under the doctor, but I believe that your help has done her more good than all the doctors. As I write this letter, she has gone out to buy the children's boots so that they will have them to put on when they come out of school at dinner time."

"I thank you most heartily and sincerely," writes an old soldier. "I do not know what I should have done without your aid. I also wish to thank you on behalf of the Old Contemptibles for helping one of their members who was stranded and did not know where to look for kindness till he was told about JOHN BULL. I think it is wonderful to have such a paper. Thank you once again on behalf of myself, wife and five children."

As we have a long waiting list, we ask our readers to help us more and more, knowing that always they receive the tenderest, most gracious thanks of all: "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these My brethren, ye have done it unto ME."

Subscriptions should be addressed to The Hon. Secretary, JOHN BULL War Sufferers' Fund, 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2. Lists of subscriptions are kept at the office, and a copy of the current week's will be sent on application.

RATIONAL TAILORING

50/-
NO EXTRAS

They *really do* live up to what they *say!*

I found it difficult to believe their advertisements at first. I suppose many men find the same. Still, I decided to try them with an overcoat. All I can say is that they satisfied me—and surprised me. They have a greater selection of overcoats than I've ever seen in any shop before and I chose the one I wanted without any trouble at all. Their boast about cloth is fully justified. For the price, I really don't believe it can be equalled, and they carry the quality right through to the linings and the finish. No question about it, they've found some secret in this tailoring business that gives them a powerful pull. If they keep it up, they've started a new chapter in the story of men's clothes. I was so impressed that I ordered a suit. And I am as satisfied with that as I am with the coat.

OVERCOATS - 35/- 50/- & 75/- RAINCOATS - 21/- to 50/-
SUITS - 50/- & 75/-

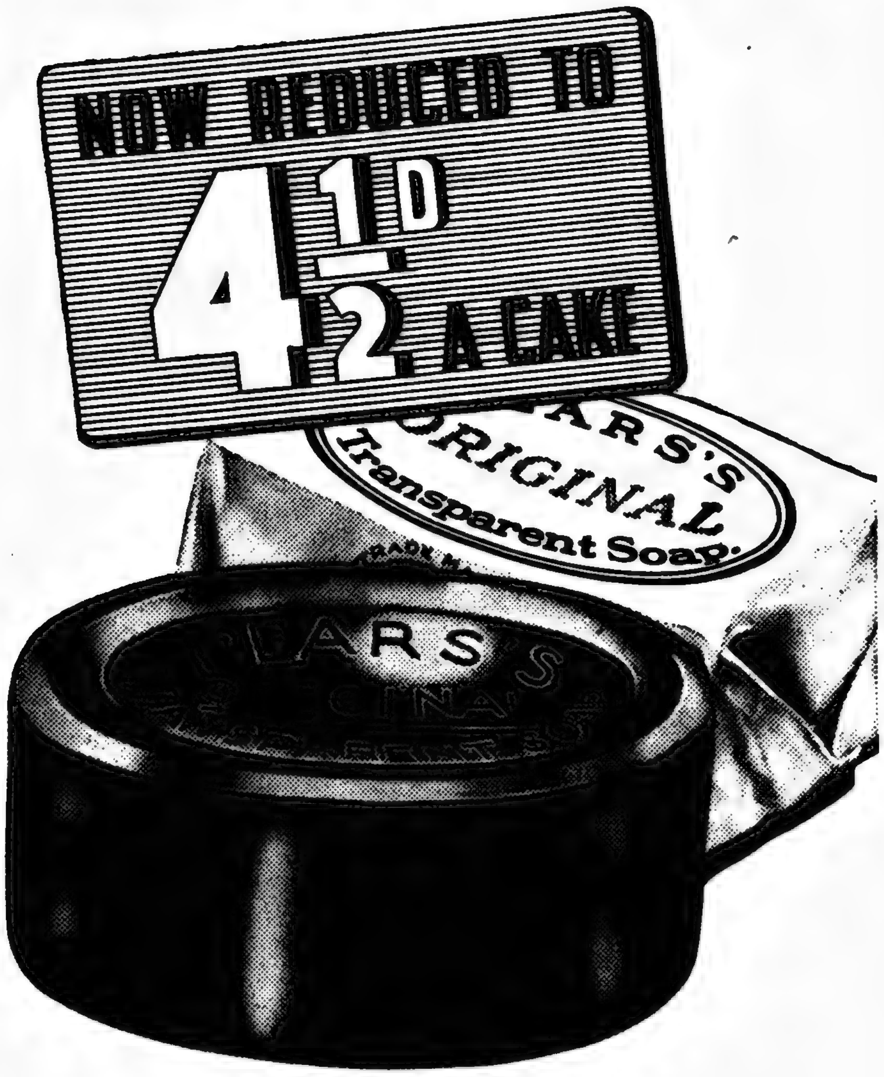
THE FIFTY SHILLING TAILORS

For patterns, write to: 110-111, STRAND, LONDON, W.C.2 42-4, OLDHAM ST., MANCHESTER
84-5, HIGH ST., BIRMINGHAM 21-7, ARGYLE ST., GLASGOW

OVER 250 DEPOTS IN ALL PRINCIPAL CITIES AND TOWNS

Proprietors: Prices Tailors Limited

"Matchless for the complexion"

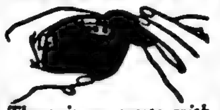


When Andrew Pears first made Pears Soap, he set out to make a perfect complexion soap. His aim was to make a soap so pure, so mild, that it could not harm the most delicate skin—and yet would cleanse deeply and thoroughly, leaving the skin toned up and refreshed.

His product was acclaimed immediately by the highest authorities as "Matchless for the Complexion." Pears became at once the favourite soap of beautiful English women.

Pears Original Transparent is an even better soap than when Andrew Pears invented it. But now it costs only 4½d. a cake— and it lasts far longer than a cake of any other soap.

ECONOMY NOTE



There is no waste with Pears Soap. It stays firm till it is worn to wafer thinness. The wafer, moistened, fits snugly into the hollow in a new cake, and becomes part of it.

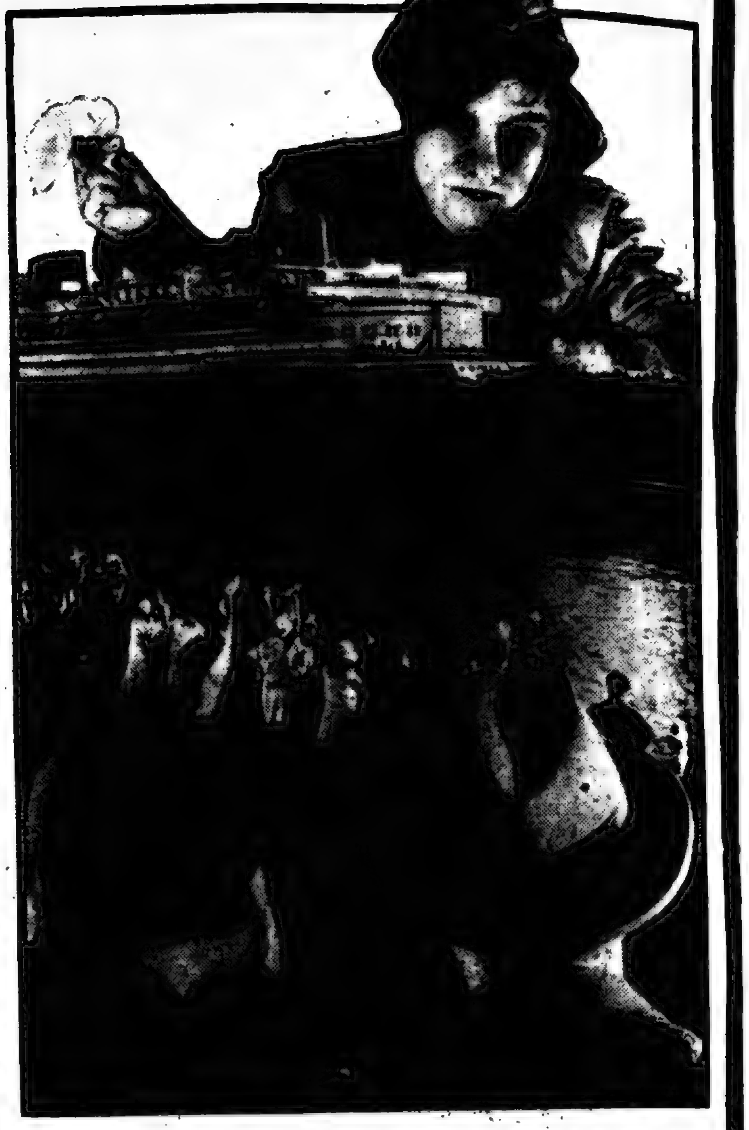
Pears ORIGINAL TRANSPARENT

TP 130 364

A revelation in comfortable shaving
Pears Jif FOR SHAVING 6D
Stick or Cream

Philip Inman discusses a Daughter's Dilemma

WHEN Parents come last



Should she sail away—or is it her duty to stay at her parents' side?

MANY of my readers write to tell me that they are "fed up" with their present employment. If only they could change their occupation everything in the garden would be lovely. But when the actual chance to do so presents itself they discover that it is not so simple as they thought. Difficulties arise which they had never imagined.

Here is a letter from a girl of seventeen who has always had an ambition to travel and see the world. She tells me that because of the sacrifice of her parents she was able to remain at school until last year. Then she obtained a post as under-nurse, and now has come to her the opportunity that she has always coveted. She has been offered a position abroad, but it will mean that she will be out of England for at least two or three years. And here is her problem:—

"My father, through an accident, is a complete invalid, and in order to keep the home going my mother works very hard indeed by taking in lodgers. Now, as I am the only child, I am wondering whether it is right for me to go so far away and for such a long time. They have always pinched and scraped so that I might have a decent education, and that I might have everything to fit me for my new life. But I know that underneath all the bustle and hurry in preparation for my departure at the end of next month they are both hiding a great sorrow and heart-ache.

"Now, Mr. Inman, I ask you to decide for me. Is it my duty to stay near by so that I can be a help to my mother on my off-duty times and in other ways, or should I take them at their word when they tell me that they are glad of the opportunity that has come to me?"

◆ ◆ ◆

There is one important piece of information my correspondent has omitted to tell me. She does not say whether she knows the people who have offered her this position abroad. A great deal depends upon that.

If she does, and she is reasonably sure that she will be happy with them, then one great difficulty is removed. If, however, they are complete strangers, it is, in my judgment, a great risk for a young girl to go so far away from her home, her parents and her friends.

Then again the question of her health must be considered Is this girl perfectly fit and reasonably sure that the new climate will suit her. I certainly think she should take the precaution of having a medical examination to satisfy herself on this important point.

If she is sure that she will be happy in her work and her health is all right, then I see no reason why she should not accept the position. She obviously wants to go, and her parents have expressed their willingness that she should do so.

It would be different if she had only one parent alive and that one had expressed a strong desire that she should remain at home. Fortunately her father and mother are both alive and they have each other for companionship. They would surely be repaid for their sacrifice in giving her a good education if they felt that she was happy and in useful employment.

There is one further point. She does not tell me what salary she is to receive, but I imagine it would be a reasonably good one. If that is so she should be able to send home some of it, and in this way help to lighten the heavy burden of her mother.

So much for this girl of seventeen. Now let us turn to a letter from a young man of twenty. He is an assistant in a grocery business, but his heart is obviously not in his work, and that is probably due to the fact that the prospects are so poor. His letter goes on:

◆ ◆ ◆

This district is an agricultural one and has been depressed for a long time. As a result our trade is terribly slack, and a few weeks ago when I asked for an increase in my wages I was told that if things go on as they are the firm will soon be able to manage without me altogether.

Three years ago a friend of mine took up an insurance agency, and he has done very well in it. Now, to my delight, the superintendent has offered me similar employment at Christmas, when I shall be twenty-one. He gave me an insight into the work and I feel positive I could make good progress as I have been used to calling for orders upon every type and class of home

The one drawback is that I have to advance £50 I have not been able to save myself owing to my low wages, and as my mother has been ill for a long time a good deal of money has gone in doctor's bills. But my parents have offered to help me with half the money, which is all they can possibly raise. My problem is how to obtain the other £25 I feel that when I have settled down to my new job I shall be able to pay it back, and I should be grateful if you would tell me the best way to go about it.

I think this young man is quite right in looking ahead. From what he tells me about his present employment it is possible that owing to the state of trade he may lose it at any time.

He is confident that he can make a success in the insurance world. His friend apparently has done so and there seems no reason why, with his enthusiasm, he should not also succeed. But the snag is that £50. It seems a pity that his ambition should be thwarted because of his lack of £25.

Would not the insurance company accept the £25 and allow him to pay the remainder by weekly instalments. In order to give them security this young man might insure his own life and leave the policy in their possession. Or, is there not some local person who knows him well and who would be willing to stand as guarantor for him at a local bank? Surely in one of these ways he will find a way out of his difficulty.

The two letters I have quoted are from young people, both of whom are unmarried. It is always easier for single folk to take a risk than for those who have family responsibilities. That must be remembered in our search for an answer to the next problem. The letter comes from a man of twenty-nine. This is what he says:—

To assist you to understand my position I must tell you that I followed the sea as an occupation for twelve years, during which time I have travelled all over the world. Two years ago when I married I gave up the sea and we bought our house through a building society.

The job I am doing at present is a permanent one, but I have been made an offer to go back on my last ship at twice the salary I am now getting. It is a trip to the Antarctic, where I have always wanted to go, but unfortunately it is only for a period of six months and there is no guarantee of any further employment.

The spirit of adventure is strong in my blood and yet it seems folly to give up a permanent position for a temporary one, although in my present occupation there is little chance of advancement. My wife is quite willing to abide by my decision, but it is not easy for me to make up my mind. I should be grateful for your advice.

◆ ◆ ◆

Now if this young man had been single, with nobody dependent upon him, I should have had no hesitation in answering his question. I would have said to him, "Take the risk and trust to luck that something equally as good will turn up when the six months are over."

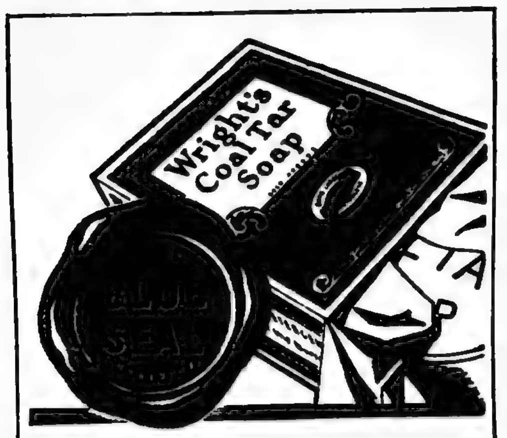
But there is his wife to consider. Though she has been sporting enough to leave the matter in his hands, it is scarcely fair for him to leave her in their early married years for so long a time.

This offer of a trip to the Antarctic sounds to him very tempting. But supposing he did go, would he not find his enjoyment marred by the thought of the morrow? He would be almost sure to worry about what was going to happen when he returned.

I feel sure that in his position he ought to play for safety. He tells me that there is little chance of advancement in his present job. Then his best plan would be to keep it until he can find more promising employment.

◆ ◆ ◆

Philip Inman is JOHN BULL'S "Humanist," and he wants to help you solve your problem. Write to him and enclose a stamped envelope. £1 1s. will be paid for each letter quoted on this page.



In this vital matter of health and beauty insist on Wright's, the *only* toilet soap to receive the Blue Seal of Merit (highest award) of the Institute of Hygiene. The new, larger 6d tablet also comes in boxes of three at 1/6. Look for the maroon-and-yellow pack and the name

WRIGHT'S coal tar SOAP

MODERN MOTHERS

SAFEGUARD YOUR HEALTH

SPENCER MATERNITY BELT

Maternity Bandeau

Thousands of women have maintained their health and strength during the crucial maternity period by wearing a Spencer Maternity Belt individually designed for the wearer to relieve back strain, headache and nausea and to give complete comfort and support.

The Spencer Maternity Bandeau gives uplift and support and prevents sagging both before and after maternity.

Spencer supports are recommended by over 30,000 Doctors throughout the world.

Write Spencer Corsets Ltd., 44, Britannia Road, Banbury, Oxon, for Maternity Booklet, and for name of nearest local Corsetiere.

SPENCER

Individually designed Foundation Garments and Surgical Supports.

Branch Offices and Salons:

LONDON: 96, Regent St., W.1. Tel.: Regent 6206
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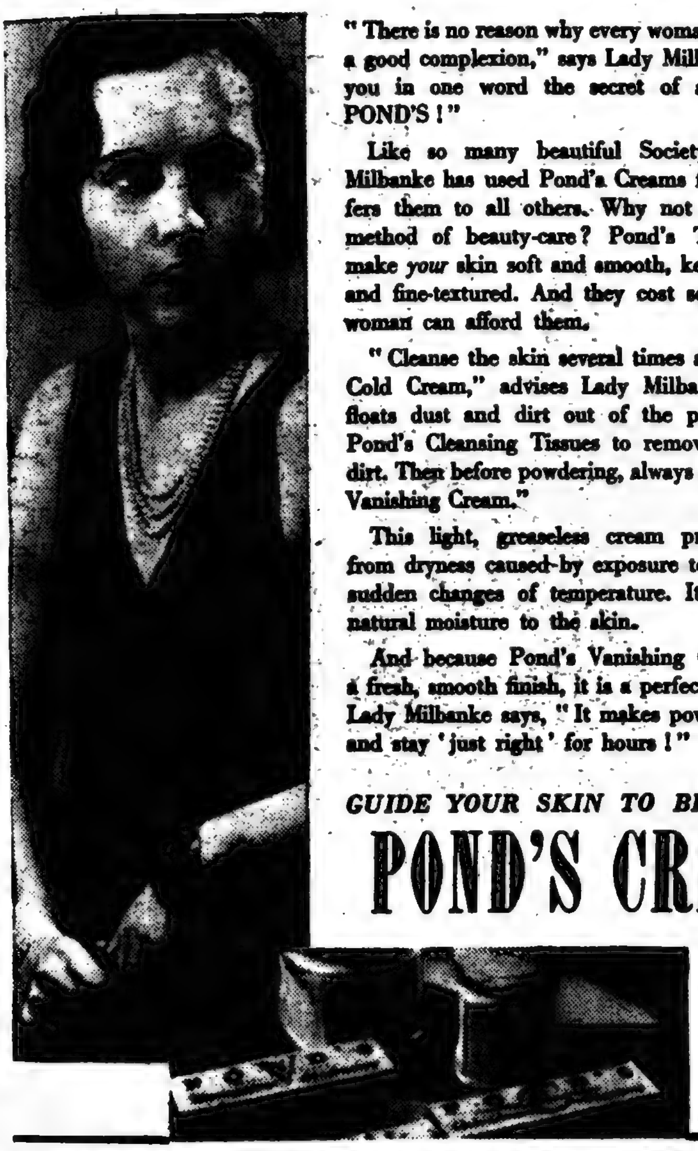
★

LADY MILBANKE'S

advice to all women who value their looks—



"There is no reason why every woman should not have a good complexion," says Lady Milbanke. "I can tell you in one word the secret of a perfect skin—POND'S!"

Like so many beautiful Society Leaders, Lady Milbanke has used Pond's Creams for years and prefers them to all others. Why not share her simple method of beauty-care? Pond's Two Creams will make *your* skin soft and smooth, keep it always clear and fine-textured. And they cost so little that every woman can afford them.

"Cleanse the skin several times a day with Pond's Cold Cream," advises Lady Milbanke. "It quickly floats dust and dirt out of the pores. Use one of Pond's Cleansing Tissues to remove the cream and dirt. Then before powdering, always smooth on Pond's Vanishing Cream."

This light, greaseless cream protects your skin from dryness caused by exposure to winds, dust and sudden changes of temperature. It actually restores natural moisture to the skin.

And because Pond's Vanishing Cream gives such a fresh, smooth finish, it is a perfect powder base. As Lady Milbanke says, "It makes powder go on evenly and stay 'just right' for hours!"

GUIDE YOUR SKIN TO BEAUTY WITH

POND'S CREAMS

PRICES FROM SIXPENCE

HAVE YOU TRIED POND'S FACE POWDER?

SPECIAL OFFER: Write your name and address on this coupon, attach a 1d STAMP to one corner, and post in 1½d sealed envelope to *Dept. 593, Pond's Extract Company, Ltd., Perivale, Middlesex,* and we will send you samples of all four shades of Pond's Face Powder, Natural, Peach, Rachel 1 and Rachel 2.

*Name*____________________

*Address*____________________

____

Why do GOOD COOKS USE BORWICK'S BAKING POWDER

because it makes them good cooks

26

BEFORE BREAKFAST

Get the Mackenzie daily health habit. Keep a bottle in your Bathroom. Use on rising and at bedtime and keep FIT.

Price 1'6

Also in handbag size, with screw top, 1'3.

Sold everywhere.

& BEFORE BED

For

Colds, Influenza, Catarrh, Headache, etc

Stop

CHRONIC BRONCHITIS

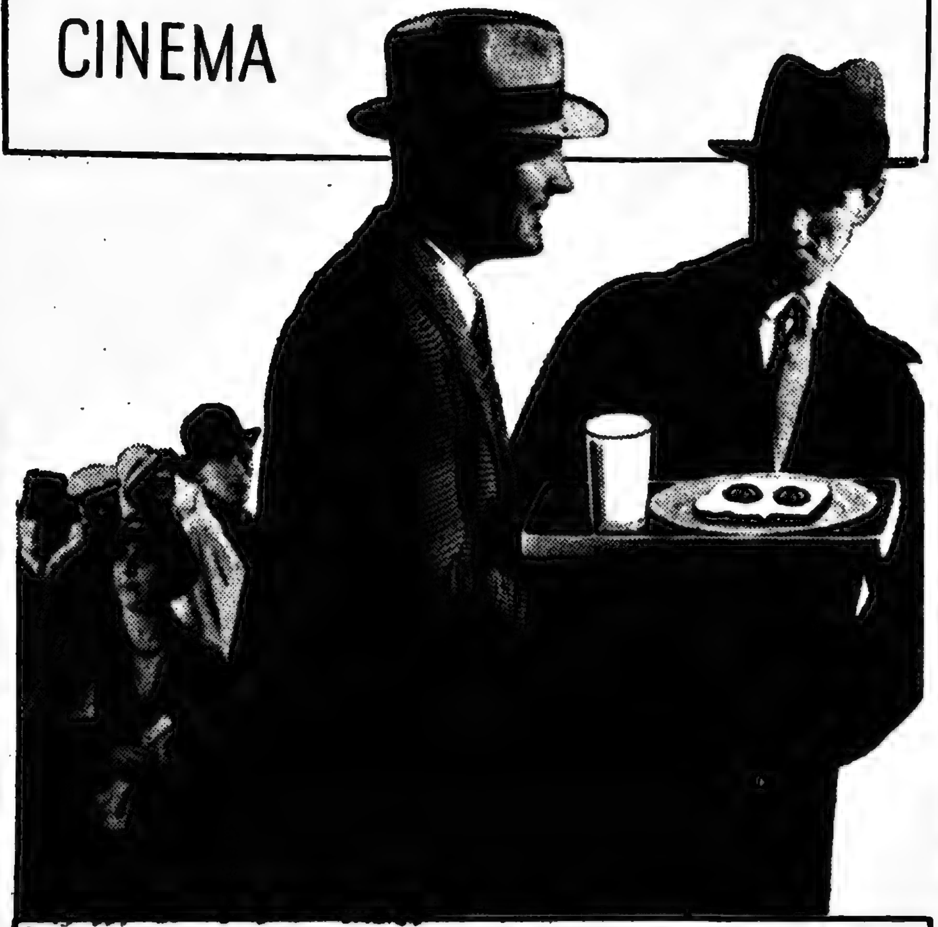
and Wheezing Asthma

Don't live in constant fear of Bronchial attacks, never-ending, horrible coughing up of phlegm, and sleep-stealing torment. Take RAZ-MAH Capsules. RAZ-MAH will clear up Chronic Bronchitis and end Asthma quickly, surely. No smokes, sprays, snuffs. Get RAZ-MAH. Relief guaranteed from one 5/- box or 5/- refunded. At chemists, 3/- and 5/- boxes.

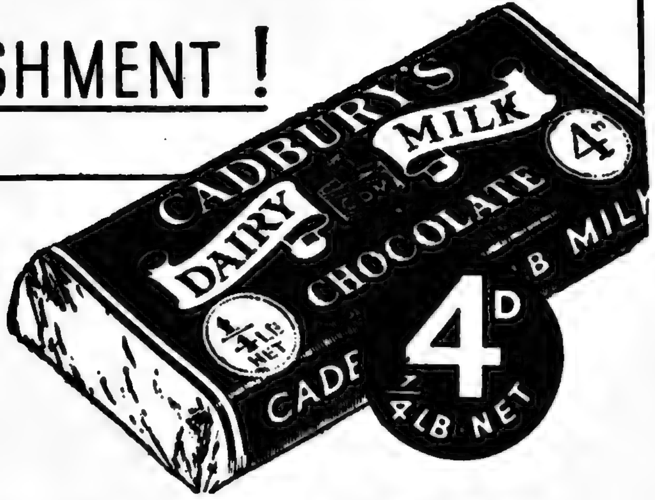
FREE Trial Sample sent on request to Gilmour Templeton Co., Ltd. (Dept. C.10), 80, Clerkenwell Road, London, E.C.1.

"I have been attending a chest hospital for years," writes Mr. A. Baldwin, 218, Bonham Rd., Chadwell Heath, "but have found your RAZ-MAH Capsules have done me more good."

NOBODY TAKES MILK AND POACHED EGGS TO THE CINEMA



-BUT MILLIONS TAKE THIS AND GET THE SAME NOURISHMENT!



YOU'RE safer with a quarter-pound block of Cadburys Milk Chocolate. *And you get the same nourishment.* Laboratory analyses show that a ¼ lb. of Cadburys 'Milk' provides as much nourishment as a glass of milk and two poached eggs on one large slice of buttered toast. Weight for weight, there is no food which provides more complete nourishment.

CADBURYS

MILK CHOCOLATE

a most delicious food

IT'S GRAND FOR THE SKIN

says Gracie Fields

Miss Gracie Fields, the world-famous Comedienne, writes:—"When girls ask me to recommend for their complexions, I always advise Potter & Moore's Powder-Cream. It's grand what a difference it makes to the skin—and it's marvellous how they have combined the Powder and Cream and even included a mirror on the dainty jar. Just you try it!—it's real champion."

You use it just like a face cream and it gives a perfect matt powder finish. A little on the tip of the finger is all that is required.

POWDER CREAM MIRROR ALL IN ONE 1/-

Every Jar is fitted with a dainty mirror. Obtainable everywhere in four shades and two perfumes, Mitcham Lavender and Eau de Cologne.

Potter & Moore's MITCHAM LAVENDER POWDER-CREAM

Notice the *better* flavour

—rolled in A.G.

Roll your cigarettes in A.G. and at once you notice the better flavour.

A.G.'s are so exceptionally thin and pure, *you're practically smoking tobacco only.* And actually you save more by using A.G.'s—they're slower burning, so your cigarettes last longer—and because A.G.'s are crisp and easier to roll, you make a good cigarette every time. Remember A.G.'s cost no more and you are *sure* of getting the best.

A.G.'s fit all machines.

AG *The better paper for better cigarettes*

FREE SAMPLE OFFERS OF FAMOUS HAIR BEAUTY PREPARATIONS

Readers can test free of charge any 3 of the world-famous Harlene products offered on the Back Cover. Simply attach the special sample coupon to your name and address. Send this now!

SLAUGHTER of the SNAPDRAGONS

THERE is gloom among the garden lovers of Britain—the sort of sadness that comes from the impending loss of an old friend.

For every Snapdragon that has helped to make British gardens beautiful this summer must die before the end of November has passed.

Five hundred million Snapdragon plants—the number can only be estimated approximately from the numbers of seeds sold each year—will be torn up to the last fibre of their roots and burnt to a white ash, if gardeners do their duty.

Then, if the full plan is carried out (and the most intensive methods are being employed to see that it is), all our hopes of giving rebirth to one of the prettiest flowers of the English garden will depend on the two tons of seed the nation has in stock for a fresh start next year.

Ruthless? Heartbreaking? So it will appear to every gardener, especially those who know how this quaint little flower has endeared itself to the hearts of generations of children by its funny little trick of opening its mouth when it is pinched. And yet its wholesale destruction is the only means by which a plant disease hitherto unknown in this country, and which has got completely out of control in the short space of sixteen months, can be checked.

HEROD did not plan the Massacre of the infants with more thoroughness than the Royal Horticultural Society has shown in its scheme for burning the Snapdragon to extinction—and then giving it a fresh start. It is certainly the first time all the gardeners of a nation have been rallied to such slaughter.

The Society has appealed not only to its own 30,000 members but to all other gardeners as well to take part in the campaign.

Not only have they been asked to destroy their own plants. They have been requested to give an eye to their neighbours as well. They must see that nobody allows sentimental motives to stand in the way of duty, no matter how cruel that duty may appear.

There will be people who will argue that this magnificent cluster came from a weak and tiny shoot planted in the garden when Johnnie was born. Others will tell how they have kept their borders just as they were when some loved one or other delighted in walking their garden.

Such people will be told that unless their plants are destroyed by the hands that have tended them they will be destroyed far more ruthlessly by a disease that threatens to wipe out alike those that could be replaced from abroad and those that could not.

WILL they take part in the massacre? The Royal Horticultural Society believes that they will, hard as it will be to those people—true gardeners know there are such people—to whom a vast and dazzling array of these quaint flowers with the nearest-to-human faces is one of the brightest features of their gardens.

They will light their bonfires. They will dig their forks deep down to tug out the last shred of root. They will approach the fire. . . . And nobody save those who know the true appeal of a garden will know what is in their hearts.

The tragic story began in July, 1933, with the discovery by a Norfolk gardener of curious rust-like flecks on his favourite cluster of Antirrhinums.

Scarcely had he informed the Royal Horticultural Society than other reports came in. With them came depressing stories of whole gardens of them first drooping, then dying, and finally becoming scorched up as if by a tongue of flame, as the disease spread.

The technical experts of the Society were not long in doubt. It was Antirrhinum Rust, a disease never known outside Bermuda and South America, where it has wrought terrible havoc among Snapdragons, effacing some of the finest kinds entirely.

Reference to horticultural authorities in those countries confirmed their worst fears. No means of combating or even regulating the disease was known to science. Extinction—the burning of every plant in the kingdom—seemed to be the only remedy.

The Society hesitated at first to order anything so ruthless. Something in the story of the Snapdragon makes it particularly lovable to those who know its history. It came here hundreds of years ago—heaven only knows how—a little alien insisting on the hospitality of our crumbling old stone walls.

Without any encouragement it got a good foothold, and showed its decided preference for us by growing more healthy and beautiful than ever.

It was hard to say the word that meant the extinction of all the progeny of these trusting little visitors, all save the embryos in the seed we had in hand, which enquiries undertaken when the idea of the massacre was first mooted showed was fourteen thousand million seeds.

But the disease was fast getting out of hand. Soon almost every district in south-east England was affected in a greater or lesser degree. In some districts every Antirrhinum was scorched up. In others, that seemed to be free of the trouble, keen eyes soon detected minute patches that marked the plants down as germ-carriers—centres which did not suffer themselves but which were potential areas from which the infection could spread.

On top of that, the Society was guided by past experience. Chrysanthemum Rust once played havoc here. Snapdragon Rust once killed for ever some of our prettiest types that would be alive to-day if we had taken a bold course.

Your grim duty—play St. George to the Snapdragon!

AND so the word was given—every Snapdragon in Britain must die! Well, by November 30 the hateful decree will have been obeyed, unless there are gardeners whose sentiment will over-ride their common-sense and who will hide their plants from the massacre.

Then, next year, those fourteen thousand million seeds will be distributed impartially over the whole kingdom, gardeners will be instructed by a manifesto of the Royal Horticultural Society how to cleanse flower-pots with boiling water and afterwards plant out the tiny newcomers in fresh soil in clean boxes.

And the Snapdragon will live again!

It will be stronger for the fresh start, the experts think. It will recover those powers of resistance, which plants share with human beings, that will enable it to combat as deadly an enemy as Antirrhinum Rust. It will have been saved for posterity. And posterity ought to be grateful to us for that.

WONDER BOOK for the KIDDIES

ONCE again JOHN BULL brings a contribution to the Christmas season by the announcement, in the centre pages of this issue, of the happiest thought of the year for boys and girls of all ages.

It is a remarkable Christmas Gift idea that will make the youngsters dance with joy and will be welcomed by the grown-ups as the most suitable and economical answer to the great problem "*What shall we give them this year?*"

To see the title of this pleasure-packed volume is in itself a thrill—it is called THE GOLDEN WONDER BOOK.

It has 768 large pages, crammed with the genius of the greatest children's story writers of all time. It is brilliantly illustrated with nearly 500 sparkling drawings, including colour plates.

Whilst THE GOLDEN WONDER BOOK contains amongst its scores of absorbing stories many of the best of the old favourites—fairy tales, legends, myths and fables—it is not just a book of fairy tales. In addition to the masterpieces of such writers as Hans Andersen and the Brothers Grimm, it contains a host of other thrilling stories for children, written by authors whose names have made history.

Kipling, Dickens, Ballantyne, Hardy, Kingsley, Sir Walter Scott, Mark Twain, R. L. Stevenson—these are only a few, but what stories of adventure, great deeds and heroes these mighty names spell.

This new story book is available in two editions, Ordinary and De Luxe. You can have either edition despatched, carriage paid, well in time for Christmas.

Turn to the centre pages and make certain of being amongst the first to reserve a copy of this golden volume!

Hollywood Beauty Secrets

little tricks that make the stars beautiful

Famous screen stars use many little tricks to heighten their beauty. For example, the eyes can be made much more enticing if you take a small brush, dip it in petroleum jelly, and carefully stroke the eyebrows away from the centre of the face. The eyelashes, too, may be made darker and longer by daily brushing outwards with the jelly. And of course the nose must never have the least suggestion of shine. That is why screen stars now insist upon non-absorbent face powder. Ordinary powder only prevents shine for a few minutes because it absorbs the natural moisture of the skin and forms a glistening paste. The powder *itself* shines.

But chemists have found that by blending the powder with a little Mousse of Cream it is made non-absorbent. This process is now patented by Tokalon. Poudre Tokalon cannot soak up the skin's moisture. That is why it gives you a soft, smooth finish like the bloom on a fresh peach. It stays on five times longer than other powders—even in spite of wind, rain or perspiration. Poudre Tokalon is the one face powder that prevents ugly shine all day long—and *itself never shines*. 6d. and 1/-

RENEWED VIGOUR for Men and Women

No Drugs . . . No Dieting

PHILLIPS Yeast is DIFFERENT. It is a powerful Tonic and Restorative that adds to your vitality and increases virility in a safe and NATURAL way. It should be taken by all men and women over 35 to renew their health and youthful vigour. PHILLIPS Yeast tones up the entire system and quickly ends Indigestion and general Debility.

From all Chemists 1/3 and 3/- in TABLETS or GRANULES. The 3/- size contains about one month's rejuvenating treatment . . . Be sure you ask for PHILLIPS Yeast—It contains No Drug.

Free Booklet from Phillips Yeast Products Ltd., (Dept JB), 150 Regent Street, London, W.1.

. . . . YOU FEEL YEARS YOUNGER!

A Father's word—

In letters written of their own free-will, hundreds of parents give their heartfelt thanks for Nestlé's Milk. Unsought, unsolicited, these letters come to Nestlé's. There could be no better, happier tribute.

"When our baby son was just under three weeks he was sent to G—— (a famous children's Hospital), where he was X-rayed and it was discovered that he had been born with a tumour between the stomach and the bowel which meant an operation at once. His weight when he entered the hospital was 5½-lbs. and after his operation they started building him up with just a few drops of Nestlé's. When he left there at the end of ten days he was taking 3 ozs. every four hours.

He was on your milk for six months and he gained steadily half a pound a week. He will be a year old on the 26th of this month and it is agreed that he is one of the finest and fittest babies one could wish to see. We feel we owe a great deal to your wonderful milk."

MR. E.E.S.O., THORNTON HEATH.

NESTLE'S
CONDENSED MILK

Large size 7½D *Small size* 4D

NESTLÉ'S MILK

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First dose of Phensic BRAND TABLETS relieves RHEUMATISM

ACUTE PAIN FOR THREE MONTHS

NO RELIEF from other REMEDIES

BETTER—thanks to PHENSIC

"I cannot speak too highly of Phensic"

"For three months I have suffered from Acute Muscular Rheumatism," writes Mrs. P——, of Wolverhampton. "I have had no relief from medicine or paste or rubbing. I have given them (Phensic Tablets) a fair trial and I can do my housework again—thanks to Phensic. I shall never be without a bottle, for they are most valuable to me."

Mrs. P—whose original letter can be seen at the Phensic offices.

PHENSIC *never fails* to cure :—
LUMBAGO, SCIATICA, NEURITIS, NERVE PAINS, HEADACHE, INFLUENZA

Quickest Safest PAIN-KILLER KNOWN 3d. 6d. 1/3 3/- & 5/- Sold Everywhere

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MEN'S CHROMIUM WATCH Designed for hard wear. Strong Jewelled movement. Splendid Leather strap. Amazing value! Hundreds to choose from.

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H. SAMUEL, Ltd., *Headquarters:* Dept. 199, Market Street, Manchester for BIG FREE BOOK of 3,000 BARGAINS in fine Jewellery, Watches, Clocks, Plate. It means huge saving for you, and there are Free Prizes for all customers!

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CHEST COLD REMOVED OVERNIGHT!

Read the plain, straightforward Musterole guarantee:

Ease in five minutes, and usually complete relief in five hours.

Simply rub on this clean, stainless ointment. You'll feel its glowing, healing warmth doing you good at once. It's this "deep healing" which is the secret. Better than a mustard plaster—it will not burn or blister. Don't suffer a day longer. Get a jar from your chemist to-day. Costs 2/6d. but is very economical as, owing to its great penetrating power, you use very little at a time. Once you have tried it, you will never be without it. It is a regular "family friend."

At all Chemists

MUSTEROLE BRAND

MUSTARD OINTMENT

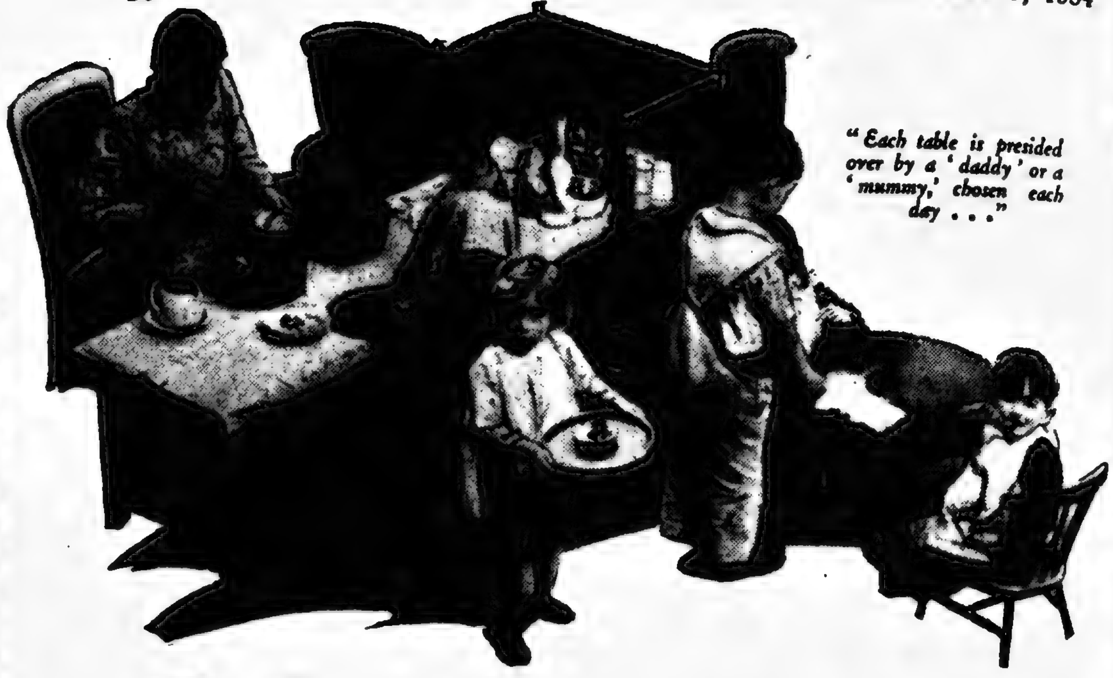
Money back Guarantee. If after first few applications you are not completely satisfied, return what is left to Thos. Christy & Co., Ltd., 4, Old Swan Lane, E.C.4, and your money will be refunded.

A Westcliff-on-Sea user says:—

"I am writing to tell you how much my family and I have benefited by your wonderful preparation, Musterole Brand Mustard Ointment. It is truly remarkable how the most stubborn chest cold yields before it. I really believe that Musterole is infallible."

Musterole Brand Mustard Ointment gives *certain* relief in cases of CHEST COLDS, COUGHS, SORE THROAT, CONGESTION, MUSCULAR RHEUMATISM, ACHES AND PAINS IN BACK, STIFF MUSCLES, etc. Has saved thousands from PNEUMONIA after FLU and COLDS.

MOTHERING a FAMILY of 10,000



"Each table is presided over by a 'daddy' or a 'mummy,' chosen each day . . ."

IN a dingy road in a working area of Croydon stands a bright, attractive little house, newly painted in green and primrose, complete with a green wicket gate and gay front garden. Under the porch and along the path, perambulators and "scooters" are parked, and inside the porch a green notice-board announces "Croydon Nursery School."

Croydon is the newest recruit to rapidly increasing organisation through which thousands of working mothers in England, Wales, and Scotland are now being assisted to solve the harassing problem of how to attend to the healthy upbringing of large families of children during the day, in addition to keeping the home going, and possibly earning the family's daily bread themselves.

A host of something like 10,000 young children, just emerging from babyhood, and at the age when a favourable environment, both physical and social, is critical, are being cared for, educated and "mothered" while mother is at work, in the nursery schools now rapidly being built all over the country.

By now more than a hundred of these nurseries, situated in London, Manchester, Leeds, Birmingham, Bradford and other busy centres throughout the country, are officially recognised by the Board of Education. And similar movements are fast being organised by private voluntary enterprise, since naturally a hundred schools cannot anything like meet the demands of millions of families.

"After lunch comes rest . . ."

In addition, many "emergency" open-air nurseries have been opened in particularly distressed unemployed areas, to serve temporarily until they can be converted into recognised nursery schools. All these have been built by unemployed workmen, and all the babies admitted are from unemployed parents.

Mothers' classes

The purpose of the movement is essentially to give the children the home life they would otherwise lack, and to teach them a good community spirit—to transfer them to the normal conditions of family life and provide them with that extra space that the small home requires.

Far from shifting the responsibility from the mothers' shoulders, the authorities aim at definite co-operation with the parents in the matter of the children's training, and in each district fortnightly "mothers' classes" are held to assist parents as well as the children, and in some of the larger branches (Blackfriars, for example) a "fathers' class" has been established!

Above all, in no circumstances does the nursery school like to be regarded as a "dumping" ground by mothers who would like to be spared the bother of minding their children, in order to leave the day free for their own amusement.

Only babies from the most needy and distressed homes are taken, and in most branches the nursery authorities work in conjunction with the visiting district welfare official, who recommends "pupils" from over-crowded homes or from those where unemployment has placed a heavy burden on the mother.

Baby's day out

What a boon are these nursery schools to such a mother! For the small sum of two shillings a week (and in some urgent cases of those who cannot afford it this is made "elastic") she can trot her small child—between the age of two to five—up the road to his nursery, as early as eight in the morning, and leave him there, secure in the knowledge that he will be happy and well looked after until five in the afternoon.

It is a lovely, though touching, spectacle to watch the babies' "day out." They seem so happy, busy and friendly together, and so sublimely indifferent to the pathetic conditions which many of them would otherwise witness daily in their homes.

Each nursery is staffed by at least one certificated nursery school teacher (from the training college at Deptford) and assisted by voluntary helpers, sometimes including parents of the children.

The schools are built on model lines, with the main nursery and play-room facing south, to attract the morning sun, and leading to as large and attractive a garden as funds permit.

Here's cleanliness!

The second main feature of the school is a large wash-room, also designed on model lines, with all accommodation built on diminutive size for the babies' use. It is adorned with rows of little basins with shiny taps, and wall pegs on each of which hangs a towel, an attractive pinafore, a flannel, and a comb. On each pinafore is sewn a little coloured "picture" badge belonging to the particular baby, and by each peg is stamped the same picture. Over each basin hangs a tiny tooth-brush.

Learning to wash—or, as some of the babies term it, "playing with water"—is a very important and interesting item in the day's programme!

One little boy of three, from the new Croydon nursery, was so impressed with his ablutionary lessons, that on arrival one morning he greeted Miss Morley, the principal, with: "I've come ter school clean enough fer yer this morning. My mum's washed behind m'ears an' in front of m'ears an' m'neck an' toe-nails an' my finger-nails, an' then I 'ad a barf."

This little boy lives in a basement with his parents and sisters. There is very little air and light in the basement, but a great deal of damp and a large rent to pay, and his mother is not strong and suffers from "nerves."

Two tiny girl twins have no mother, but are looked after at home by a child of fourteen, who must also "mother" three other little brothers.

At nine-thirty in the morning is "breakfast," a word which means large jugs of milk (each child receives a pint) and dishes of raw apple.

The babies' morning is very active, and includes hilarious games out of doors whenever the weather is possible, games, singing with the piano, "percussion band," and all kinds of domestic pastimes, such as learning to wash clothes and clean shoes.

Alfie's warning

All the toys provided are devised on "sense training" principles, similar to those of the Montessori system, for all education is aimed at through experience and play rather than on formal teaching lines.

At twelve comes "lunch time," when the nursery divides up into groups of eight round small tables. Each table is presided over by a "daddy" or a "mummy," chosen each day, this privilege combining the double honours of wearing a special apron and personally "serving lunch."

This system calls forth many remarks, such as that from Mary (age three and a half) to twin Johnny, who is hollering out for "more puddin'"—"say *please*, darlin', then yer'll get it."

Or as that from Alfie (explaining to Mary, who is new): "You've got to not eat yer dinner till they're all served, and sit up straight and not slop yer dinner all down yer overall, or else yer'll have to wear a feeder."

So to bed

The babies are fed on a fortnightly diet, which includes lots of fruit and vegetables, and "hard stuffs" for the teeth.

After lunch comes rest time, for at least an hour and a half—and in some cases longer. The beds are ingenious mattresses devised from the inner tyres of motors, and are made by the unemployed.

Rest time is well appreciated by the babies, as can perhaps be illustrated by one classic request from Willie (aged three): "Can I lay on my 'Arry when I go to school? I always lays on my 'Arry an' my Dad at 'ome, an' Mary lays wid Elsie in my Mum's bed wid the little 'un"!

. . shopping since nine!

Though you wouldn't think it to look at her. Her feet ache and her arms are tired, but she still looks cool and tidy. Hasn't had to powder since lunch! That's the best of Icilma Face Powder—it clings.

For a complete trial Beauty Outfit containing two boxes of Icilma Face Powder (Naturelle and Rachel), tubes of Icilma Vanishing, Flesh-Tinted and Cold Creams, a full-size 3d. Icilma Shampoo, and a full-size 3d. Icilma Hair Powder for dry shampoo, send 6d. in stamps to Icilma (Dept. 23c.), 39 King's Road, London, N.W.1. Your envelope must be sealed and bear a 1½d. stamp. This offer does not apply to the Irish Free State.

Icilma

FACE POWDER

In five flattering shades—Naturelle, Rosée, Rachel, Brunette and Sun-Tan

1/3 1/- 6d.

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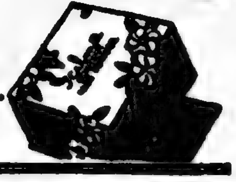

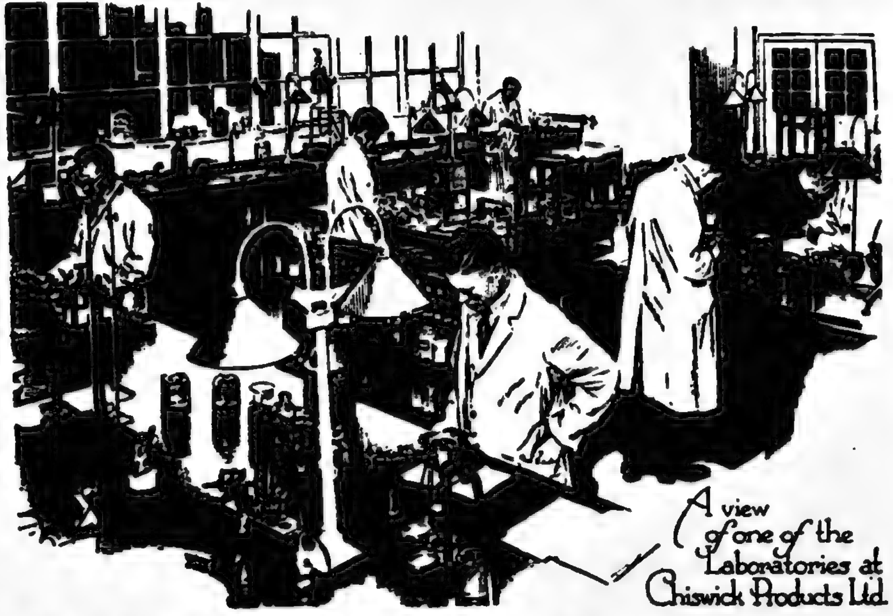
A view of one of the Laboratories at Chiswick Products Ltd.

It's the high quality of Cherry Blossom Boot Polish that has made it the most popular polish

To ensure that all materials used for making Cherry Blossom Boot Polish are of the finest quality for polishing, waterproofing and preserving the leather, our own staff of chemists is continually employed testing ingredients.

Polish them Daily with

CHERRY BLOSSOM BOOT POLISH

and ensure long life for your shoes

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Black, Brown, Dark Tan, Tonette and White.
In Tins with easy-opener, 1½d., 2½d., 4½d. & 6d.

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THAT'S TOUGH ON TROUSERS

Hard-az-ian trousers are built to stand the racket of workaday wear. In field or farm, whatever your job you'll find Hard-az-ian tough and trusty and built for the job. Wear a pair and see!

Double strength cloth, twisted in every strand. *Double* brace buttons. *Double* warp and weft pockets. Barred and lock-stitched where the strain comes.

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Trousers

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In 3 shades and 24 fittings

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Obtainable everywhere—if in difficulty, write to
37, DURWARD ST., LONDON, E.1.

THE ONLY SET

with SIX STAGE SUPERHET CIRCUIT—BAND-PASS TUNING, FOR UNIVERSAL USE —A.C. or D.C. mains 200/250v. without adjustment

- Full delayed automatic volume control
- Magnificent bakelite cabinet of unique design. In figured walnut or black with chromium-plated fittings
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- Moving-coil speaker
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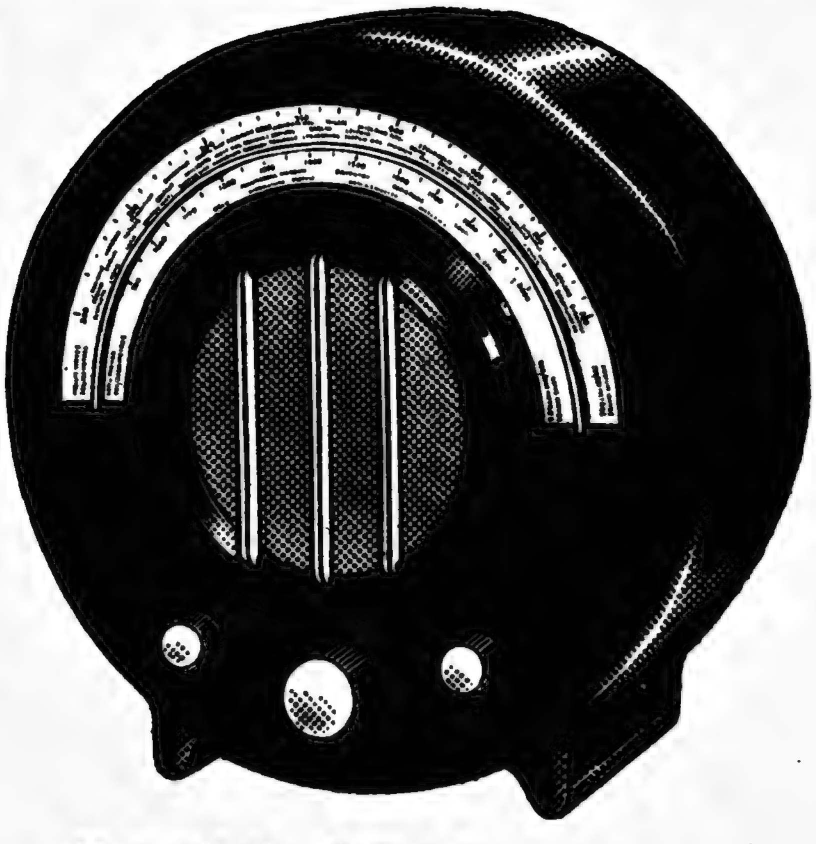

MODEL AD65
WALNUT FINISH

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BLACK & CHROMIUM 10/6 EXTRA

at **10½ GNS**

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Why suffer with
Backache?

"Every Picture tells a Story"

"Keep the kidneys well; they will keep you well."

HEALTHY, ACTIVE KIDNEYS are your surest protection against backache, urinary disorders, disturbed nights, renal dropsy, sciatica and rheumatism.

These troubles start when the delicate kidney filters fail to extract harmful impurities from the blood. To stop the mischief the early use of Doans Backache Kidney Pills is recommended. Below Mrs. Allen describes her recovery. Thousands of others are just as enthusiastic for Doans.

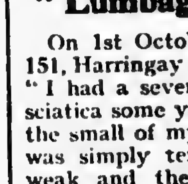
"Lumbago and Sciatica"

On 1st October, 1923, Mrs. E. Allen, 151, Harringay Road, London, N.15, said: "I had a severe attack of lumbago and sciatica some years ago. The pain across the small of my back and down my legs was simply terrible. The bladder was weak and there was sediment in the kidney excretions.

But I soon obtained relief when I began with Doans Backache Kidney Pills. After I had given this splendid medicine a fair trial I was quite well."

On 24th August, 1934, Mrs. Allen said: "Doans Pills did me lasting good. I still keep free from lumbago and sciatica. (*Signed*) E. Allen."

1/3, 3/-, 5/-. Insist upon



Doans
BRAND
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Pills

HERE'S THE LATEST!

BETTER VITAMINS THAN COD LIVER OIL IN TASTELESS TABLETS.

Great Flesh Builder for Skinny, Weak, Run-down People.

No more need weak, thin, unfortunate children cry in protest when the fishy-tasting Cod Liver Oil is brought out.

Medical science progresses rapidly, and now you can get at your chemist's the benefit of the A and D Vitamins which make Cod Liver Oil so beneficial in sugar-coated tablets that young and old can take with pleasure.

Thin, run-down, anaemic men, women and children who need to grow strong and take on flesh are advised to get a box of the new "Clotabs," as these tablets are known, and if you don't gain 3 lb. with 30 days' treatment as prescribed just get your money back.

They're made from Halibut liver oil and are even better than the old tablets which worked such wonders. One man who was run-down and very weak lost "that terrible lassitude" with one bottle and is fitter than he ever was. Another who only weighed 8 st. 6 lb. gained 7 lb. with his first bottle. A little girl who simply couldn't be persuaded to eat, now "eats us out altogether."

Just ask for Clotabs, any good chemist will tell you that they are wonderful flesh and health builders, and don't forget that they are wonder workers for feeble old folks. Only 1/3 and 3/- the bottle from any chemist, and in case of difficulty send direct to Macleans, Ltd., Gt. West Rd., Brentford, Mdx.

The FISH that BEATS MAN

The humble herring has set man a mighty problem

THERE are too many herring. No one wants them. It is beyond the wit of man to make use of them. Already so many fish have been caught by the English and Scottish fleets that only a miracle can save the 1934 herring voyage from failure

Each new season opens, born in hope, cradled in hardship, and ends in greater failure and despair. This year the depths have been reached.

We have launched the world's greatest liner, the *Queen Mary*, flown to India in a day and to Australia in just over two days. But so far we have failed to make economical use of the seas' most plentiful fish.

Now, at long last, the Government seems to have awakened to the gravity of the situation and to its own responsibilities in the matter.

Leaders of the industry have agreed with Cabinet representatives to a vast scheme of reorganisation under the control of a marketing board. And meantime the Government will order emergency measures to deal with the crisis in East Anglia. There 10,000 men, with their wives and families, are the sufferers.

At the moment, record catches of herring are being landed. The Kirkcaldy drifter, *Agnes Gardner*, has brought in 238 crans, of 1,000 fish each—and left 100 crans in the sea as she could carry no more. A dozen other boats brought in shots ranging from 100 to 165 crans.

The result is that prices have fallen to between 16s. and £1, the curers, who are the chief buyers, refusing to pay more.

Uncaught millions

One day's total catch of nearly 20,000 crans was sold for about £16,000, compared with about £25,000 had last year's prices prevailed.

And millions more fish *could* be caught. But they would be so much waste.

Even at the present low prices, very high catches are profitable to the comparatively few drifters that land them. But what of the hundreds of other boats, perhaps landing shots of 30 to 50 cran? They have had to steam further and incur more cost to find them, and have had to sell for the current low prices.

This is a romantic and puzzling industry. There is always the gamble of the sea—one boat hauling in herring as fast as her men can raise the nets, and others drifting and shooting and hardly seeing a fish.

The men understand that. It is luck and the sort of luck that goes round in time. But they do not understand the economics on shore, or why buyers and curers should look askance at their fish when they bring them in.

There are three main reasons for this year's crisis: Too heavy expenses; lost markets; the public.

The usual coal-fired drifter has expenses reaching about £300 for a 10-weeks' season. East Anglian expenses are particularly heavy because coal costs up to 30s. per ton, compared with 16s. which is paid at bunkering ports, like Grimsby.

It is hard to see why coal should be so dear. Ice costs about 25s. per ton, and many feel it should be much cheaper. Salt is about 30s. per ton, but this is the same all round the coast.

A drifter must clear about £1,000 gross to make the season anything like profitable, and very few are likely to do this.

There are a few drifters here on crude oil, whose expenses are about one-fifth of the old coal-fired drifters. It may be asked why there are so few of these modern economical boats—many men admit that the average drifter's expenses are uneconomical.

The answer is mainly that the owners have no chance of raising the money for these new boats. They are in debt already. There is also the usual conservative belief that they "will not last," but there is one owner who has had the life of his crude oil-engined drifter put at 25 years by the income tax authorities. In another case, however, the period was five years.

Lost markets

With cheaper expenses the men could go to sea at a profit, even with prices at their existing low level.

The loss of foreign markets is the second great reason for the chaos in the industry, and it is here that blame must be apportioned. The German markets have not been opened up this voyage because of currency restrictions. The Russian market has not been wisely handled. Continental sales are the great salvation of the industry, but there is plenty of evidence that they are being grossly mismanaged.

The British housewife also practically ignores the fresh herring and even uses the bloater and kipper far less freely than she would, the men say, if she would take the trouble to cook the fish properly.

There is a steadily growing feeling that the British housewife mistrusts herring and the kindred fish, partly from mistaken notions that they are "cheap" fish.

Why, the best Yarmouth kippers go to the United States! This extraordinary state of affairs has gone on practically ever since the kipper was accidentally invented by old John Woodger, in Newcastle, in 1846.

The undyed kipper is the best, but people in this country will buy nothing but dyed fish, because they like the colourful brown appearance it gives. In their ignorance they will not buy the best fish, which are undyed, and they are now practically unobtainable. Except in the United States. The people there never would have anything to do with dyed kippers—so they get the best to-day.

Thousands in debt

Beside the age-old chance of the sea, which scientific knowledge has not yet defeated, are the stern facts of lost markets and uneconomic costs of production, and now this can be met the men do not know.

The once great Russian market has dwindled and the poor quality fish which once went there are now useless. Germany and Holland, where there is State help, are both capturing some of the markets which the English salted herring once had. The Poles are building their own drifters, although consignments have been sent there this season from Yarmouth.

It is on the German market that partial salvation lies, but it is likely that action has now been left too late, for this is a short season.

In Yarmouth alone, thousands of the population, it is said, are in debt, with no prospect of working it off. Chandlers, butchers and bakers are content to be owed in the hope of the tide turning.

That hope now centres on the effectiveness of the Government's measures to save this great industry.

SIDE-SLIPS

Examples of unconscious humour from the current Press are welcomed. Actual cuttings must be sent. 2/6 is paid to the sender of each item published. Mark envelopes "Side-Slips."

THE SUNDAY TIMES:—"At the risk of her life, rowed through tempestuous seas off the rugged NORTHAMPTON coast."

THE COATBRIDGE LEADER:—"The usual arrangements for MARRYING on the winter's programme were made."

SOUTH WALES ECHO:—"He was of the opinion that if teachers had such erratic TEMPTERS . . ."

NORTH DEVON HERALD:—". . . a huge WAGE broke over his tiny craft."

MIDLAND DAILY TELEGRAPH:—"He heard his father GRASPING for breath."

GUERNSEY FOOTBALL PRESS: "To whiten potatoes squeeze a little DEMON juice into the water."

GUERNSEY EVENING PRESS: "The British cargo steamer —— (4,218 SONS) . . ."

EVENING STAR: "——, described as of no fixed BICYCLE."

WEST CUMBERLAND TIMES: "The fire engine seemed to be a very capable one, and they had 750 yards of HORSE . . ."

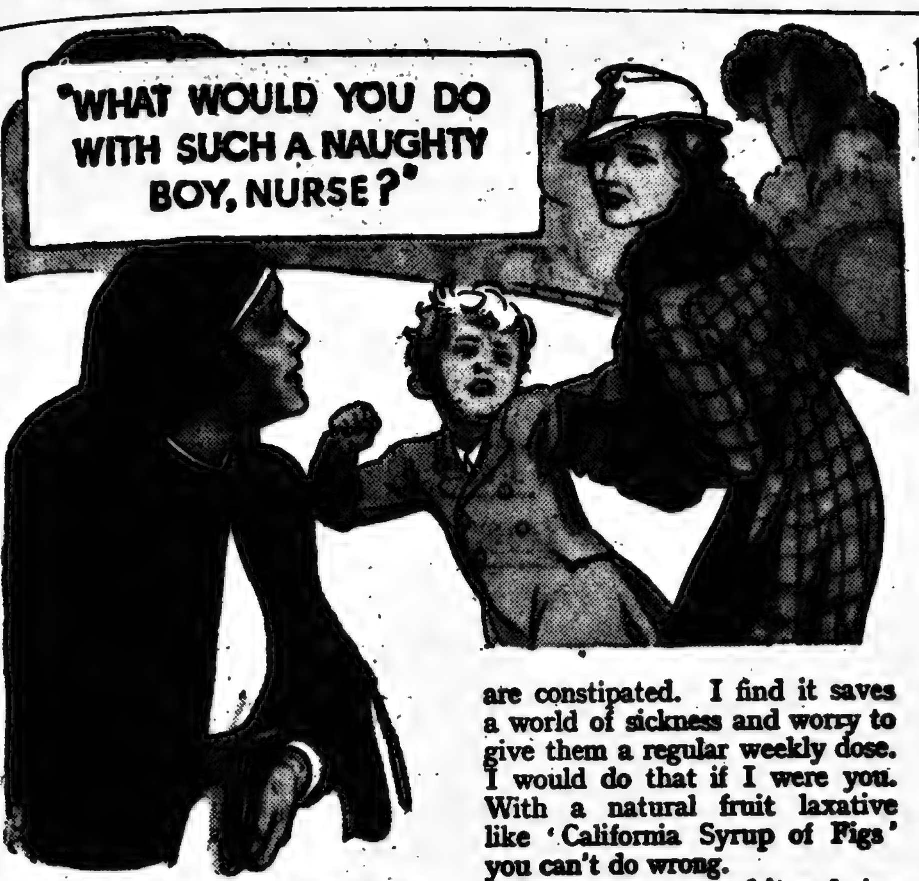
NORTH WILTSHIRE HERALD: "When refilling the pillows it is a good idea to add a block of camphor, for this not only preserves the FATHERS . . ."

GLOUCESTERSHIRE ECHO: ". . . a special dish of MARCONI was provided him."

GRIMSBY EVENING TELEGRAPH: "The British liner, cruising in the Mediterranean, has not put into MADRID . . ."

DAILY DISPATCH: "Motorists who were in SAFES had to leave and return home."

SOUTH WALES ECHO AND EXPRESS: "Before —— completed his cross-examination —— burst into EARS."


"WHAT WOULD YOU DO WITH SUCH A NAUGHTY BOY, NURSE?"

"Don't scold him, Mrs. Hardy. He doesn't look well. Are you sure he is not constipated? Whenever a child is cross and peevish, I look at the tongue. If it is coated, or if the breath is disagreeable, I know at once what is wrong. I always give 'California Syrup of Figs.' That moves the bowels in a few hours and cleanses the system.

Children don't understand the importance of regularity. They get absorbed in play and won't trouble. And it is only when they get thoroughly cross and miserable that you realise that they are constipated. I find it saves a world of sickness and worry to give them a regular weekly dose. I would do that if I were you. With a natural fruit laxative like 'California Syrup of Figs' you can't do wrong.

Doctors recommend it and give it to their own children, and we nurses swear by it. Get a bottle of 'California Syrup of Figs' from the chemist and give him a dose at bedtime. He'll be as happy as a sandboy in the morning. There are two sizes; 1/3 and 2/6, you'll find the large bottle cheaper in the long run.

Never experiment with cheap and drastic preparations when buying children's laxatives. The safest plan is to do as I do, follow the example of the Doctors and give 'California Syrup of Figs' brand."

"California Syrup of Figs"

'NATURE'S OWN' LAXATIVE

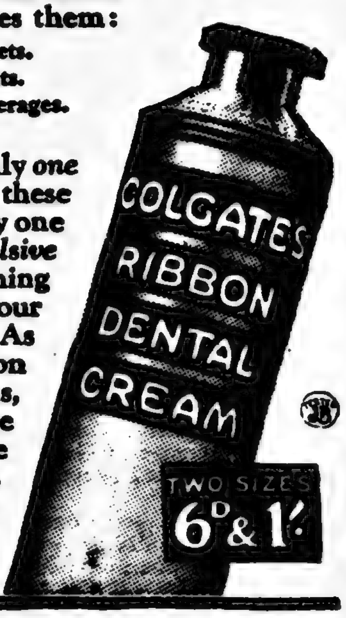
Quenching to your thirst
but a stain to your teeth

7 *kinds of stains* discolour teeth
COLGATE'S REMOVES ALL SEVEN

Everything you eat and drink, from soup to coffee, leaves stains on your teeth—seven different kinds of stains, all told. Here's what causes them:

1. Meats and other proteins.
2. Cereals and other starchy foods.
3. Vegetables.
4. Sweets.
5. Fruits.
6. Beverages.
7. Tobacco smoke.

Most toothpastes—because they have only *one* cleansing action—fail to remove all these stains. For all stains will not yield to any one action. Some can be removed by an *emulsive* action. Others respond only to polishing action. Colgate's gets all the stains off your teeth because it gives you both actions. As you brush it, it foams. The *emulsive* action of this foam loosens most of the stains, dissolves them, washes them away. The *polishing* ingredient in Colgate's—a safe powder such as dentists use—gently rubs away the stains that are left. The result—teeth far lovelier than you ever thought they could be.



TWO SIZES 6D & 1/-

"John Bull" Guarantee.

EVERY article advertised in "John Bull" carries with it a "money-back" guarantee:—

All foods, food products, toilet preparations, medicines and drugs and other articles capable of a laboratory test which have been approved by our experts are marked—

In the case of medicines and drugs we guarantee that if they are taken or applied according to the directions they will have no injurious effects.

Naturally this guarantee applies only to manufactured articles, but every care is taken to satisfy ourselves as to the bona-fides of all advertisements in "John Bull." Any complaint must reach us within one month from the appearance of the advertisement in "John Bull" and in the case of dispute the decision of our Managing Director shall be final.

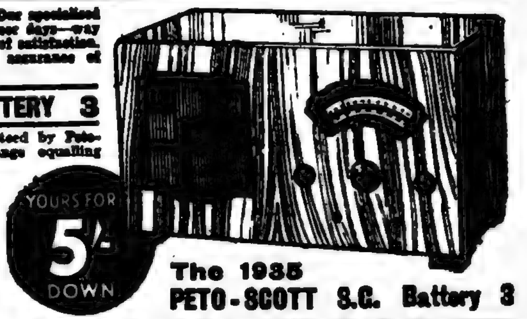
***ODHAMS PRESS LIMITED*, Proprietors of "John Bull."**

Peto-Scott 1935 Guaranteed RADIO From FACTORY to FIRESIDE

SAVES YOU MIDDLEMAN'S PROFITS. Our specialised experience in Radio begins from the pioneer days—way back in 1919—and this is your guarantee of satisfaction. Each customer has Peto-Scott's personal assurance of satisfaction and strict privacy.

1935 PETO-SCOTT BATTERY 3

A miracle of value in 1935 Radio guaranteed by Peto-Scott, combining Tone, Volume and Range equalling sets at more than double the price, marvellous all-round performance and absolute reliability. Peto-Scott 1935 type Moving Coil Speaker. Metal Chassis. New detector reaction circuit, quality and super-power output. New type Air-Cored Coils and slow-motion illuminated Full-Vision tuning. 2-Selectivity taps. Pick-up sockets. Automatic Grid Bias. Low H.T. consumption. Complete with British valves of guaranteed life and Oldham Long-life 120-volt H.T. and 2-volt L.T. batteries, full aerial equipment. Comes to you in a beautiful Walnut Consolette Cabinet, as illustrated. Price complete ready to play. Cash or C.O.D. Carriage Paid £4.19.6.



and 18 monthly payments of 6/-

The 1935 PETO-SCOTT S.G. Battery 3

GIVES A BIGGER CHOICE OF FOREIGN STATIONS with amazing perfection of tone and volume. Incorporates Peto-Scott 1935 Moving-Coil Speaker. SCREENED COILS, high efficiency S.G. Detector and super power output valves. Low H.T. consumption. Full-Vision scale. Modern Walnut Consolette as illustrated. British Valves of guaranteed life. Ready to play. Yours for 5/- down and 18 monthly payments of 7/9. Cash or C.O.D. Carriage Paid, £5.5.0.

Send for Lists of Peto-Scott 1935 Guaranteed radio—De luxe models for Battery and All Mains.

PETO-SCOTT Co., Ltd. (Est. 1919) 77, J.B.2, CITY RD., LONDON, E.C.1.

West-End Showrooms: 62, J.B.2, High Holborn, London, W.C.1

RECORD 'XL' BARGAIN BALE 20/-

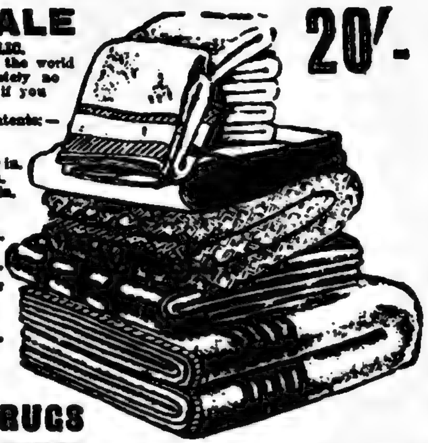
MOST MARVELLOUS VALUE EVER OFFERED TO THE PUBLIC.

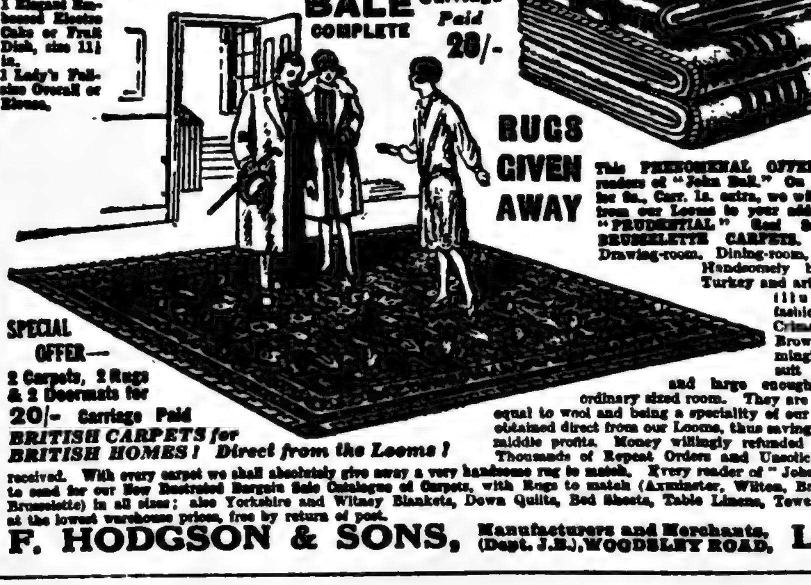
Thousands of our bales have already been despatched to all parts of the world and letters received from delighted customers. Send to-day, absolutely no risk in any way, because we guarantee to return your money in full if you are not satisfied. Every article of the highest quality and perfect.

Special to "John Bull" readers this week. Read the guaranteed Contents:—

2 Heavy Yorkshire White Raised Blankets, full size, 80 in. x 60 in.
1 Heavy Coloured Striped Blanket, size 54in. x 75 in.
2 Yorkshire White Raised Blankets, soft, warm, and durable, 80 in. x 70 in.
1 Splendid Alhambra or Honeycomb Quilt, full size, 90 in. x 70 in. (White or Coloured).
1 White Damask Tablecloth, 52 x 52 in. with newest style coloured borders gold, blue and pink.
1 Beautiful Bedspread, Blue, Crimson, Olive, etc., on Jaspe grounds, new colours. Centre design edged with Art Silk Embroidery, size 80 in. x 80 in.
2 Coloured Striped Turkish Towels, absorbent loop pile, 20 in. x 44 in.
1 Fancy Coloured Table Cover, size 36 in. x 36 in., new designs, Blue, Crimson, Gold, etc.
1 Elegant Embossed Electro Cake or Fruit Dish, size 11½ in.
1 Lady's Full-size Overall or Blouse.

BALE COMPLETE *Carriage Paid* **20/-**





RUGS GIVEN AWAY

This PHENOMENAL OFFER is made to readers of "John Bull." On receipt of a P.O. for 5s., Carr. 1s. extra, we will forward, direct from our Looms to your address, one of our "PRUDENTIAL" Real Seamless Woven BRUSSELETTE CARPETS. Suitable for Drawing-room, Dining-room, Bedroom, etc. Handsomely bordered in new Turkey and artistic patterns (as illustration) and fashionable shades of Crimson, Greens, Blues Browns, Rose, and mingled Colourings to suit all requirements, and large enough to cover any ordinary sized room. They are made of material equal to wool and being a speciality of our own can only be obtained direct from our Looms, thus saving the purchaser all middle profits. Money willingly refunded if not approved. Thousands of Repeat Orders and Unsolicited Testimonials received. With every carpet we shall absolutely give away a very handsome rug to match. Every reader of "John Bull" is invited to send for our New Illustrated Bargain Sale Catalogue of Carpets, with Rugs to match (Axminster, Wilton, Brussels, Ideal and Brusselette) in all sizes; also Yorkshire and Witney Blankets, Down Quilts, Bed Sheets, Table Linens, Towels, Bedding, etc., at the lowest warehouse prices, free by return of post.

SPECIAL OFFER—
2 Carpets, 2 Rugs & 2 Doormats for 20/- Carriage Paid

BRITISH CARPETS for BRITISH HOMES! Direct from the Looms!

F. HODGSON & SONS, Manufacturers and Merchants, (Dept. J.B.), WOODSLEY ROAD, **LEEDS.**

SUDDEN CHILLS UPSET YOUR LIVER

Nightly Doses of Bile Beans Soon Put An End To Those Bilious Headaches and Other Pains.

Do you know that the liver is the largest organ in your body? If it is not working properly it cannot deliver the proper amount of bile and the stomach, kidneys, and bowels will, in turn, be thrown out of order. You *must* see to your liver at this time of the year. A pain in the back or under the shoulder blades is a sign that the weather is upsetting your liver. It makes you feel out-of-sorts, off your food, and most probably your bowels are sluggish and constipated.

The surest way to put your liver and bowels right is to take Bile Beans every night. Bile Beans have the special virtue that—apart from their natural laxative action—they act directly on the liver.

Take Bile Beans to tone up your digestion and get the liver working properly, when the rest of your system will correct itself. You will then be certain that all food waste is daily eliminated from your system. You will also eat better, sleep better, have no more sick headaches or other pains, and feel full of vim and vitality.

¶ Bile Beans are purely vegetable. The regular nightly doses tone up your liver and stomach, purify the blood, and keep you fit and well at all times.

SOLD EVERYWHERE

INDIGESTION AND STOMACH PAINS

Stopped in 5 Minutes!

Relief—*quick* relief—is your one overwhelming necessity when suffering the pains of indigestion. That is why leading medical authorities—specialists, doctors, hospitals—recommend and specify 'Bisurated' Magnesia for even the most obstinate cases of dyspepsia, acid stomach and gastritis.

They know (for they are in touch with the latest developments in medical practice) that recent X-ray tests and medical research have proved the ingredients of 'Bisurated' Magnesia to be the quickest-acting and the most effective known to medical science.

Make sure that your next attack of stomach pain or discomfort, whatever the cause, finds you prepared to stop it *within five minutes*. Get a 1/3d. bottle of 'Bisurated' Magnesia from your chemist *now*. Ask for 'BISURATED' MAGNESIA and you will get what you need—there is only *one* 'BISURATED' MAGNESIA.

GRAVES Beats the World For Quality & Value

GRAVES-NATIONAL ALL-PENTODE ELECTRIC Receiver for use on any A.C. or D.C. Mains, supplied all ready to plug in. It is reliable, powerful, selective, and will give all you can possibly desire in the finest type of Radio at a price you can easily afford.

Incorporates the newest ideas in circuit and valve design, including IRON CORED COILS, IMPROVED TYPE PERMANENT MAGNET MOVING COIL LOUD SPEAKER, STEEL CHASSIS, AND AN ILLUMINATED DIAL MARKED IN WAVELENGTHS. Every component is selected strictly on its merits, and all compactly housed in a handsomely Figured Walnut Cabinet, size 18½ x 12½ x 10in. as illustrated. Supplied Complete with Aerial Equipment, Carriage Paid £9.12.0 or 12/- monthly. Nothing else to buy. No extra for Easy Terms.

17/- [illegible] NOW

WRITE FOR CATALOGUE of latest designs for Mains or Batteries including Band Pass, Super-Het. [illegible]

J. G. GRAVES LTD. SHEFFIELD.

OUR GLORIOUS DISABLED

We can never repay the debt we owe to the war-maimed. But the Ministry of Pensions seems to think otherwise . . .

The fight JOHN BULL *never* gives up

WE are once more on the eve of another Armistice Day. Once more, for a day, we shall reverently and ceremoniously remember the Glorious Dead. It is a fitting time also to remember the Glorious Disabled—the living wrecks of the Great War who even to-day are still suffering untold agony and hardship as a result of their wounds.

It is a time, too, when JOHN BULL, with justifiable pride, can remind its readers of one department in its organisation that is, not one day but every day, just as mindful of the rights of our ex-Service men and women as it was when first established sixteen years ago, shortly after the Armistice.

It is the special department which, under the control of an expert, deals with questions relating to war pensions. Behind it lies a splendid record of achievement on behalf of the soldiers and sailors who were disabled in fighting for their country.

At present there are no fewer than 23,000 officers and 440,000 other ranks of ex-Service men who are drawing pensions for wounds and disablement from the Ministry of Pensions.

The assistance of our Pensions Department is available to each one of these war sufferers. And some idea of its work can be gathered from the fact that several thousands of different individual cases and inquiries are dealt with every year.

Its objective is simple—to obtain fair treatment and adequate compensation for all pensionable ex-Service men.

Our records show that there are innumerable instances of pensioners who are not receiving the grants to which they are justly entitled.

☆ ★ ☆

Repeatedly through our intervention with the Ministry of Pensions we have secured redress of grievances.

The Ministry of Pensions is bound closely by regulations. Its officials read regulations in their narrowest and strictest interpretation. They do not take the broad, humane view of difficult cases. Consequently the war victims suffer. Often they do not receive the payments to which they are properly entitled.

Those are the wrongs which are constantly righted by the evidence and argument of our Pensions Department.

Some of the most grievous hardships we have rectified are in relation to amputation cases. Under the regulations of the Ministry the amount of pension granted to a man who has lost a limb depends on the length of the stump which is remaining. A crude and grotesque rule in all conscience, but one on which the Ministry insists.

When this rule was made and first enforced in 1919 it would have been a simple matter for the Ministry to have reviewed all amputation cases, and to have amended pensions in accordance with their callous stump definition.

That, however, was not done. Many men who had suffered the loss of a limb were left to draw allowances on a scale lower than that to which they were really entitled.

☆ ★ ☆

In a number of these cases the intervention of JOHN BULL has secured the rightful pension to the sufferer, and, what is more, the payment of arrears dating back to September, 1919.

In one year alone we secured no less than £3,125 in arrears of pensions in this class of case.

Yet in other similar cases the back payment has been refused on some small technicality. Such refusal is an outrage. The Ministry of Pensions is well aware that arrears of pension should be paid *in every case* in which it is found that the length of a man's amputated limb entitles him to an increased award. To withhold the arrears is a scandal.

We deal now with another abuse of the war pension system revealed by our investigations.

Once a "final award" of a pension has been granted, the pensioner has no *statutory* right to ask that his award should be reconsidered after the lapse of one year, no matter how much his disabilities due to war service may increase. But the Ministry may, as an act of grace, increase a "final award" in very special circumstances. Unfortunately, it is most reluctant to do so.

Consequently, there are hundreds of cruelly disabled men fighting a grim battle against poverty because of the inadequate "final awards" made to them. They are ignorant of the fact that the Ministry has the power to act more generously towards them, and to save them from privation by a reconsideration of their tragic position.

Again, though an ex-Service man can apply for a pension after a lapse of seven years from the date of his discharge because a war disability may not become evident until many years after a man has returned to civilian life, and though new applications for pensions on this account are constantly coming before the Ministry, an overwhelming proportion of these applications are refused.

During the past year there were 3,550 new pension applications, and out of that total only 300 were recognised by way of monetary award or medical treatment.

☆ ★ ☆

Moreover, there is no appeal against the decisions of the Ministry regarding new applications. Its word is final.

That, in our opinion, is a grave injustice. Applicants should have the right to appeal. The machinery for such a course exists in the independent Pensions Appeal Tribunal, but the Ministry resolutely refuses to alter its regulations to permit dissatisfied new applicants taking their claims before the Tribunal.

Quite fairly the question may be asked: Is that because the Ministry fears the Tribunal might take a more generous view than it takes itself of the new applications?

We commend these matters to the careful attention of the Minister of Pensions. Reforms are needed throughout his Department, and he should make them.

Meanwhile JOHN BULL's own Pensions Department goes on—not fighting one day in the year but every day the good cause of the war's Glorious Disabled.

THE FLOOD

IT rained thousands of streams. It rained in sheets and floods. It rained all the afternoon, and it continued raining until far into the night. Drains burst, culverts thundered, there was a river on each side of the street. From the higher parts of the town the water came pouring down.

A manhole came hurtling from the middle of the road—heaved from its seating by the pressure roaring underneath. The woman hurrying towards home had a narrow escape. A baker's van missed the hole by a matter of inches.

* * *

A slate came down from a roof overhead. The pedestrian who ploughed through the torrents ducked to miss the falling debris. He was a man of Banff. He lived in a basement dwelling. The water, he found, was pouring through the grating and down the steps. His wife was striving to save their furniture.

It was a fine state of affairs that awaited him—his wife couldn't help it, of course. The flood caused an awful lot of damage. The linoleum in the kitchen was covered, the bedroom carpet was ruined.

* * *

Mud and slush from the sewers percolated everywhere—the bedspread and the blankets had to be sent to the cleaners. The water rose to a height of four feet.

Replacing everything, and meeting the bills that came in, was the aftermath.

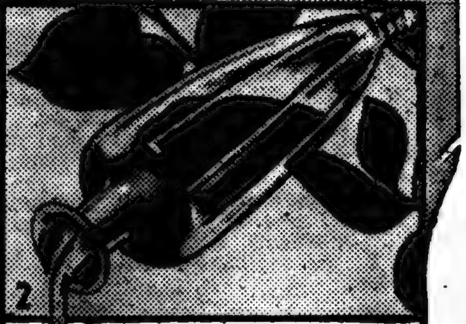
* * *

Kindly neighbours afforded accommodation, the bills were met from a cheque received under our insurance scheme. You'll find the coupon on page 4. Take a word of advice and fill it in, now. It's good to feel the security.

I expect a beauty soap to do what it promises

THAT'S WHY I ALWAYS CHOOSE PALMOLIVE!

Sometimes it's hard for a girl to know just what to believe . . . But when 20,000 beauty experts agree on Palmolive for keeping skin lovely and young-looking . . . well, that sounds like the *real* thing to me. Don't *you* think so too?



I like Palmolive's soft olive-green colour because it reminds me that Palmolive is made only from pure *vegetable* oils . . . a secret blend of olive and palm oils. You really couldn't buy a better soap at any price!

With evening dresses getting lower and lower . . . backs, necks and arms just must be soft and smooth! That's why I use Palmolive for baths, always . . . And of course I give my face a Palmolive treatment twice a day.

PALMOLIVE
PALMOLIVE

Price does not apply in I.F.S.

And reason No 4 is... Palmolive lasts so long and only costs 3d a tablet

Could not walk without fainting

because her Blood was

IRON-STARVED

The strength of your whole body depends upon the strength of your blood. *Iron-starved blood is poor blood*. It cannot possibly nourish your body properly. You are *bound* to feel weak and faint after exertion, because you have no stamina, no energy.

To take stimulants is useless. *You must get to the root of the trouble, which is IRON-STARVATION*. You must strengthen your blood with MORE IRON.

Take IRON 'JELLOIDS' three times a day. Before you have finished one box, you will notice a wonderful improvement. After *three* boxes you won't know yourself, you will be so full of energy, vitality, and the joy of life! In every way you will be vigorously fit and strong.

But IRON JELLOIDS (3 boxes) made a 'new woman of her'

IRON 'JELLOIDS' *cannot blacken the teeth* or upset the digestion. They have been famous for over forty years as the "world's best and most honest blood enricher and tonic." The 3/- box lasts 36 days, the 1/3 box 10 days. Get a 3/- box to-day!

Her Letter says:

"Ten weeks ago I was ordered to bed with extreme weakness for want of good blood. I could not walk across my kitchen without falling in a faint. I AM NOW TAKING MY THIRD BOX OF IRON 'JELLOIDS' AND FEEL VERY FIT—A NEW WOMAN.

They have made a BIG DIFFERENCE TO MY HAIR, so I call them A GOOD 'HAIR TONIC' as well. I have also given a box of No. 1 IRON 'JELLOIDS' to my little girl with good results."

Mrs. L—

Iron Jelloids

Rapidly Restore Rich Red Blood

Of all Chemists: 3/- (36 days' treatment) 1/3 (10 days' treatment)

FOR WOMEN: No. 2 The best blood enricher and tonic for anæmic women and girls. *Cannot blacken the teeth* or upset digestion. Certain to bring the roses back to your cheeks. Also suitable FOR MEN who do not like quinine.

FOR MEN: No. 2a Run-down and debilitated men should take IRON 'JELLOIDS' No. 2A. These contain quinine, and are the finest tonic in the world. Take two large boxes, and you'll enjoy your food and soon feel stronger in every way.

FOR CHILDREN: No. 1 Every growing child should take a short course of IRON 'JELLOIDS' No. 1 now and then, to keep up the supply of iron, and to ensure that the child's blood is always rich, red, and nutritious.

The word 'Jelloids' is a registered trade-mark. No proprietary right is claimed in the method of manufacture

THERMOGENE

Brand

MEDICATED WADDING

1/3

for RHEUMATISM

INFLUENZA!

TAKE

FENNINGS' FEVER CURER

THE GREAT PREVENTIVE AND REMEDY FOR INFLUENZA, COLDS, FEVERS AND INFECTIOUS DISEASES.

70 YEARS REPUTATION.

Sold in Bottles at 1/3

SEND FOR THIS.

FENNINGS' "EVERYBODY'S DOCTOR"

Post Free on Application to:-

ALFRED FENNINGS, COWES, I.W.

WHEN WRITING PLEASE MENTION THIS PAPER.

ECZEMA COVERED CHILD'S HEAD

Made Awful Raw Patches. Healed by Cuticura.

"My son, aged eleven, had a very bad head caused by eczema. All his head was covered with weeping sore eruptions that made awful raw patches over the whole of his head. No matter what we used, other places appeared. The itching must have been awful as he could not sleep at night for rubbing.

"I saw an advertisement for Cuticura Soap and Ointment and sent for a free sample. After the first application I saw a change so I purchased more, and after using for about three months he was completely healed." (Signed) Mrs. A. Knapper, 140 Vivian Rd., Fenton, Staffs., Eng.

Use Cuticura to clear your skin.

Soap 1s., Ointment 1s. 3d. and 2s. 6d., Talcum 1s. 3d. For sample each address: Newbery & Phillips Ltd., 31, Banner St., London, E.C. 1.

Cuticura Shaving Cream 1s. 6d. a tube.

Now say "ah" and open wide . . .
Protect your throat—keep warm inside . .

"Go—suck a ZUBE"

ZUBES

3D. & 6D. In Flat tins 2½D. Per ounce

ZUBES ARE BEST FOR THROAT AND CHEST

NERVES THAT RUIN HAPPY HOMES.

Of all the wrecked homes, how many could have been saved if somebody had told the man or woman how to cure those miserable, irritable "nerves."

When you let work and worry get you down, your nerves begin to go and every little thing upsets you. That's the time to look out for trouble.

But you must not think that nerves are inevitable. There's a very simple way to cure any nervous trouble, a way doctors have known and recommended for nearly fifty years. In fact, it is so simple that many people have thought it too good to be true.

It is the Wincarnis way. Two or three glasses of Wincarnis a day will cure almost any case of nerves, for it is the ideal nerve tonic and soother in an ideal form.

With your very first glass you will feel it doing you good, feel new peace stealing through your veins. The first night you will find your insomnia better, find you sleep more soundly and wake more refreshed. Try Wincarnis to-day. See for yourself if this delicious tonic wine is not in very deed a perfect cure for jagged nerves.

CRITICALLY ILL WITH DUODENAL ULCER.

If you are a martyr to *any* form of Indigestion or Stomach Trouble, here is comforting news for you: you need only follow the example of Mr. F. G. S., of Elliott Road, Fenton, to obtain complete relief. Here is his letter:

"Twelve months ago I was admitted to hospital in a *critical condition*, having suffered three *very severe* internal hæmorrhages. After 5 X-Rays my case was diagnosed as Acute Duodenal Ulcer. My weight was 8 st. 1 lb. and I was recommended by the specialist to the Maclean formula. Following his advice, I have practised same ever since and through the continued use of Maclean Brand Stomach Powder, I am to-day—12 months afterwards—in the pink of condition and back to my normal weight—10 st. 4 lb. Thus even in such a serious case as mine continued treatment performs miracles."

In view of the thousands of cases like this, why does anybody go on suffering from indigestion or stomach trouble without giving a trial to this marvellous Maclean Brand Stomach Powder!

But be sure to ask your chemist for the genuine Maclean Brand Stomach Powder with the signature "ALEX. C. MACLEAN." It is not sold loose but only in 1/3, 2/- and 5/- bottles in cartons, of Powder or Tablets.

THAT £1,000 SMILE

£1,000 for 12 RESULTS

NO SCORES REQUIRED

Free Entry in this £1,000 Competition to clients of

"The Challenger"

FOOTBALL LISTS

to Fixed Prices Only.

NOTHING BARRED—NOTHING STARRED

Secure Long Odds now
FOR THE
NOVEMBER HANDICAP

Please send Football Lists and Long Odds Future Events Price Lists. I am over 21 years of age.

Name ....

Address ....

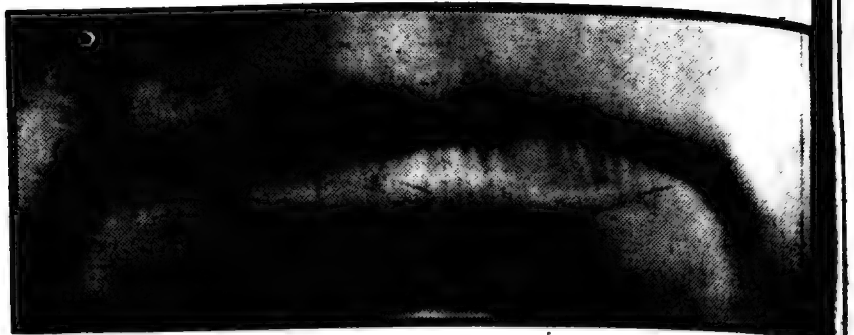
Town ....

County .... J.B.

DAVID COPE
ALFRED H. MAURICE Ltd.
327, BATH STREET, GLASGOW, C.2

OUR LETTER PARLIAMENT

I WISH I'D KEPT SILENT—



ONE afternoon, when a storm raged outside the school where I was a pupil teacher, the head told me to give a lesson on "Lightning." I knew very little, but guessed my omissions. I wish I had remained silent!

The following morning I was told that one of my pupils had been killed when sheltering beneath a big oak tree uprooted by the storm.

Only I knew what made the infant stand by the tree. In my lesson I had said that the safest place in a storm was under a tree!—*"Schoolma'am," South Wales.*

Victory, But . . .

He was an ideal son, earning good money, and giving me a fair share. His only fault was that he'd not attend the mine on the only working Saturday every month.

One Friday night, afraid he'd get into trouble, I remonstrated when he said, "Don't get my pit togs out." We quarrelled; he went upstairs without his usual "Good-night" to me.

In the early morning I heard the door shut, his hob-nailed boots clatter down the yard. I had won. Six hours later, the ambulance halted; they carried him in—dead.—*"Freda," East Midlands.*

Real Tragedy

Recriminations are vain, alas! but oh! that I had kept silent when I chanced tragically to joke with a small boy!

As I passed him, I noticed that his cap lining was hanging below the cap itself. I remarked jocularly, "Is someone dead at your house? I see you've got your blinds down.'

He turned his tear-bedimmed eyes upwards, scanned me with a glance full of helpless, appealing despair, and said: "Yes, sir, my mother is dead." "I'm—I'm sorry, son," I gasped remorsefully. He smiled wanly, and though I knew he understood, I wish I'd kept silent.—*"Penitent," Lincs.*

Spoke Too Soon

The heads of the firm were reducing expenses, and had given me a week's notice. Feeling very bitter, I decided to give them a piece of my mind and did so the next time they called me into the office.

I spoke for about three minutes. When I had finished, the manager calmly informed me that they had called me in to tell me that in view of my long service they had decided to keep me on, after all.

With a scarlet face I hurried out, regretting I'd spoken too soon, and thanking heaven that my employers were kindly and understanding.—*H. J., Oxford.*

Confessed Ignorance

At a party one evening I met a friend who was accompanied by several French people. They were moving away when, to air my very slight knowledge of French, I said a few words in that language.

In an instant they were all round me, talking excitedly and, to me, unintelligibly.

With the other guests looking amusedly on, I was forced to confess that I knew very little French, and wished fervently that I had remained silent.—*T. R., Brighton.*

Good Undone

My son and his pals are always up to some trick or other. Recently a young fellow rang the bell and began: "Is S-s-s——"

"Out with it, man! I can't spend all day here," I broke in, sure that it was just another lark; but the lad blushed and hurried away.

Then, to my great sorrow, I learned that the shock of my abrupt remark had undone all the good he had obtained from a year's treatment for stammering. —*R. D., Yorks.*

Quiet Reply

During one week one of my men was late nearly every morning. But when, on the following Monday, he was over an hour late I turned on him and gave him a thorough dressing-down, threatening him with the "sack" should he be late again.

He was silent during my tirade, but I wished I'd said nothing when he quietly replied: "I am sorry that I am so late this morning, but last night my kiddie was knocked down by a 'bus and seriously injured. It's touch and go whether she will live."

Thank heaven she lived!—*"Under-Manager," Staffs.*

Out of Business

Travelling home from business by train a few months ago I conversed with a stranger about radio, in which trade he was apparently engaged. I spoke of my latest acquisition, a twenty-guinea model, and revealed that I had secured a substantial discount, as the dealer was my friend.

Later my dealer friend went out of business. My travelling companion turned out to be the manufacturers' representative and he was responsible for stopping my friend's supplies for underselling.

His misfortune was the result of my being unable to keep a still tongue.—*R. D., Gloucester.*

Outbid

"The next lot is a three-cornered oak cabinet," announced the auctioneer, and I became alert. This was what I wanted.

I made a small bid, which was increased by someone on the other side of the crowd. There were only the two of us bidding, and after a ding-dong battle I had to let my opponent have it.

When I got home and found that my wife had been the other bidder, I wished heartily I had not spoken at the sale. —*W. I. W., Kettering.*

"Sick of It"

So long as the pulley-wheels turned I was content. But the day came when grass sprouted at the pit-head; children's clothes had to be patched, repatched; there was more room on cupboard shelves; Bill's face was gloomy as he nightly returned with "Nothing doing."

"I'm sick of it. I wish I'd stayed in service," I angrily said.

To-day things are improved. When he lays his pay-packet on the table I see a twinkle in his eye which says, "We've weathered the storm together, old girl," and I try to erase from memory words that ought never to have been uttered.—*Mrs. M. Roker.*

Right—and Wrong!

As a schoolboy I'm afraid my sense of humour was too highly developed and it often got me into trouble.

One day after a lesson on birds the teacher asked the class to name one which couldn't fly. Though I knew the names of several, a perverted sense of humour compelled me to reply: "A dead one, sir."

Four of the best on the seat of my pants made me wish I had never spoken.—*"Tyke," Yorks.*

Not Friends

When I learnt the value of silence I had become enamoured of a girl in my class at the local evening school, and we had quarrelled.

Next night I missed the class, but waited for the girl in a shady lane near the school, hoping to make up the breach. In the semi-darkness a trim figure came towards me with a quick step.

I darted forward and blurted out: "Look here, can't we be friends?" Next moment I received a slap across my face. It wasn't my friend.—*A. B., Holmfirth.*

* * *

An increase of six pounds a year on my rates wasn't something to keep silent about, so I shouted. My appeal was duly considered. I am now forced to pay an increase of thirteen pounds a year, as originally I was under-assessed.—*D. M. D., Bristol.*

Two years ago I won £600 in an Irish Sweep syndicate. My name was not published, so none of my relatives or friends knew about it. Then I met a cousin and told him of my luck. I wish now I'd remained quiet.—*J. B., N.W.*

ORIGINAL letters upon the subject below, not exceeding 100 words, are invited. 10s. will be paid for each letter published, 2s. 6d. for "Shorts." Envelopes marked "Letter Parliament" must reach 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2, by first post Tuesday, November 6.

The Failure that Made Me

FOOTBALL SELECTIONS

By our Expert—for Matches Played on November 3

FIRST DIVISION.

**(1) PORTSMOUTH v. Huddersfield.
(2) Wednesday v. DERBY COUNTY.
(3) STOKE v. Sunderland.
(4) W.B. Albion v. Aston Villa.
*(5) ARSENAL v. Everton.
(6) Birmingham v. Leicester.
(7) Blackburn v. Grimsby.
(8) LEEDS v. Chelsea.
*(9) LIVERPOOL v. Wolverhampton.
(10) MANCHESTER C. v. Hotspur.
(11) Middlesbrough v. Preston.

SECOND DIVISION.

(1) FULHAM v. Southampton.
(2) HULL CITY v. Burnley.
(3) NEWCASTLE v. Barnsley.
(4) Norwich v. SHEFFIELD U.
*(5) FOREST v. Oldham.
(6) PLYMOUTH v. Bradford C.
(7) WEST HAM v. Port Vale.
(8) BLACKPOOL v. Manchester U.
**(9) BRADFORD v. Notts County.
(10) Brentford v. BOLTON.
(11) BURY v. Swansea.

SOUTHERN SECTION.

**(1) READING v. Cardiff.
(2) WATFORD v. Southend.
(3) Boscombe v. LUTON.
(4) BRISTOL C. v. C. Palace.
(5) ORIENT v. Swindon.
**(6) COVENTRY v. Torquay.
(7) Exeter v. CHARLTON.
(8) GILLINGHAM v. Aldershot.
(9) MILLWALL v. Q.P. Rangers.
(10) Newport v. Bristol R.
(11) Northampton v. Brighton.

NORTHERN SECTION.

**(1) HALIFAX v. York City.
(2) LINCOLN v. Gateshead.
(3) Mansfield v. Doncaster.
*(4) ROTHERHAM v. N. Brighton.
(5) Rochdale v. STOCKPORT.
**(6) TRANMERE v. Accrington.
(7) Walsall v. CHESTER.
(8) Wrexham v. Darlington.
*(9) BARROW v. Hartlepools.
(10) CARLISLE v. Crewe.
*(11) CHESTERFIELD v. Southport.

SCOTTISH LEAGUE.

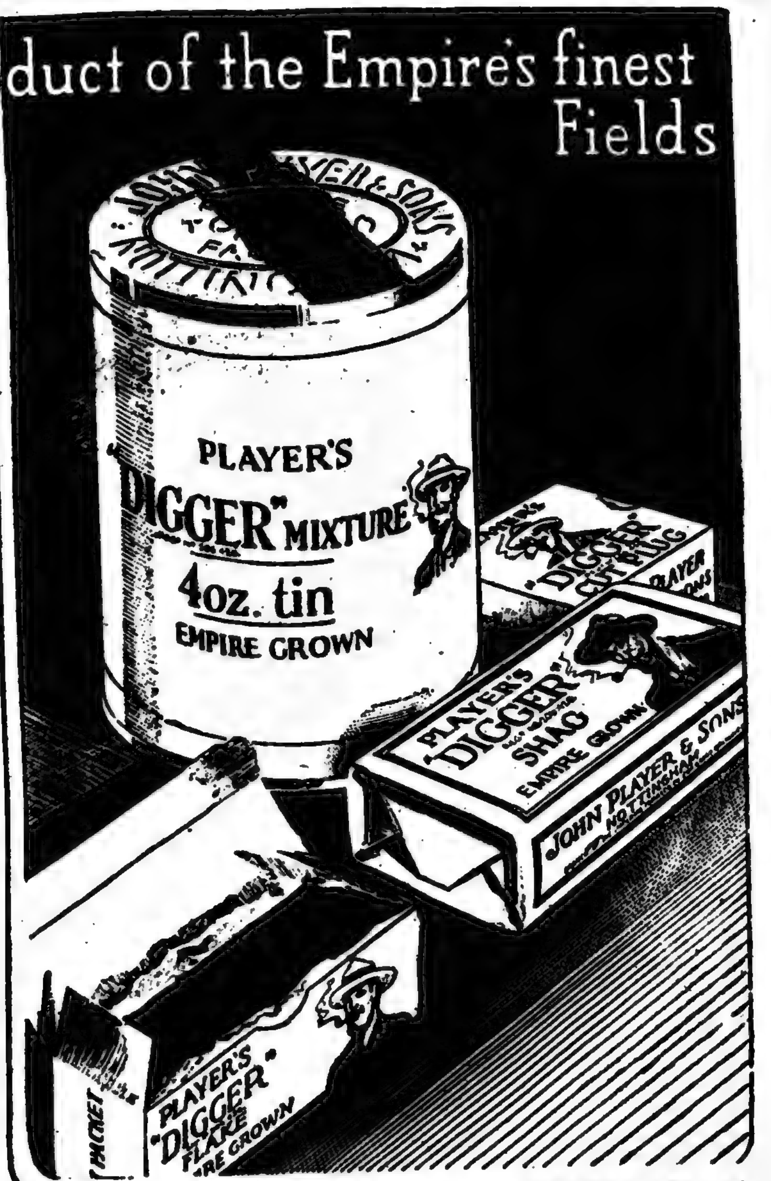
(1) Queen of South v. Hearts.
(2) Rangers v. St. Johnstone.
(3) St. Mirren v. Dundee.
(4) ABERDEEN v. Clyde.
(5) AIRDRIE v. Motherwell.
*(6) CELTIC v. Ayr United.
(7) FALKIRK v. Dunfermline.
(8) HAMILTON v. Albion Rovers.
(9) HIBERNIAN v. Partick.
(10) KILMARNOCK v. Queen's Park.

SPECIAL STAR CODE

As injuries to players and consequent alterations in teams may affect the chances of different clubs we shall publish last-minute JOHN BULL selections in code in the *Daily Herald* and *Sporting Life* each Friday morning.

Example Code:—Div. I.—1 (*H*); Div. II.—10 (*A*); Southern Section—6 (*H*); Northern Section—1 (*H*); Scottish League—6 (*H*) would indicate Portsmouth, Bolton, Coventry, Halifax and Celtic.

A product of the Empire's finest Fields



THE CHOICE OF MORE SMOKERS THAN ANY OTHER EMPIRE TOBACCO

Digger fills the pipes of more smokers than any other Empire Tobacco produced. This is not remarkable when one considers that only the best Empire leaf goes to the making of Digger. At 8d. per ounce it is an exceptionally good smoke.

PLAYER'S
DIGGER
TOBACCOS

8D PER OZ
2/8-¼lb TIN

Issued by The Imperial Tobacco Company (of Great Britain and Ireland), Ltd.
R.D. 33

STAIRS AND HILLS DIFFICULT?

Not just what you used to be?

**H. B. T.
CHLOROPHYLL
& YEAST TABLETS**

are just the very thing—for Rejuvenation and Vitality—and they contain no drugs. This special CHLOROPHYLL is the great food for heart and arteries, restoring the elasticity to the arteries and thus relieving the heart of its extra labour. The YEAST employed is a specially grown culture of unvarying quality and this combination has restored vitality to many.

To enable you to test and prove the value of these tablets send 2/6 for one bottle of 150 Tablets and we will send with it, FREE one 1/3 bottle of 50. This will provide treatment for over 30 days—less than a Penny a Day. Further supplies may be obtained through BOOTS and all Chemists. Please print name and address in Block letters with proper designation MR., MRS., etc.

NAME ....

....

....

HUNTER BEATTIE, H.B.T. Products, Glasgow, S.E.

IF YOUR BREATH HAS A SMELL YOU CAN'T FEEL WELL

When we eat too much, our food decays in our bowels. Our friends smell this decay coming out of our mouth and call it bad breath. We feel the poison of this decay all over our body. It makes us gloomy and grouchy. It makes us feel no good for anything.

What makes the food decay in the bowels? Well, when we eat too much, our bile juice can't digest it. What is the bile juice? It is the most vital digestive juice in our body. Unless two pints of it are flowing from our liver into our bowels every day, our movements get hard and constipated, and three-quarters of our food decays in our 28 feet of bowels. This decay sends poison all over our body every six minutes.

When our friends smell our bad breath (but we don't) and we feel like a whipped tomcat, don't use a mouthwash or take a laxative. Get at the cause. Take Carters Little Liver Pills which gently start the flow of your bile juice. But if "something better" is offered you, don't buy it, for it may be a calomel (mercury) pill, which loosens teeth, gripes and scalds the rectum in many people. Ask for Carters Little Liver Pills by name and get what you ask for — 1/3 and 3/-.

Neglected BRONCHITIS Is this Your trouble?

To neglect Bronchitis, or even what is known as a common cold is dangerous, and you do it at your peril. Your trouble may take a serious turn, and you may have to endure pain and suffering for years as the price of your neglect. The wise thing to do, the moment any symptoms of either of the troubles referred to make their appearance, is to go to your Chemist for a tin of Potter's Asthma Cure, inhale its pleasant fumes and thus prevent all future mischief.

Potter's Asthma Cure gives you new lease of life.

All sufferers from Asthma, Bronchitis, Catarrh, Hay Fever, Croup, Whooping Cough, Chronic Colds, etc., should make sure that they obtain only Potter's Asthma Cure. It is the one remedy that will give instant relief and freedom from those terrible choking sensations and feelings of suffocation. It gives you soothing and restful sleep so that you may carry on your daily occupation with ease and comfort.

Mrs. S., of Belfast, writes: "*I can faithfully affirm that Potter's Asthma Cure has given me more relief than any powders I have ever used. Night has no terrors for me now. It is truly a wonderful preparation.*"

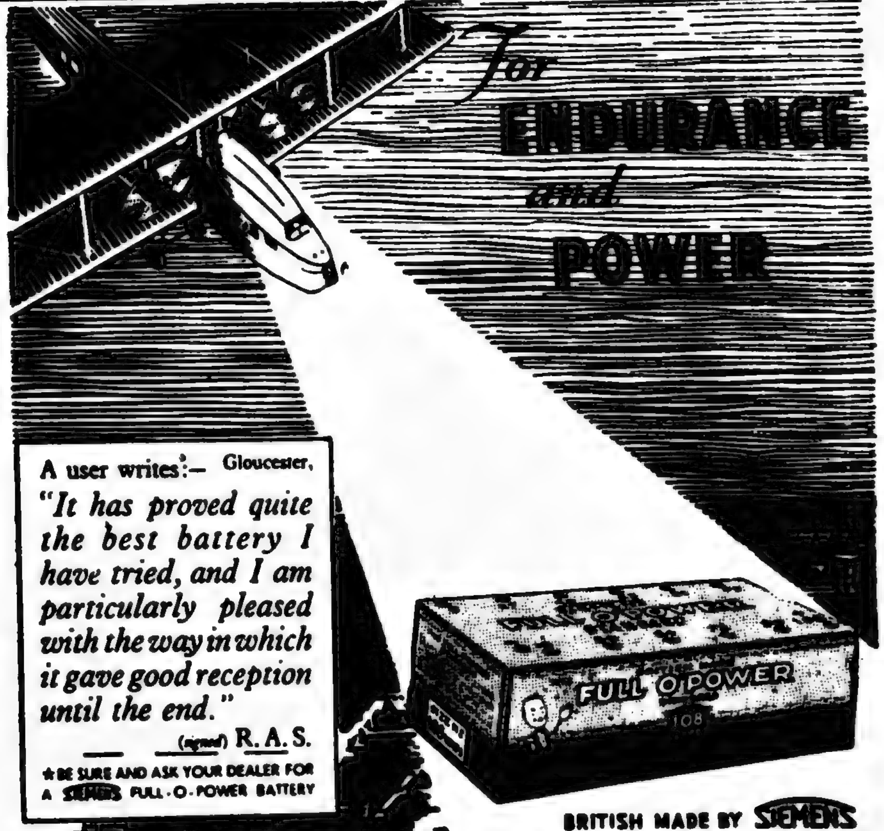
Mrs. W., of Cradley, writes: "*Potter's Asthma Cure has been a great benefit to me. I have used it for more than six years or I should not have been alive now. I cannot speak too highly of it.*"

Mr. D., of Nottingham, writes: "*Potter's Asthma Cure has done me more good than any other remedy, and I have tried dozens. I can now be sure of a night's rest. Once more, thank you.*"

OUTDOOR WORKERS
If you are subject to Asthma or Bronchitis you should smoke Potter's Asthma Cigarettes or Smoking Mixture and so avoid attacks while following your daily occupation. Make sure that you carry a supply with you each day. Chemists and Stores everywhere sell them.

**POTTER'S
ASTHMA CURE**

Potter's Asthma Cure is supplied by all chemists in full-sized tins at 1/6, or direct, post free 1/9, from Potter & Clarke, Ltd., 60, Artillery Lane, London, E.1.



A user writes:— Gloucester,
"*It has proved quite the best battery I have tried, and I am particularly pleased with the way in which it gave good reception until the end.*"
(signed) R. A. S.

★BE SURE AND ASK YOUR DEALER FOR A SIEMENS FULL-O-POWER BATTERY

BRITISH MADE BY SIEMENS

FULL O'POWER RADIO BATTERIES

SIEMENS ELECTRIC LAMPS AND SUPPLIES LIMITED. 38/39, Upper Thames Street, London, E.C.4

UNLIMITED Xmas Hampers

OFFERED IN 'JOHN BULL'S' HUGE

PENSION plus FORTUNE X-WORD

£5 MONTHLY FOR LIFE and £500

OR ONE LUMP SUM OF £850

£100 Between all Runners-up

£100 EXTRA between Runners-up from whom we receive two 6d. entries in same envelope.

282

A 1933 HAMPER WINNER WRITES... "I was surprised at the galaxy of good things the Hamper contained,"

W. COTTON
35, HOMER STREET, HANLEY

HAMPER CONTAINS...

PLUMP XMAS FOWL,
SAUSAGES,
XMAS PUDDING,
CAKE, FRUIT,
CHOCOLATES,
CIGARETTES,
CRACKERS, BISCUITS,
FINE OLD PORT.

To arrive just before Xmas

THROUGH last year's offers of our famous Crossword Hampers, "John Bull" was able to distribute the colossal total of 1,273 of these fine family prizes. And now again these seasonable awards are offered in unlimited quantities; there will be one for every winner of a cash prize in this week's Crossword, whether there are a few, as many as 500, or even more competitors to score in this Contest.

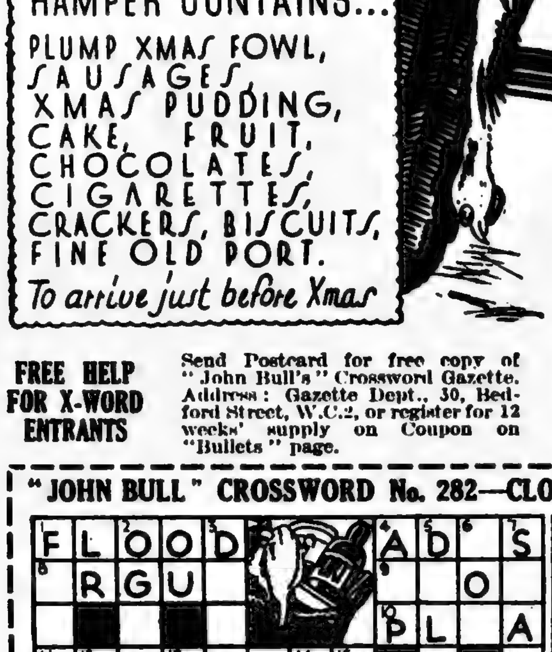
The size of the cash prize accompanying your Hamper of 10 Christmas Luxuries depends on how you get on with this week's puzzle. Why should you not prove an outright winner, as so many solvers have done before you, and so capture a £500 fortune, augmented every month of your life by a £5 cheque as your Crossword Pension?

Be quick—this Contest closes at noon on Thursday, November 8!

FREE HELP FOR X-WORD ENTRANTS

Send Postcard for free copy of "John Bull's" Crossword Gazette. Address: Gazette Dept., 30, Bedford Street, W.C.2, or register for 12 weeks' supply on Coupon on "Bullets" page.

"JOHN BULL" CROSSWORD No. 282—CLOSING (NOON) THURSDAY, NOV. 8, 1934



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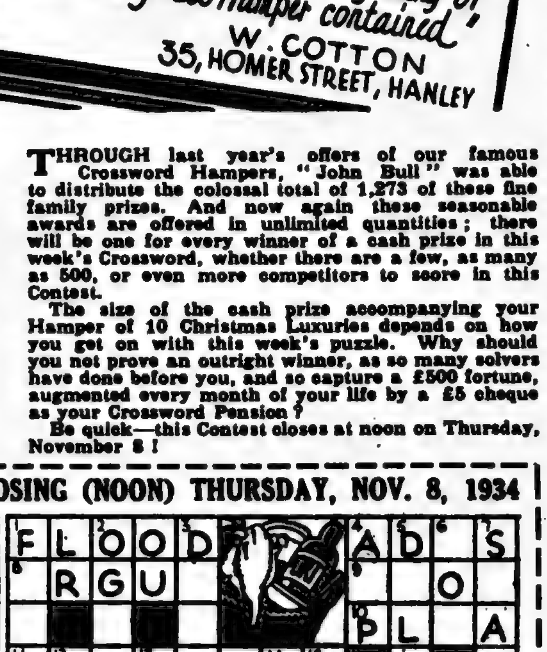


J.B. 282

In entering this Competition I agree to abide by the Editor's decision as final in all matters appertaining thereto, and enclose

P.O. value.............. No..........
Readers in Scotland ineligible. See Rule 5.

ENTRY FEE
for 2 Squares
6D.

SIGNED ....

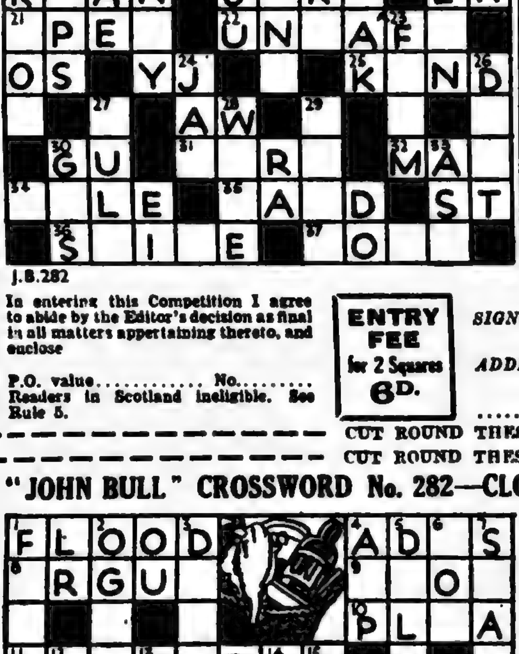
ADDRESS ....

....

CUT ROUND THESE DOTTED LINES

CUT ROUND THESE DOTTED LINES

"JOHN BULL" CROSSWORD No. 282—CLOSING (NOON) THURSDAY, NOV. 8, 1934



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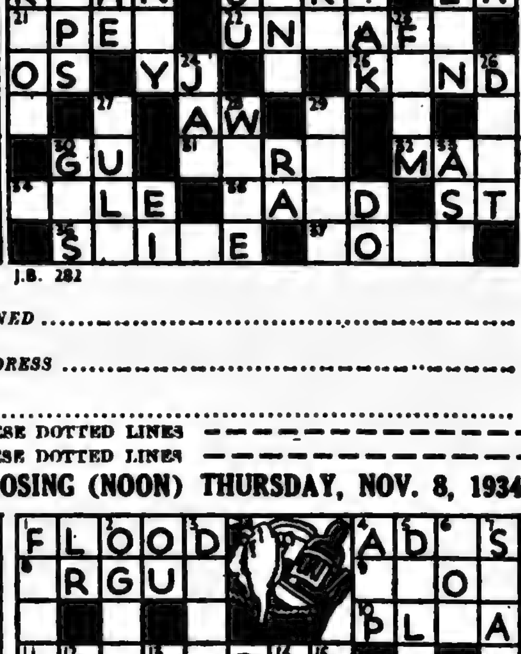


J.B. 282

In entering this Competition I agree to abide by the Editor's decision as final in all matters appertaining thereto, and enclose

P.O. value.............. No..........
Readers in Scotland ineligible. See Rule 5.

ENTRY FEE
for 4 Squares
1/-

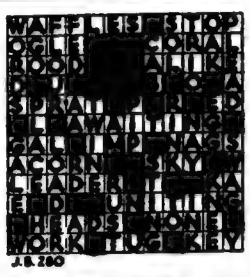
SIGNED ....

ADDRESS ....

....

ADDRESS ENTRY: "JOHN BULL" CROSSWORD No. 282, 57, LONG ACRE, LONDON, W.C.2 (Comp.)

SOLUTION OF "JOHN BULL" X-WORD No. 280.



J.B. 280

Winners in Crossword No. 279 appear on page 46. Winners in Crossword No. 280 will be published next week. The solution of "John Bull" Crossword No. 280 is given herewith as a matter of interest to our Crossword Competitors. We wish to emphasise that no claims are required, as all entries are carefully examined by our staff.

STUDY THESE CLUES

ACROSS

1. Heavy rains may cause
4. Tots up
8. Wrangle over a point
9. What blackens the sweep
10. Urgent entreaty
11. Is prepared before film is made
16. Not cooked
19. Dark horse is often this colour
20. Produces laugh for comedian
21. Opposite of shut
22. Dangerous
25. Benevolent
31. Costs 1s. for twelve words
32. Spoil
34. Helps umbrella shop's business
35. Is seen on sea-shore
36. Way to make a catch
37. Your child's old ones would help poor youngsters

DOWN

1. They bring more publicity to film star
2. Doesn't frighten modern maiden
3. What adds to dentist's work
4. Cleopatra was bitten by
5. Many children would be miserable but for this
6. Female deer
7. Old one may win in long run
12. When fowls are overfed you find a lot of corn in these
13. Name for goat
14. Wifey uses with good effect
15. Is run after the Derby
17. Describes boarding-house tea
18. Noticed
19. May trip you up if you don't watch your step
23. The sort of favourite Greta Garbo is
24. Boxer often aims blow at
26. Can produce a poisoned wound
27. Respect it or you may be sorry
28. Old owl is reputed to be
29. Is often put up without consideration for others
30. Provides light and heat
33. Animal with long ears

READ THESE RULES AND CONDITIONS

1.—Complete puzzle in ordinary ink, not copying-ink or copying-ink pencil, cut out the whole entry form, whether both puzzle squares are used or not. Entry fee for two squares is SIXPENCE, for Four Squares send ONE SHILLING. Make Postal Order payable to Odhams Press Ltd. and cross it /& Co./; write name and address and date of posting on back of P.O., and fill in the number upon Entry Form; send Entry Form by post as directed to reach us not later than NOON Thursday, November 8.

2.—In addition to the two sixpenny entry forms on this page, each entrant may submit TWO EXTRA SIXPENNY ENTRY FORMS, provided these are taken from "John Bull's" free weekly "Crossword Gazette." No entrant may submit more than TWO ENTRY FORMS from this page plus TWO from "Crossword Gazette." Squares left incomplete, mutilated, indistinct or altered will be disqualified. No responsibility is accepted for any entry lost, delayed, not delivered or mislaid, and no correspondence will be entered into.

3.—Winner of this contest will appear in "John Bull" on sale Thursday, November 22, 1934. Should any competitor not announced as a winner have entered a coupon eligible for a share of the First Prize, he must demand a scrutiny by first post Tuesday, December 4, 1934, in accordance with directions given with result. Any such scrutiny which may amend the result must be accepted as final. No scrutiny can be conducted in connection with the additional award of £100 to be divided between the Runners-up. Competitors should note that errors are computed according to the number of words which wrongly answer the clues given.

4.—In the event of a tie, a prize will be divided, but no competitor may receive more than one award per contest. Should first prize be shared £850 cash will be paid instead of the two-in-one award.

5.—Readers in Scotland are debarred from and cannot enter this competition. Any entry form bearing an address in Scotland will be disqualified.

6.—Failure to comply with any of the conditions involves disqualification.

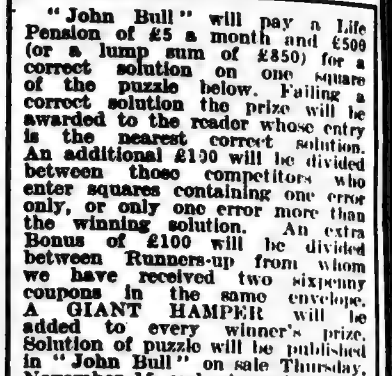
7.—Employees of Odhams Press Ltd., and members of their families are not eligible to compete.

NO CLAIMS REQUIRED

NEWSAGENT'S PRIZE
A special prize of £5 will be awarded to the newsagent from whom this contest's first prize winner usually purchases his copy of "John Bull." Should the first prize be shared the £5 will be divided between sharers' Newsagents.

"John Bull" will pay a Life Pension of £5 a month and £500 (or a lump sum of £850) for a correct solution on one square of the puzzle below. Failing a correct solution the prize will be awarded to the reader whose entry is the nearest correct solution. An additional £100 will be divided between those competitors who enter squares containing one error only, or only one error more than the winning solution. An extra Bonus of £100 will be divided between Runners-up from whom we have received two sixpenny coupons in the same envelope. A GIANT HAMPER will be added to every winner's prize. Solution of puzzle will be published in "John Bull" on sale Thursday, November 15, and winner in "John Bull" on sale Thursday, November 22.

KEEP YOUR COPIES BELOW
These miniature reproductions of this week's Puzzle are only to be used for keeping copies of your solutions.



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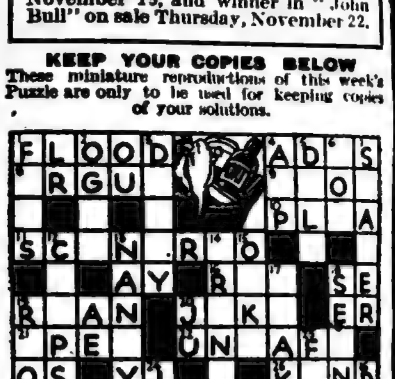

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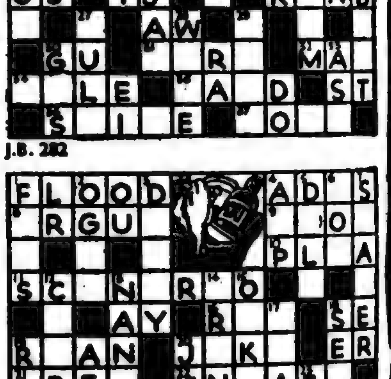

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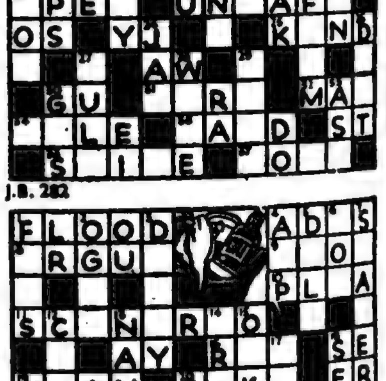

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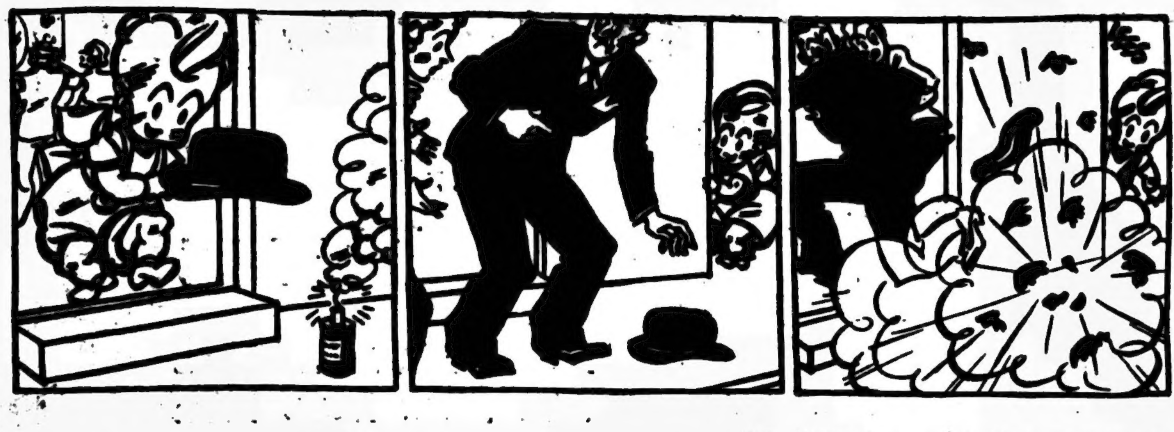


THE KID

The Editor Laughs Last

SAM (Windsor).—"I told him not to bet, as I didn't like the look of the bookmaker." Did he wear running pumps?

K. H. (Ely).—"No one likes to be suddenly caught in the act." What about trapeze artists?

M. O. T. (Liverpool).—"I can recall the crinoline days on the railway." Less hustle but more bustle?

MRS. C. (Maida Vale).—"My husband wants me to learn to play the violin." To give your chin a rest?

WORRIED (Malton).—"For weeks after my wife has rearranged my room I can find absolutely nothing." Except fault?

A. N. (Buxton).—"What kind of a husband could get enthusiastic at his wife going nudist?" A hard-up husband.

INQUISITIVE (Leeds).—"Is a convict allowed to look out of the window of his cell?" No, it's barred.

SUPPORTER (Coventry).—"What does a football referee get for all his pains?" Embrocation, probably.

ALGY (Chelsea).—"I don't know what I'll do if my letter to father asking for an allowance does not work." You'll have to.

W. G. M. (London, W.).—"A film producer recently advertised for girls with shapely noses." Quite a lot who turned up were turned down.

* * *

***H. S. (Chelsea).**—"I am a versatile artist and yet have so far failed to secure recognition." Apparently you can draw everything except the public.*

* * *

SOPRANO (Lincoln).—"Instead of rendering a song called 'Summer' at a local musical festival, I sang 'One Fine Day.'" Still, it was certainly very appropriate.

F. G. (Runcorn).—"An American jazz-band conductor rehearses his orchestra at six o'clock every morning." Up and vodeodoing.

LINESMAN (Southsea).—"I am a telephone linesman but when working on the wires at any height I frequently feel funny." Up the pole?

J. G. (Portslade).—"The housewife is often puzzled to know what to get for dinner day after day." The thought for food gives her food for thought.

R. T. (Wormley).—"My friend is a kleptomaniac, yet he is very intelligent and has an astonishing rapidity for learning." He picks things up quickly.

T. R. J. (Truro).—"The hat, which went with my suit in the shop, looked awful outside." It's unusual to choose a hat for the lining.

O. T. C. (Maidstone).—"Hore-Belisha seems to think that these new traffic regulations will make pedestrians more careful." But it only makes them cross.

V. P. (Bournemouth).—"Before we were married there was something about my husband I used to like." Yes, but now you're married it's all spent.

JOURNALIST (Fleet Street).—"Of every thousand words I write a mere hundred get into print." You seem to have your work cut out.

V. C. D. (Kenley).—"There's too much talk of lipstick in these days." It's certainly a subject that's on every woman's lips.

JOHN (St. Albans).—"I became quite excited describing my indisposition to the doctor." All wound up telling him you were run down?

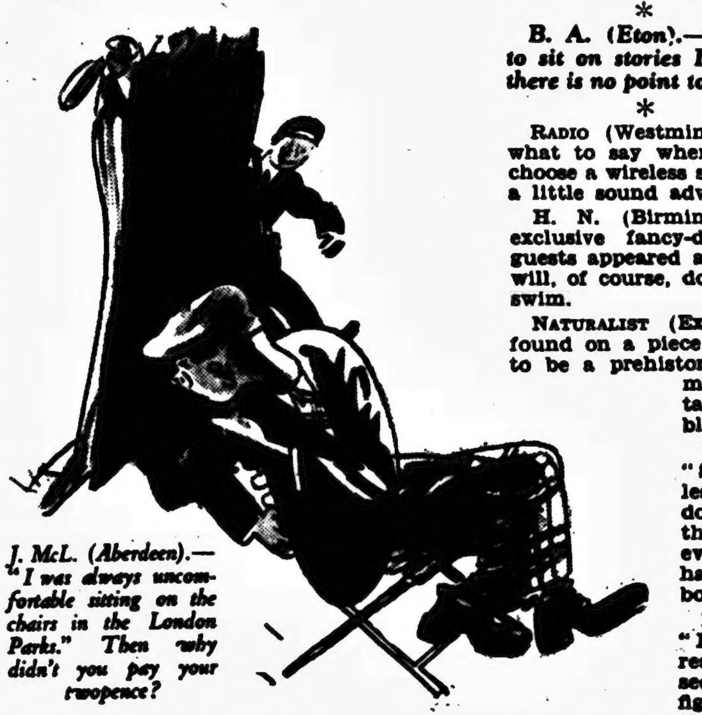
CARPENTER (Cambridge).—"I was commended by the magistrate for my straightforward evidence." You told a plane unvarnished tale.

* * *

***Jilted (Lewes).**—"Because I failed to keep an appointment my girl friend threw me over." Turned down for not turning up?*

* * *

MRS. B. T. (Richmond).—"Last Saturday my butcher forgot to send my leg of pork, so on Sunday we only had bread and cheese for dinner." But you had a bone to pick with your butcher, at any rate.



J. McL. (Aberdeen).—"I was always uncomfortable sitting on the chairs in the London Parks." Then why didn't you pay your twopence?

E. R. (Weedon).—"Can you tell me what goes on in a nudist colony?" Very little.

D. S. (Bath).—"All my guests bowed before me as they entered the room." It must have been a very low doorway.

DRIVER (Chelmsford).—"My lorry was laden with tins of paint when I crashed into a hedge, without injury." You came through with flying colours.

* * *

***H. N. (Clacton).** "The parachute came down much too quickly, but luckily I landed on something soft." And not feet first, as you expected.*

* * *

F. M. (Hampstead).—"My first job as a newspaper reporter was to travel to Paris by air." There's nothing like a flying start.

NOVELIST (Chelsea).—"A few hundred years ago there were never more than a dozen or so authors living at one time." This explains why no revues were written in those days.

QUARRYMAN (Portland).—"A few years ago, when the stone trade was flourishing, the sound of blasting could be heard all over the island, but it is different to-day." Trade no longer booming?

STRAIGHT (Cambridge).—"I know a family who put on their oldest clothes when going to a hospital so that they can get cheaper treatment." A shabby trick.

T. P. (Hammersmith).—"A man in court complained that his wife had thrown a clock at him on his birthday." Most husbands would have meekly fielded the missile and remarked how time flies.

PRIVATE (Aldershot). — "Because I missed the target six times the sergeant told me not to waste any more ammunition, but use the last round on myself." And you missed again?

PIP (Oswestry).—"All that remains to me of my holiday are but memories." Even the sunburn has worn off?

SCHOOLMASTER (London).—"What is the youth of this country thinking about?" The fifth of November.

J. M. (Burnt Oak).—"A timber merchant's capital may be tied up for years." With knots?

W. H. (Reading).—"What are people called who haven't the slightest sense of duty?" Smugglers.

* * *

***B. A. (Eton).**—"Editors always seem to sit on stories I send them." Perhaps there is no point to them.*

* * *

RADIO (Westminster).—"I hardly knew what to say when a pal asked me to choose a wireless set for him." He wanted a little sound advice.

H. N. (Birmingham).—"At a recent exclusive fancy-dress ball one of the guests appeared as a fish." Some people will, of course, do anything to be in the swim.

NATURALIST (Exeter).—"Deep markings found on a piece of granite are believed to be a prehistoric inscription." They may have been made by a tax collector trying to get blood out of a stone.

W. R. (Hastings). —"Since we've had a wireless set my husband doesn't trouble to go to the public-house in the evenings." No, but perhaps the next door neighbour does.

E. G. (Sunderland).—"I am a peacemaker really, but everybody seems to regard me as a fighting man." Perhaps they see you just after you have been peacemaking.

W. L. (Southampton).—"A ginger-beer manufacturer in Ohio (U.S.A.) has just become the father of triplets." He should make a good pop.

WRITER (London).—"There are scores of different kinds of germs which cause colds." Including the one that always leaves the door open.

G. R. M. (Clerkenwell).—"I've been paying into our Christmas Club since April." Well, you know what these treasurers are—hadn't you better win one of those 500 Surrey Fowls on page 47 and make sure?

A. N. (Moorgate).—"There is a physical training class for City business men." It is an ominous outlook for commercial travellers if they are to be confronted with lean, hard-bitten he-men with bulging muscles only partially hidden by black jackets and striped trousers.

G. H. M. (Liverpool).—"It is only the inferior, maladjusted individual who is continually pulling people up and pointing out their faults." Nobody loves the football referee!

F. D. (Winchester). — "A music-hall magician opened his act by offering to tell the age of any lady in the audience." Still, the rest of his turn might have been quite well supported.

F. G. (Derby).—"A gang-boss in Central Africa recently suppressed a mutiny among his native workers by flogging over thirty of them." He must have convinced them that there wasn't much about strike methods that he didn't know.

SCIENTIST (Kensington).—"Good news, such as being told you've won an Irish Sweep prize, has practically the same effect as a sharp blow behind the knees." Still, we can't imagine ourselves buying a Sweep ticket when the prize was a sharp blow behind the knees.

(Many replies unavoidably held over)

IF you are troubled by any matter—except, of course, of a medical nature—you can obtain free expert advice that will help you. A stamped and addressed envelope is all that you have to send with your query. Write to-day. The replies given on this page to facetious correspondents are for your entertainment.

Why Suffer From BAD LEGS

ZAM-BUK Soothes, Cleanses and Promotes A Lasting Cure.

Sufferers from ulcers, bad legs, and obstinate wounds will find in Zam-Buk a healer which has no equal. This splendid herbal ointment has a remarkable record of success even in cases which have defied other treatments for over twenty and thirty years.

Regular dressings with Zam-Buk will be found most soothing and cooling, allaying the inflammation and taking out the pain or itching. Zam-Buk drives out disease. It cures simply because its antiseptic and disease-destroying powers are backed by remarkable healing properties. Zam-Buk helps to build up healthy new tissue and gradually the once-diseased parts become sound, strong and firm—a healing that is perfect and permanent.

"I thought I would lose my leg when four ulcers formed between knee and ankle. The sores ate down to the bone. I tried many things without avail. It was only Zam-Buk that drew out all corruption and made my leg sound and strong again."—Mr. T. Gibbon, 2, Ewehurst Road, Dipton, Co. Durham.

Zam-Buk brand ointment is also unequalled for eczema, piles, poisoned wounds, rough hands, cuts, burns, etc. 1/3 or 3/- a tin, of all chemists.

For COUGHS ASTHMA BRONCHITIS SORE THROAT COLDS & CATARRH

1/3 & 3/- box. All chemists & stores.

PILES

NEGLECTED, MAY LEAD TO SERIOUS OPERATION

Many people suffer in silence untold agonies, constant brain-wearying irritation and pain caused by piles, simply because they have never discussed this trouble with even such a confidant as their chemist. If you are a sufferer, make up your mind to ask your chemist about the wonderful preparation Man Zan. This clean, simple-to-use remedy is just marvellous in the quick way it stops the maddening irritation, allays inflammation and, persevered with, banishes the most serious form of this agonising trouble.

Man Zan Brand Pile Remedy is no ordinary ointment, but a special preparation solely for those with pile trouble. It is prepared in a special nozzle applicator tube, making it simple and clean to use. Sold by chemists everywhere, price 3/-.

ManZan BRAND PILE REMEDY

after SMOKING

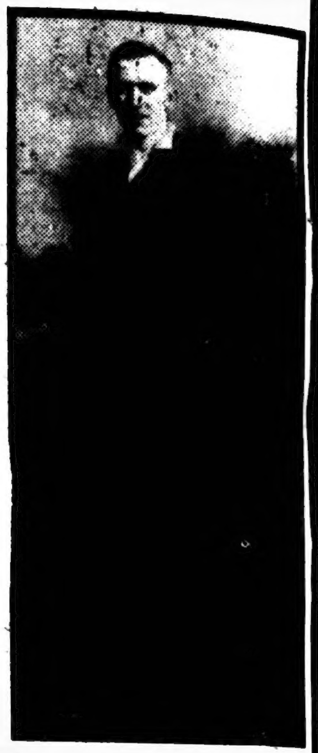
Soothe tickling throats. Freshen the mouth.

VICK LOZENGES 6d

DELIGHTFUL TO THE TASTE

NOW HE CAN BUY A NEW HOME

Engineer Winner Chats with JOHN BULL Man



Careful thought won him a big First

TO escape from a drab city street to a bright new home of his own, with a garden—that has long been the ambition of a turner in a Leeds engineering works.

Many people have planned such a dream home, without doing much more than dream about it. But dreaming did not satisfy alert young Mr. H. Harrison, whose home with his wife and baby is at present at 15, Clark Avenue, Leeds.

In *Bullets* he saw his great opportunity. And a thrilling telegram arrived one recent Friday announcing him the winner of £500 and a Radio Gramophone for heading our 956th prize-list with his ingenious *Bullet*, LIKE OLD TIMES—ALARM-CLOCK GOING—WATCH REDEEMED.

* * *

It is no story of an overnight success which Mr. Harrison has to tell, writes a JOHN BULL representative. No, this is a triumph for which he has been working steadily for years with common-sense methods and fixed purpose.

"Six years ago," said Mr. Harrison, "I won a Second Prize of £50. Besides that, I have had four 'printeds,' smaller cash prizes, and a number of 'Targets.' And now—£500! Careful thought and persistence certainly pay in *Bullets*!"

Despite these successes, now crowned by a First, Mr. Harrison declares that there is nothing fresh about his way of making up *Bullets*. Thinking hard, harder, and then harder still, seems to sum up his methods.

"I take an *Example* and look at it from every possible angle," he told me. "That suggests fresh words and ideas.

"All the inspiration I need I get from *Bullets Bulletin* and the *Examples* themselves. But *Bullets* is like any other job. You have to stick to it if you want to get on."

In many ways, as I talked to him, Mr. Harrison revealed how seriously he had taken his *Bullets* job. For instance, he has never missed a copy of *Bullets Bulletin* since, over five years ago, we first launched this free weekly journal for would-be winners.

"I find its pages inspiring and encouraging," he said, "and when your lines have gone down it bucks you up wonderfully. To a beginner, indeed, I think the *Bulletin* is indispensable."

By a happy coincidence, Mr. Harrison pointed out, his big success comes almost exactly on the day of his little son's first birthday. So young David Harrison will never remember the dull little street where he was born, for this success has made it possible for his parents to move to the dream home, adjoining a park, for which they have been longing.

If you have dreams like these, wake up and tackle *Bullets* in the Harrison way. This week's £500 may make them all come true!

£1,000 Judging Contest Result

IN connection with *Bullets* Competition No. 957, the result of which will appear next week, entrants were invited to enter for a Free £1,000 Judging Contest.

The adjudicators' markings of the *Bullets* concerned were as follows:

2 2 1 2 1 X 1 1 1 1 X 2

No competitor forecast this result exactly, but the following competitors correctly forecast 11 results. Subject to any request for Scrutiny received by Thursday, November 8, these competitors will each receive £166 13s. 4d.

J. Dinning, 93, Fowler Street, South Shields; N. Hague, 461, Huddersfield Road, Millbrook, near Stalybridge; A. Paget, 27, Hereford Street, Hull; J. E. Prentis, 142, Windmill Street, Gravesend; Mrs. S. E. Simpson, Regent House, Sydenham, S.E.26; W. Thornton, 116, Carholme Road, Lincoln.

Secure each Thursday a free copy of *Bullets Bulletin* and enjoy every week the thrill of "*Bullets* Football." Reservation Coupon on opposite page.

CORRECTION. — We regret that in some copies of last week's JOHN BULL *the First Prize "Bullet" contained the term "Alarm-clock" without the necessary hyphen, making the winning effort appear to consist of five words instead of four.*

STUDY THESE WINNERS AND WIN FOR YOURSELF

IT takes all sorts of efforts to make a *Bullets* prize-list, and you can capture a bumper cheque or a Christmas Feast with a neat jest just as easily as with some homely piece of potted philosophy or a serious effort on some national topic.

Glance through the winning efforts below and you will see how varied are the styles that bring success: note their effective phrasing and then make up your mind to turn out a winner yourself. This week's *Examples* await you on the opposite page and half an hour with them to-day may win you the merriest Christmas you have ever enjoyed.

JOB FOR A WOMAN
    BEING THERE "TO SECOND."
FOR THE WORLD'S GOOD
    AUNTIE'S THINKING OUT MOTTO!
TIME TO PLAY
    "PIP" BROADCASTING THAT SIGNAL.
WHEN THINGS ARE BAD
    LANDLADY'S MOTTO, "*Curry* ON!"
BACK TO THE FOLD
    "THE CLOTH" *Turns Us.*
CAN'T BE TRUSTED
    GRANDPA'S HEARING—OR DEAFNESS.
SPIRIT OF THE AGE
    SHOULDN'T BE DICTATORSHIP'S "FUEL."
IN HER EYES
    "READ" SOMETHING—GRABBED NEWSPAPER!
FAR FROM HOME
    LOCAL "RAG," MAGIC CARPET.
PRICE OF SUCCESS
    "THE BUTLER'S LOOKING, JOHN!"
THE MOTORIST STOPPED AND
    HURT EXPERT DODGER'S *Vanity!*
BLINDNESS
    REASON NATIONS LIKE "BEGGARS."
HE'S A SLOGGER, SO
    FLY'S AVOIDING GRANDPA'S HEAD.
BLINDNESS
    "I LOVE HIM, SEE!"

ANOTHER "BULLETS" RECORD COMING!

For "Bullets" Competition No. 962 we are preparing a Record Christmas Offer, headed by £1,500 cash and £2 weekly for life. Big Shopping Cheques, 1,000 Christmas Feasts and Unlimited Surprise Awards complete an astonishing list.

£1,050 Cash and 19 Radio Sets won in Crossword Competition No. 279

In the above Competition, solutions containing one error were received from the following nineteen competitors, who share the £850 offered. To each of these, subject to the conditions of the Competition, a cheque for £44 14s. 9d. and a £10 15s. Radio Set will be sent.

Mrs. H. Atkins, 7, Trinity Square, Brixton, S.W.; Miss F. Carr, Rose Villas, Killamarsh, nr. Sheffield; G. R. Carter, 19, Hardwick Avenue, New Whittington, Chesterfield; V. Denney, 166, Old Road, Clacton-on-Sea; V. Goldsmith, 27, Hinton Street, Fairfield, Liverpool; F. Groves, Rosewood, Osborne Road, East Cowes, Isle of Wight; R. Hobbes, 12, Victoria Street, Desborough; W. T. Jones, Westfield Road, Waunarlwydd, Swansea; C. Knight, 78a, Sandy Lane, Heaton Norris, Stockport; G. W. Leather, 12, Ratcliffe Street, Leigh, Lancs; Mrs. Lees, 58, Ripponden Road, Oldham; F. E. Maddocks, 20, Elmwood Drive, Breadsall, Derby; A. Page, 11, Forest Road, Forest Gate, E.; Miss H. Petrie, 75, Vicarage Road, Stockport; Mrs. S. M. Schofield, 151, Lees Road, Oldham; H. Slater, 76, Queen Street, Shaw, Oldham; Mrs. E. Stenner, 98a, Old Market Street, Bristol; F. Watson, 7, Monks Road, Ashby, Scunthorpe; Mrs. J. Winkworth, 13, Broughton Road, Ipswich.

Any other entrant who claims to have sent a solution eligible for a share of this Prize must demand a scrutiny by First Post Tuesday, November 13, sending £1 Scrutiny Fee, copy of solutions and Postal Order number. Envelope to be registered, marked "Scrutiny" and addressed to the Competition Editor of "John Bull."

No scrutiny can be undertaken in connection with the Award of £200 to Runners-up. This Prize has been divided between 223 competitors from whom we received solutions containing two errors and who will each receive 18/-.

A Crossword Season Ticket containing 80 Free Entries to our Crossword Contest will also be sent to every Runner-up who submitted two 6d. coupons in the same envelope.

An Amazing X-word Offer with a First Prize of £500 in Cash and a Pension of £5 Monthly for Life, or one lump sum of £850 together with £500 to be divided between Runners-up, and a Wonderful Hamper for every Prize-winner appears on Page 46. Try your skill now!

YOUR SKIN AND YOUR SCALP.

Have done with Psoriasis.

As the result of years of research and practical experience, a splendid Treatment has been evolved for this distressing malady of Psoriasis. This treatment is giving unbounded satisfaction to hundreds of present and former sufferers. The results are indeed most gratifying.

Stubborn cases which have defied all efforts for years rapidly yield to this grand Treatment. Those Psoriasis spots and patches on the arms, legs and body which cause you such despair soon fade away, and instead you get a new, clean, healthy skin, same as you used to have.

The scurf and inflamed pimples and matted scales on your head quickly subside, and a beautifully clear scalp with healthy hair growth is your reward.

The Treatment is easy to use and brings remarkable and gratifying results. No matter what else has failed you, this Treatment will give you full satisfaction.

Write to-day for a most interesting illustrated publication which gives full particulars of this splendid Treatment, and is sent free to sufferers.

Address your letter to Superintendent

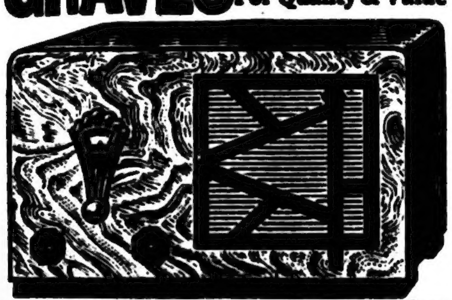
NATIONAL SKIN INSTITUTE (Ward 5.C.)
Great Clowes Street, Broughton,
Manchester.

Kidneys Must Clean Out Acids

The only way your body can clean out Acids and Poisonous wastes from your blood is through nine million tiny Kidney tubes or filters, but be careful! Don't use drastic irritating drugs. If Kidney and Bladder troubles make you suffer from Getting Up Nights, Leg Pains, Nervousness, Stiffness, Burning, Smarting, Acidity, Neuralgia or Rheumatic Pains, Lumbago, or Loss of Energy, don't waste a minute. Try the Doctor's prescription CYSTEX (Siss-tex). Starts work in 15 minutes. Soothes and tones raw, irritated tissues. Guaranteed to cure or money back. Only 3/- at Boots and all chemists.

CAN MEN AND WOMEN LIVE TO 150?

Has science discovered the lost secret of Methuselah? An Oriental herb which stimulates the ductless glands and positively brings new vigour, new life, new strength, which ends depression, anæmia, melancholia, neurasthenia, sleeplessness, and loss of power. Write for amazing free booklet, to International Laboratories, 171, Smedley Street, S.W.8.—[Advt.]



GRAVES Beats the World For Quality & Value

Make sure of the best by having THE GRAVES-NATIONAL 3-VALVE Battery-driven self-contained Set—a triumph of Radio skill & enterprise, and unrivalled for dependability.

Every component the best of its class. Steel Chassis, British Valves, Illuminated Tuning Dial. Figured Walnut Cabinet 17 x 10 x 9in. IT HAS A SPECIAL COIL CIRCUIT USING IRON-CORED RADIO FREQUENCY COILS, AND PERMANENT MAGNET MOVING COIL LOUD SPEAKER OF ADVANCED DESIGN.

8/- NOW

H.T. Battery Accumulator & Aerial Equipment. Nothing else to buy. Carriage Paid £8.18.6 or 8/- monthly. Fullest Approval. NO CHARGE FOR EASY TERMS.

Mr. M. A. P. of Buckley, writes:—"About 6½ years ago I had a Wireless from you and it is still going strong, and has not cost me a penny for new parts. All the components are the same."

WRITE FOR CATALOGUE of latest designs for Mains or Batteries including Band Pass, Super-Het Sets, etc.

J. G. GRAVES LTD. SHEFFIELD.

BETTER HEALTH when you cure your CATARRH

HEAD CLEAR — NO STUFFINESS

Cleanse nostrils, throat, and breathing tubes with Nostroline brand nasal remedy and you will never know another moment of Catarrh misery.

Sound SLEEP Good APPETITE

Gives Instant Relief 1/3 all Chemists.

NOSTROLINE

Free Sample from "Nostroline" J. 83. *Clifton, Bristol.*

GRAVES BEATS THE WORLD FOR QUALITY AND VALUE

5/2 per month (less than 2½d. a day) buys the Graves 'FLIGHT' Cycle with Dunlop Saddle, Coventry Chain, Dunlop Tyres, Chromium Plate, Raised or Dropped Handlebars, Lady's or Gent's with Accessories, Carr. Paid £3:17:6 or 5/2 monthly. No charge for Easy Terms. With Sturmey-Archer 3-Speed £4:17:6 or 6/6 monthly. Catalogue Free. Ladies', Gent's, Juveniles', and Tradesmen's Cycles, Tandems, Roadsters, Racers, Club Models

5/2 NOW

J. G. GRAVES Ltd. SHEFFIELD

HOW to DRESS WELL on 2/6 or 5/- Per Week

OPEN a Credit Account with SMARTWEAR. No Deposit no References required even from non-householders.

VISIT our magnificent showrooms for Smart Winter Coats, Gowns, Knitted-wear, Furs, Fur Coats, Millinery, Shoes, Underclothing.

IF you are unable to call, our specially trained Staff in the Mail Order Department guarantee to fit you to perfection by post.

10/- Monthly *"ALICE" Smart Winter Coat in all wool cloth, Sable-dyed Hair Collar, Lined Celanese. Colours: Brown, Navy, Black, New Green, Mulberry, and all newest shades. Sizes: S.S.W., S.W., & W. Price: 3½ gns.*

WRITE for Ladies' Beautifully illustrated Winter Catalogue, post free. Address in full to Dept. M.35

Write for Gent's Catalogue

Smartwear LTD.
263-271 REGENT STREET,
Oxford Circus, London, W.1.

Brighton: 40-42, West St. | B'ham: 94, Corporation St.
Nottingham: 20, Milton St. | Belfast: 10, Donegall Pl.

POISONED SYSTEM AND RHEUMATISM

Mr. FOSTER, 40 Hill Street, Cobridge, Stoke-on-Trent, writes:—"I was suffering from a Poisoned System caused through assisting to make Poison Gas for the war. This developed into Rheumatism. I was reduced to 7 st. 8 lbs., was a complete wreck, and thought it only a matter of time with me. A friend advised me to take Vitadatio, and thank God I heard of it, for it made me a new man. I now weigh 11 st. 6 lbs., can walk miles, and feel better than I ever did."

Vitadatio SEND FOR FREE BOOK of TESTIMONIALS

The World-renowned Herbal Tonic and Blood purifier—invaluable for Blood Trouble, Liver, Kidney and Stomach Complaints. Vitadatio has saved thousands of lives—it may save yours. There is no substitute for Vitadatio. Sold by Boots, Taylors', Timothy Whites, and most Chemists and Stores, 3/- and 5/- per bottle (per post 6d. extra in U.K.) Special 21/- bottles. (3 weeks' supply) for export only, post free. From VITADATIO, No. 121, ARMLEY, LEEDS.

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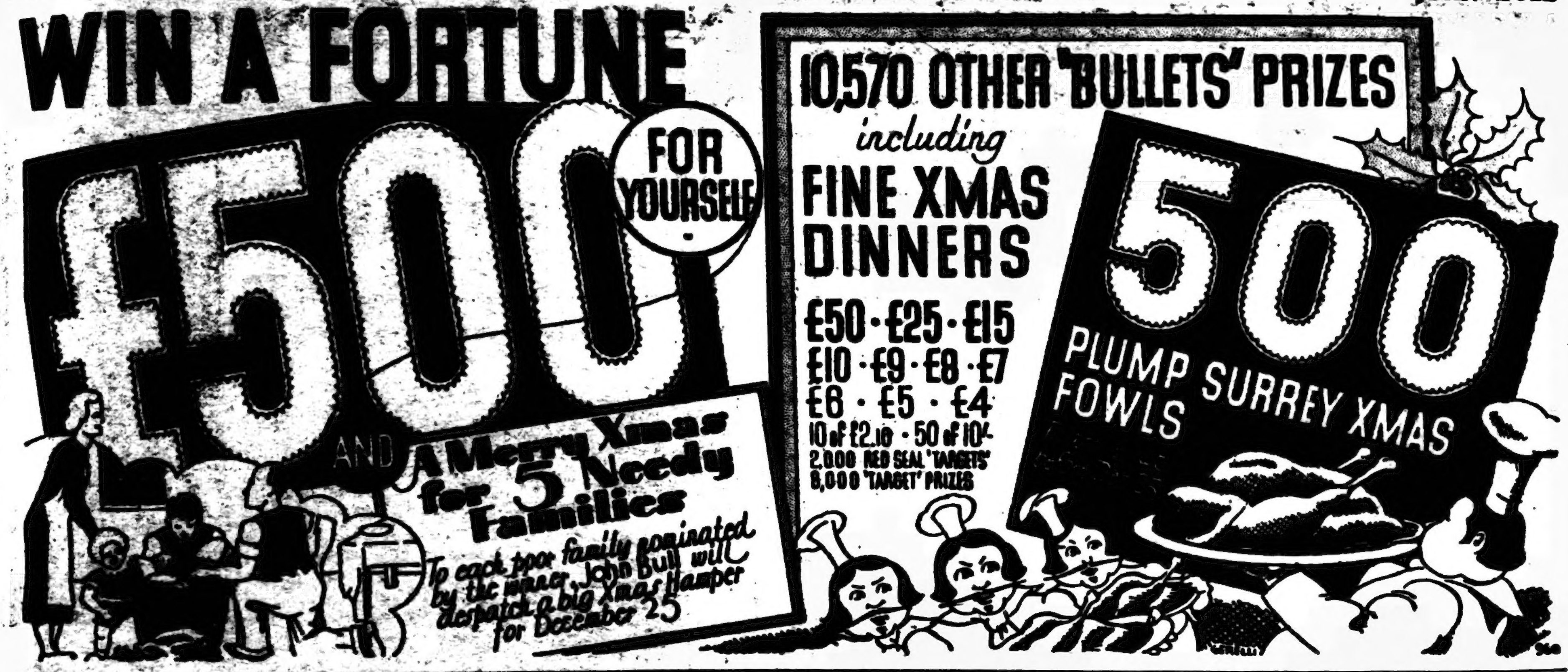


Another 500 Xmas Feasts For Good "Bullets"

JUST before December 25 we shall be despatching to no fewer than 500 entrants in this week's *Bullets* Contest a plump Surrey Fowl of the size and quality for which Long Acre Christmas fare is famous.

Were these the only prizes to be won, 500 such opportunities to join JOHN BULL's Christmas Party would make this a memorable one-week offer. But realise the cash opportunities also—particularly the thrilling possibility that the Competition Editor's £500 telegram on Friday, November 23, may bear your name and address.

Besides that £500 fortune, this week's First-Prize winner will have the privilege of playing Santa Claus by nominating five needy families to receive from JOHN BULL a big Christmas Hamper packed with seasonable luxuries.

HOW TO MAKE "BULLETS"

TO make a *Bullet*, read through the *Examples* and note down all the rough ideas that occur to you in connection with them.

You have now to polish these rough ideas in turn into TWO, THREE or FOUR well-chosen words, remembering that unusual phrasing and a close fit to the chosen *Example* are points to be watched.

For instance, choosing the *Example* WARNING TO WESTMINSTER you might first jot down ELECTORS QUIETLY GRUMBLING. Then, after a few minutes' juggling with words to improve the phrasing, you could readily produce the finished *Bullet* WARNING TO WESTMINSTER—REMEMBER ELECTORS' SILENT "HOOTING!"

To help you further, examine carefully the winning efforts taken from previous prize-lists which appear on the opposite page.

Study the good points of these successful efforts and you will be in just the mood to make a *Bullet* worthy of a fine Christmas prize. Then settle down to an hour with the *Examples*, put the best you possibly can into your efforts and make sure that your entry reaches the judges by Saturday, November 10.

USE THESE "EXAMPLES"

WARNING TO WESTMINSTER
DAILY
WE DON'T WANT
COBWEBS
HAPPY MAN
WORKS WELL
VICTORIAN WIFE
SLUMBERING
SAID RAMSAY TO BALDWIN
FROM THE HEART
"WHAT A RELIEF!"
THANKS TO THE STORK
WHAT I'VE GOT
ACCIDENTALLY
WORTH FIGHTING FOR
HE TURNED THE CORNER AND
FRENZIED MOB
MADE HIM PULL UP
BURNING TOPIC
LATEST STYLE
HUBBY FORGOT
UNPARDONABLE
TO CALM HER
RIGHT OR WRONG
MERRY AND BRIGHT
UNLESS WE REMEMBER
LITTLE PEOPLE
WITH US
AFRAID TO SPEAK
BUT FOR HER
THAT FELLOW SMITH
OLD RUIN
NEAR THE END
STARVATION
SHE'S A FILM STAR, SO
MIGHTY QUEER

96 FREE PAGES OF COMPETITION HELP

What do the judges want? How do the big prize-winners make their efforts?

These and scores of other questions you will find answered in "*Bullets*" *Bulletin*, which will also introduce you to a thrilling £50-a-week *Bullets* Football Contest.

Post off the coupon to-night and receive each Thursday for 12 weeks this eight-page guide to competition success.

POST THIS COUPON TO-NIGHT!

I enclose P.O. value sixpence (crossed "& Co.," payable to *John Bull*), to cover postage on 12 consecutive issues of "*Bullets*" *Bulletin*, commencing with the next available issue.

NAME ....

ADDRESS ....

....

Post to:—"BULLETIN" DEPT., ODHAMS PRESS LTD.
30, BEDFORD ST., LONDON, W.C.2.

(*Do not send this coupon with "Bullets" entry.*)

READ THESE RULES CAREFULLY.

1. The First Prize will be awarded for what, in the opinion of the judges in consultation with the Editor, is the best Bullet received, and the other prizes in order of merit, the test being cleverness, aptness and originality. The Editor undertakes that every Bullet received shall have careful consideration by a competent staff of qualified judges.

2. Only two attempts may be written on each coupon and a postal order must be enclosed at the rate of 6d. for each coupon made use of. This must be made payable to JOHN BULL and crossed /& Co./ Competitors must write their names and addresses and the date of sending the order on the back of the postal order, the number of which must be duly noted on each coupon submitted. Coupons must not be mutilated.

3. The Editor's decision on any matter of dispute arising in connection with this competition must be accepted as final and legally binding in all respects and acceptance of this rule is an express condition of entry. Employees of Odhams Press Ltd. and their families are not eligible.

The original cheque for £500 awarded to the First Prize-winner in Competition No. [illegible] will be displayed in the window of Mr. Hodgson, [illegible] Street, Leeds.

ENTRY-FEE.—You must enclose a Postal Order with your entry at the rate of 6d. for each coupon submitted. This should be made payable to "John Bull" and crossed "& Co." Write your name and address with date of posting on the back of the Postal Order.

GREAT NEW FIRST AND MORE XMAS PRIZES NEXT WEEK!

EXAMPLE
BULLET
EXAMPLE
BULLET

(960) Closing SAT., Nov. 10.

P.O. No. ....

I agree to enter in accordance with the rules announced on this page. With 1 Coupon send P.O. for 6d.

Signed ....

Address ....

EXAMPLE
BULLET
EXAMPLE
BULLET

(960) Closing SAT., Nov. 10.

P.O. No. ....

I agree to enter in accordance with the rules announced on this page. With 2 Coupons send P.O. for 1s.

Signed ....

Address ....

"Bullets" must consist of TWO, THREE or FOUR words.

EXAMPLE
BULLET
EXAMPLE
BULLET

(960) Closing SAT., Nov. 10.

P.O. No. ....

I agree to enter in accordance with the rules announced on this page. With 3 Coupons send P.O. for 1s. 6d.

Signed ....

Address ....

EXAMPLE
BULLET
EXAMPLE
BULLET

(960) Closing SAT., Nov. 10.

P.O. No. ....

I agree to enter in accordance with the rules announced on this page. With 4 Coupons send P.O. for 2s.

Signed ....

Address ....

EXAMPLE
BULLET
EXAMPLE
BULLET

(960) Closing SAT., Nov., 10.

P.O. No. ....

I agree to enter in accordance with the rules announced on this page. With 5 Coupons send P.O. for 2s. 6d.

Signed ....

Address ....

If you wish to send in further "Bullets" you can write them on plain paper.

NEWSAGENTS' PRIZES.—Cheques for £5, £2 and £1 respectively will be paid to the Newsagents from whom the chief winners in "Bullets" No. 960 usually purchase "John Bull."

Address Entry: "Bullets" No. 960, "John Bull," Long Acre, London, W.C.2 (Corr. p.)

Choose Your *THREE* And Get Them FREE

EDWARDS
HARLENE
FOR THE
HAIR
EDWARDS
ASTOL
HAIR COLOUR RESTORER
EDWARDS
CREMEX
SHAMPOO
POWDER
UZON
FREE SAMPLE
HARLENE
HAIR
WAVE SETTING
LOTION
SAMPLE
EDWARDS
HARLENE
CAMOMILE
GOLDEN HAIR WASH
SIZE

'HARLENE-HAIR-DRILL'

OFFER TO ALL MEN AND WOMEN WITH

DULL, THIN, LIFELESS, IMPOVERISHED HAIR

No man or woman who is worried by Hair Troubles of any kind should fail to accept INSTANTLY this generous "Harlene-Hair-Drill" Offer.

If YOUR hair is Thin, Lifeless, Lustreless, if YOU are going Bald or notice loose hairs clinging to your brush or comb, you are invited to accept FREE of Charge special test supplies of ANY THREE of the world-famous Harlene Hair Improving Preparations on the right. Just choose which three you require and send the COUPON WITHOUT DELAY! The result of this FREE TEST will both amaze and delight you.

1. HARLENE

HAIR GROWER & TONIC

HARLENE is the true liquid FOOD for the hair. Its nourishing, stimulating and revitalising influence extends to every tiny hair root and shaft. In an amazingly short time **Falling hair stops falling. Lank hair takes on a new lustre. Bald patches disappear and the head is crowned with a thick, abundant lustrous glory of healthy hair.**

"HARLENE-HAIR-DRILL" is the most scientific and effective method of restoring growth, lustre and luxuriance to impoverished hair. It simply infuses new life and vitality into each hair follicle and revives the weakened tresses, To men it restores the Well Groomed Appearance so essential in Social and Business Life–to Women it gives that Added Allure and Attraction so rightly desired. Take care of your Children's hair! "Harlene" preserves, strengthens & invigorates it.

1/1½, 2/9 and 4/9 per bottle.

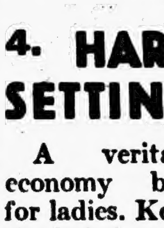
2. CREMEX

SHAMPOO

Shampoo with "CREMEX." Its generous dainty perfumed creamy lather is delightfully refreshing and super-cleansing. It frees the hair from every trace of Scurf and Dandruff and is most beneficial to the scalp. FREE Burnishing Rinse included. 1/6 per box of 7 shampoos (Single sachets 3d. each).

3. UZON

BRILLIANTINE



"UZON" gives just that final touch of distinction to the coiffure. This highly refined brilliantine gives a glossy appearance to the hair and is invaluable to those with overdry scalp. In Liquid or Solidified form. 1/1½ and 2/9 per bottle, or 1/3 per tin.

4. HARLENE WAVE SETTING LOTION

A veritable economy boon for ladies. Keeps the hair in wave for long periods, and makes the waves deep and entrancingly beautiful. Saves £££'s on Hair Waving Bills! 7½d. and 1/3 per bottle.

5. HARLENE CAMOMILE

GOLDEN HAIR WASH

Every lady with fair hair should use Edwards 'HARLENE' Camomile Golden Hair Wash. This is a dainty preparation which doubles and trebles the beauty of fair hair and gives it that glorious light-gold sunshine touch. Unbelievably fascinating and beautiful. Just the thing for hair that has become dull and lost its tone.

1/3, 3/- and 5/- per bottle.

6. ASTOL HAIR COLOUR RESTORER

If your hair is Grey, going Grey, or discoloured, you should use "ASTOL" Hair Colour Restorer which will quickly bring it back to a Youthful Colour—making you look years younger. Equally suitable for ladies or gentlemen. 1/9, 3/-, and 5/- per bottle.

SAMPLE COUPON

On receipt of this Coupon and fourpence in stamps to cover the cost of postage and packing, a set of any three 'Harlene-Hair-Drill' samples and a Manual of Instructions will be sent to any address in the United Kingdom. *State which numbers are required. Attach coupon to a plain sheet of paper bearing your name and address.*

EDWARDS HARLENE LTD.
(H. 925), 20-26, *Lamb's Conduit Street,*
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Stamp your envelope with 1½d. stamp

"Harlene" Preparations are obtainable from all Chemists & Stores, or direct on receipt of price, Post Free within the British Isles.

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